

Exclusive! COMPLETE GUIDE TO ANSWERS  
IN \$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ

# Modern Screen

NOVEMBER

10

CENTS



THE LARGEST  
CIRCULATION  
OF ANY SCREEN  
MAGAZINE



WILL AMERICA'S HERO,  
HOWARD HUGHES,  
*Marry*  
KATHARINE HEPBURN?

Hedy Lamarr's  
**LIFE STORY!**





# Irresistible

There are women who invite Romance as naturally as flowers invite the enjoyment of their perfume. You envy them, perhaps. For you, too, want Romance... do these invite it? Do your lips lure? Your skin, your hair, your very fragrance... Be fragrant invite caresses? (Buy IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin. The satin-smoothness of Irresistible Face Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Perfume... these speak the language of enchantment. (Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume. You'll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

10¢ at leading 5 and 10¢ stores



IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE — THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK



# "Well, I certainly did my smile no favor— Neglecting that tinge of 'pink'!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer  
and your teeth sparkling with

## IPANA AND MASSAGE

*Foolish, foolish you! The loveliest smile in the world grows dim if neglected. And you neglected yours.*

*Oh yes you did! Of course you brushed your teeth every day. But you never gave a*

*thought to your gums, did you? You suspected that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush meant trouble, but you just didn't bother!*

*Well, today you're going to see your dentist (it's the sensible thing to do)! Today you're going to learn that gums as well as teeth need special care! And if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage you're going to follow his advice—if you want to recapture that lovely, appealing, winning smile!*

### Guard Against "Pink Tooth Brush" And Protect Your Smile

**I**F you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him decide if there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll say your gums are simply *lazy*—that they need more *work* to help keep them firm and strong.

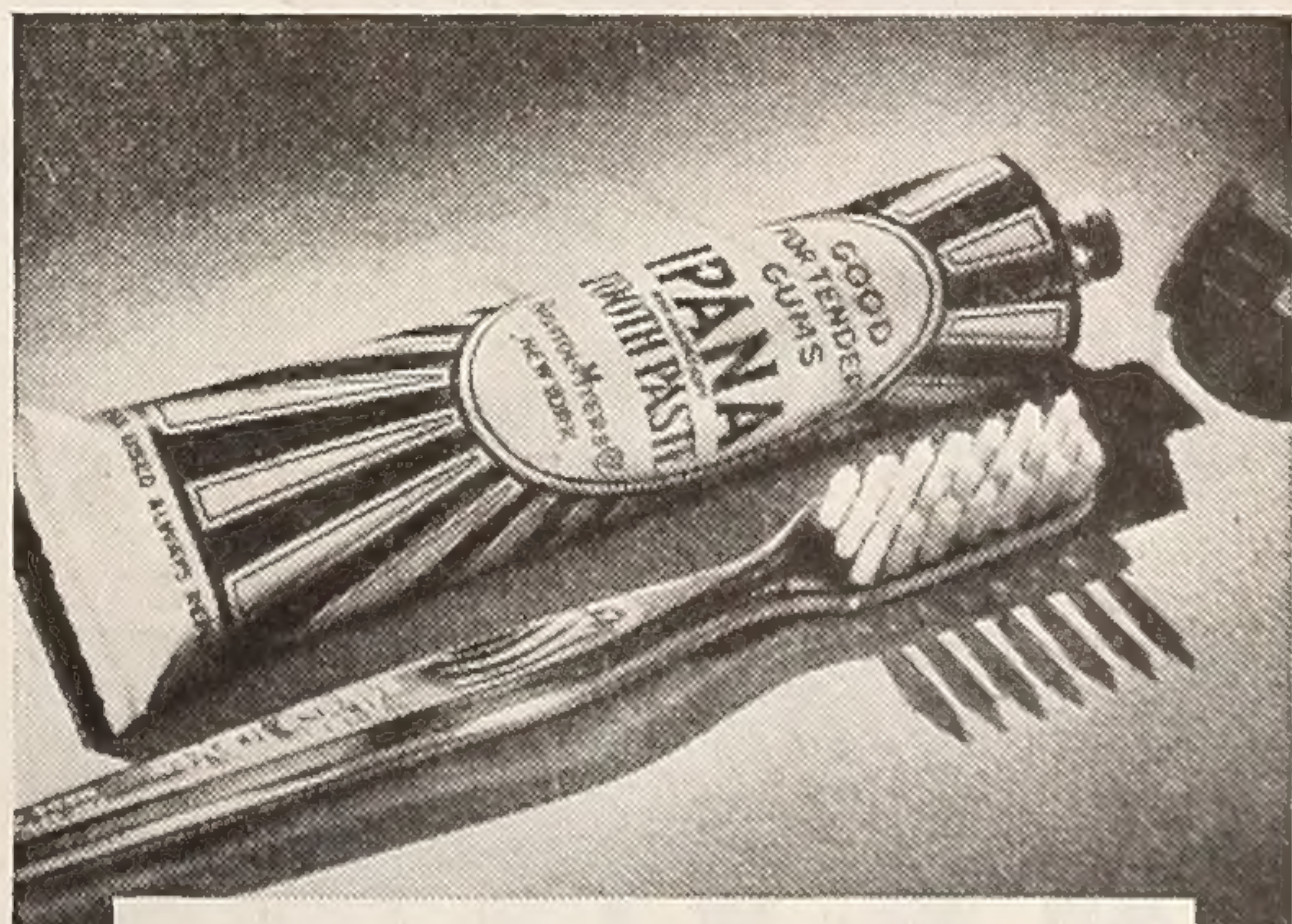
All too frequently our modern foods are too soft, too well-cooked to give our gums the stimulation they need for better health. Understand this—and you'll appreciate why modern dentists so frequently advise the regular use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer—more resistant to trouble.

*Don't risk your smile!* Get a famous and economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to keep your smile a winning smile!



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

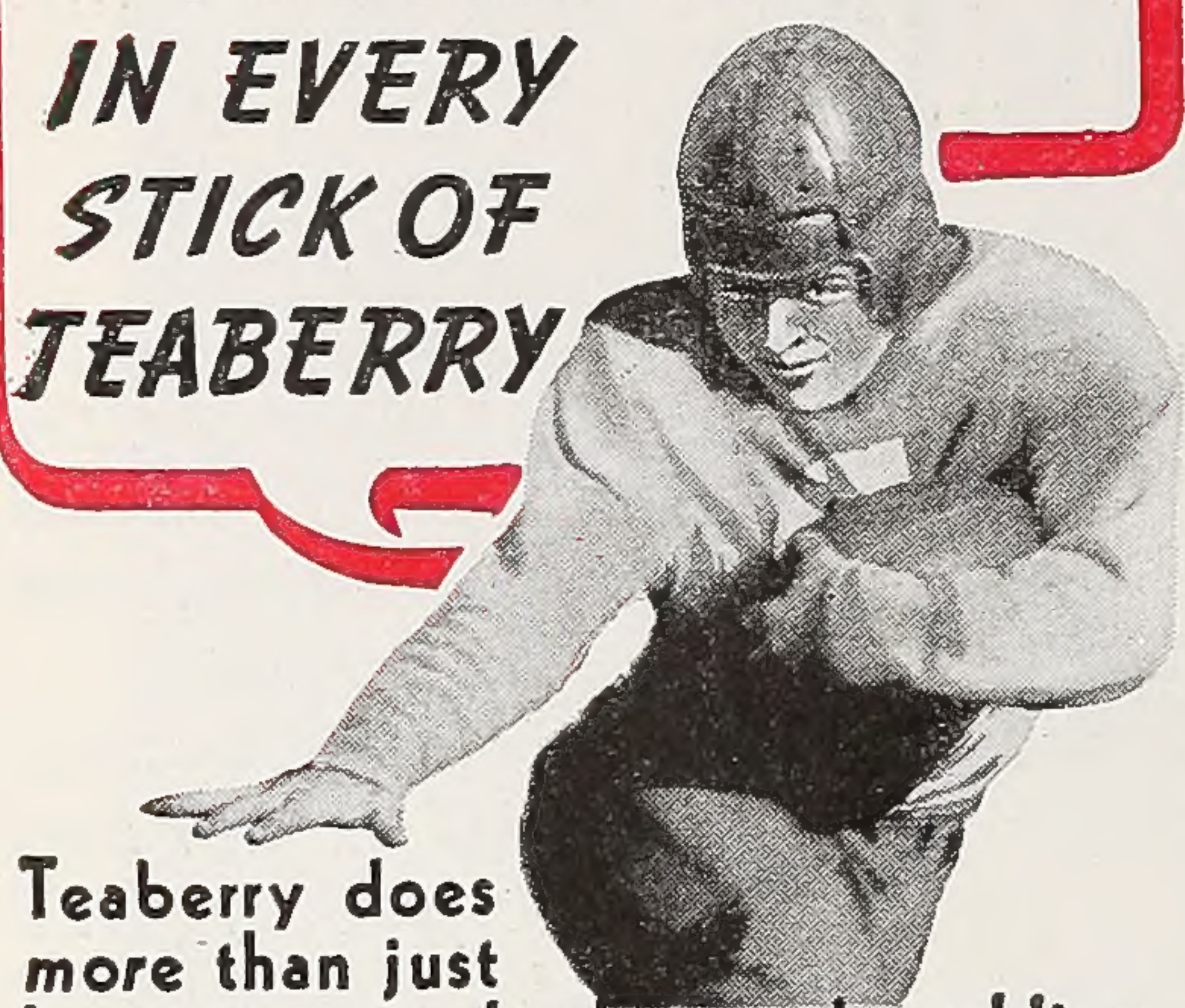


#### TRY THE NEW **D.D.** TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.



BOY! THERE'S A  
TOUCHDOWN  
IN EVERY  
STICK OF  
TEABERRY



Teaberry does more than just keep your teeth white and sparkling, your gums pink and healthy, your breath sweet as a baby's. It gives you the taste-thrill of the year—the fresh, lasting flavor of real Teaberry!



Reach for the  
Bright Red Package!

You'll like  
**CLARK'S**  
**TEABERRY**  
**GUM**

# MODERN SCREEN

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Regina Cannon.....Editor  
Leo Townsend.....Hollywood Editor  
Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

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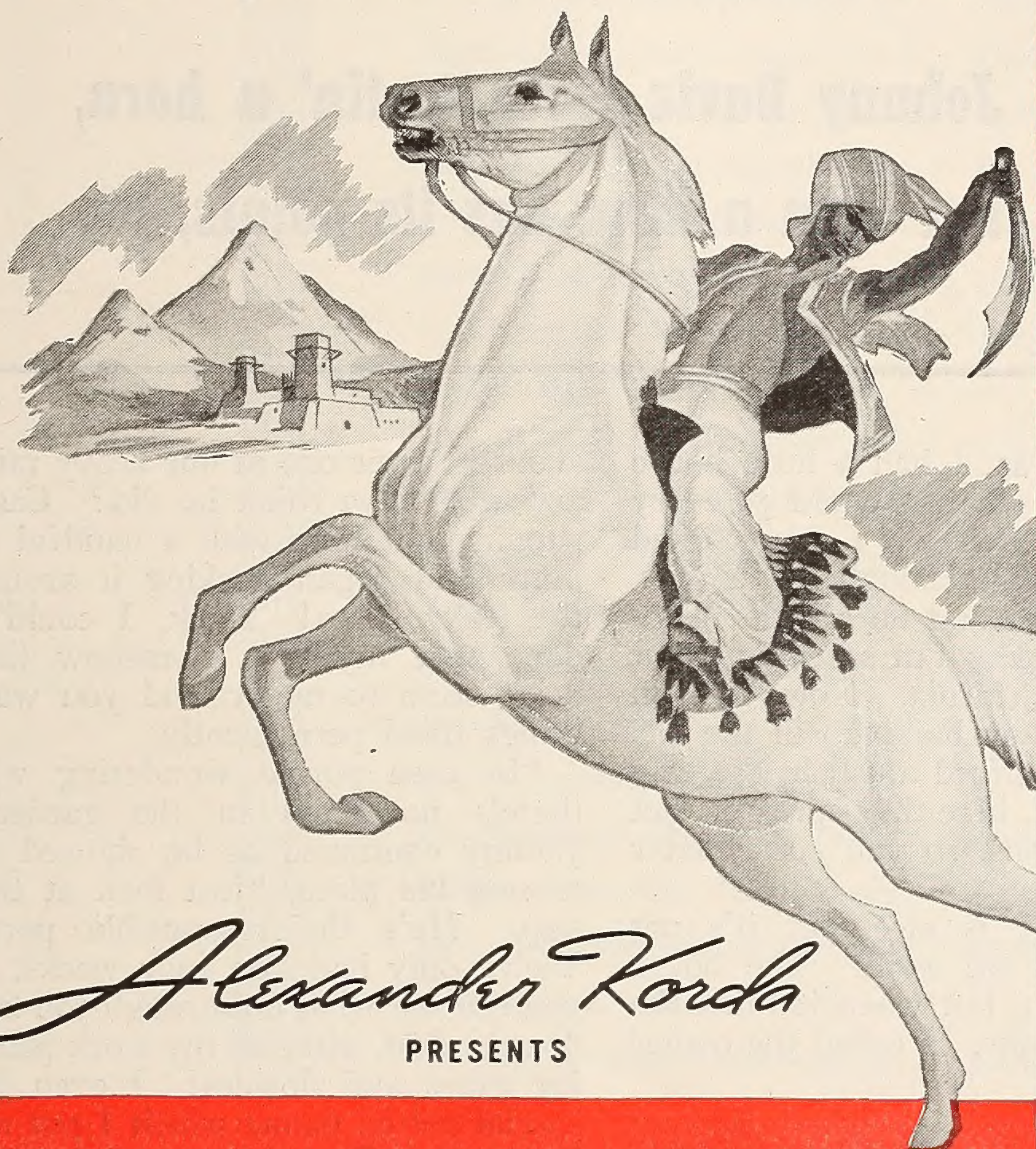


MODERN SCREEN

# Brave Men...

AND THE BRAVE WOMEN WHO FOLLOW THEM!

GO WITH THEM...through the Khyber Pass! Watch the bitter struggle between East and West. Thrill to the love story of a brave woman who followed her man among seething tribes. A majestic episode in the historic drama of India.



*Alexander Korda*  
PRESENTS

## DRUMS

IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR  
with

**SABU · RAYMOND MASSEY · DESMOND TESTER**  
**ROGER LIVESEY · VALERIE HOBSON**

And a cast of 3,000 · DIRECTED BY ZOLTAN KORDA  
FROM A STORY BY A. E. W. MASON  
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE—ASK THE MANAGER WHEN!

Thrill to the most majestic scenery on earth...the Himalayas of India...in Technicolor.

See Sabu, native Indian lad, cast as native Indian prince, riding triumphantly his plunging white charger!



See real British Troops fight where they battled long ago to win an Empire.

Go to the feast where dining was only a prelude to betrayal...and fear rose in the hearts of the bravest!





Mr. D. catches up on his practicing.

# THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

By MACK HUGHES

**Johnny Davis loves tootin' a horn,  
but then a farm has its points, too**

SOME FOLKS dream of the day they can own a yacht, a Rolls Royce or a mansion complete with swimming pool and tennis courts. But not Johnny Davis. This render of swingy songs wants nothing of the sort. In fact, Johnny admits that all he's after is a small house, sufficient land to plant a vegetable patch and room enough for his chickens and dogs. Of course this is a pretty elastic order, since Mr. D.'s younger pup is a St. Bernard, and chickens have been known to raise families!

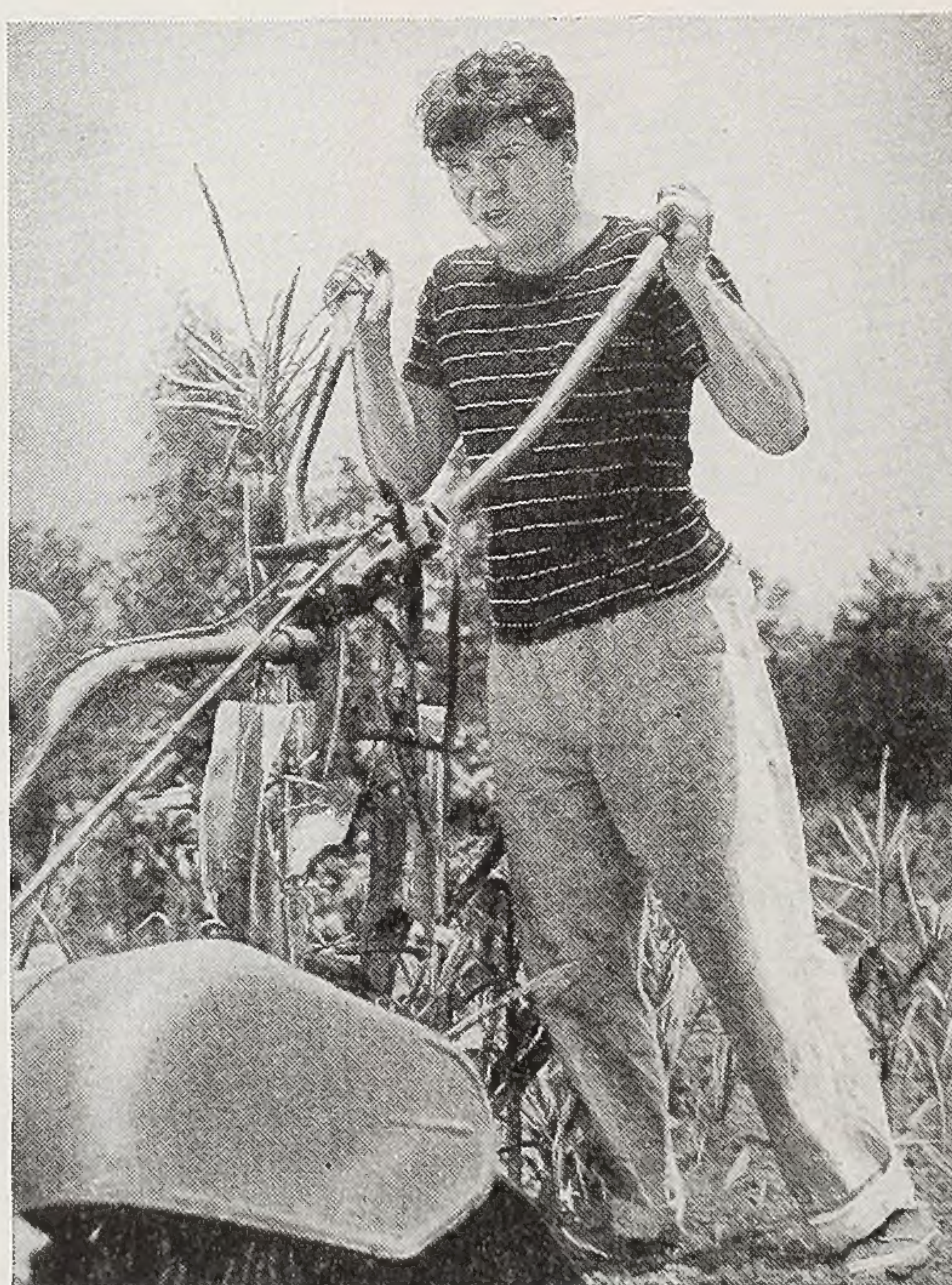
Johnny Davis' face wrinkled into one of his famous grins as we looked questioningly in the direction of some strange sounds. "That's my chickens," he informed us. "I've got about twenty-four out there now. You didn't know I was a country boy at heart? Oh, yes. I'm from the farmin' section of Indiana. Y'know that ole saying, 'You can take the boy from the country, but—' I raise vegetables and gather my own eggs each day. Which reminds me, things slacked up a bit today. I only got eleven. Gotta give those chickens a little pep talk. They can do better than that. But, then they've got the afternoon ahead, so I'm looking for results."

Sitting in his modernistic living-room, Johnny Davis looked anything but a farm boy. More, indeed, like a sophomore home for the weekend. But then, college attire was more or less what we had expected as Johnny was in the throes of making "Brother Rat," a tale of collegiate capers.

"You see, I've always liked the country," Johnny confided. "Even when I was in New York playing

with orchestras, I had a little house up on a lake where I could go every so often. I said then if I ever worked in one place long enough, say a year, I'd get a home and do a little farming. That's why I'm so crazy about it here in California. Now, back in New York they build up in the air, so you can't afford much in the way of land. But, here they spread it out in all directions, so you gotta better chance.

"This place is nice, but it's not exactly what we want. The house is big enough, but when it rains the darn thing leaks. I called the owner



Here is Johnny doing the work he really loves. Yes, raising vegetables, and not Cain, is his idea of a good time.

about it, after one of our heavy rains and what d'ya think he did? Came running out here with a handful of putty and began sticking it around the leaky spots! Heck, I could've done that myself! Somehow they don't seem to understand you want things fixed permanently.

"In case you're wondering why there's no grass in the garden," Johnny continued as he showed us around his place, "just look at that pup. He's the responsible party. We've only had him four weeks, so you can see what a thorough job he's done! And, after all my work planting grass and flowers! I even got special potted plants which I put out by hand. Then along comes this young fella and in a couple of days even the grass is trampled down. When I get my own place I'll have a patch of ground fenced in for him; otherwise he's liable to flatten *us* in a few months!"

As we moved from this scene of desolation, Johnny proudly led us to his "eatin' patch."

"This is where we grow our vegetables," he announced. "There's corn, beans, radishes; in fact, anything we want, right here! I call it Option Acre. Y'know, it's sympathetic with my contract. Long about option time, it gets sorta low, then when my time is extended, I run home and plant another row of corn and throw in some beans for good measure. And now my pride and joy! See this plow? It's motor-driven. The folks next door owned it, but I had my eye on it every time I went over to buy eggs. When we got

*(Continued on page 16)*





# The Man Who Made The Picture

## *Talks to the people who are going to see it!*

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur,"

"Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn — is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

*Jack L. Warner*  
JACK L. WARNER, Vice-President  
In Charge of Production,  
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.



WARNER BROS. Presents

FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

# "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE  
LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE  
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD  
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN

Frank McHugh

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story

May Robson

Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein  
and Lenore Coffee

Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture



Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great.



A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.





# MOVIE SCOREBOARD

**Do I skip?**  
...IS THAT YOUR  
COMPLEXION CURSE?—



Avoid it  
with  
**ARMAND BLENDED**  
All Purpose  
CREAM

Wintry winds outdoors, dry heat indoors tend to rob your skin of natural oils, detract from your radiant loveliness. You can enjoy looking in the mirror in winter when Armand Blended All Purpose Cream is on your dressing table. After using it, your skin soon appears dewy fresh and firm—clearer and more refined. The delicate oils which Armand Blended All Purpose Cream contains are welcomed by harsh, dry weathered skin. A new type of all-purpose cream with the fragrance of fresh-cut roses, it helps you enjoy a rose-petal complexion, and the appearance of glowing, natural beauty.

Armand Blended All Purpose Cream is at your favorite cosmetic counter. Four sizes: \$1.00, 50 cents, 25 cents and 10 cents. Mail coupon for a generous trial size.

**ARMAND BLENDED**



Created by Armand to Glorify Your Loveliness

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa  
(In Canada, address Windsor, Ontario.)  
Now I know I simply must try Armand  
Blended All Purpose Cream and the  
famous Armand Bouquet Powder. My  
ten cents is enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

MS 1138

Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accidents Will Happen (Warners).....	2★	Love Is a Headache (M-G-M).....	2½★
Adventure's End (Universal).....	2★	Love on a Budget (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Adventures of Marco Polo (Samuel Goldwyn)...	3★	Love on Toast (Paramount).....	2★
Adventures of Robin Hood (Warners).....	4★	Mad About Music (Universal).....	4★
Adventures of Tom Sawyer (Selznick-International)3½★		Making the Headlines (Columbia).....	2★
Adventurous Blonde (Warners).....	2½★	Mannequin (M-G-M).....	3★
Alcatraz Island (Warners).....	2½★	Man-Proof (M-G-M).....	2½★
Alexander's Ragtime Band (20th Century-Fox)...	3½★	Marie Antoinette (M-G-M).....	4★
Algiers (Walter Wanger).....	2½★	Men Are Such Fools (Warners).....	2★
The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse (Warners).....	3½★	Merrily We Live (Hal Roach).....	3★
Army Girl (Republic).....	2½★	Merry-Go-Round of 1938 (Universal).....	2★
Arsene Lupin Returns (M-G-M).....	2½★	Midnight Intruder (Universal).....	2½★
Bad Man of Brimstone (M-G-M).....	2½★	Mr. Moto's Gamble (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Battle of Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Mr. Moto Takes a Chance (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Baroness and the Butler (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Mother Carey's Chickens (RKO).....	3★
Barrier, The (Paramount).....	1★	Navy Blue and Gold (M-G-M).....	3★
Beg, Borrow or Steal (M-G-M).....	2½★	Night Club Scandal (Paramount).....	2★
Big Broadcast of 1938 (Paramount).....	2★	Nothing Sacred (Selznick-International).....	3★
Big Town Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	No Time to Marry (Columbia).....	2★
Blockade (Walter Wanger).....	3½★	Of Human Hearts (M-G-M).....	2½★
Blondes at Work (Warners).....	2★	Over the Goal (Warners).....	1★
Blossoms on Broadway (Paramount).....	1★	Over the Wall (Warners).....	3★
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (Paramount).....	3½★	Paradise for Three (M-G-M).....	2★
*Boy Meets Girl (Warners).....	2★	Passport Husband (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Bringing Up Baby (RKO).....	3★	Patient in Room 18, The (Warners).....	2★
Buccaneer, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Penrod and His Twin Brother (Warners).....	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Peril (Paramount).....	2½★	Penrod's Double Trouble (Warners).....	2★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount).....	2½★	Perfect Specimen, The (Warners).....	3★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)...	2★	Port of Seven Seas (M-G-M).....	3★
Chaser, The (M-G-M).....	2½★	Portia on Trial (Republic).....	3★
Checkers (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Prescription for Romance (Universal).....	1★
Cocoanut Grove (Paramount).....	2½★	Prison Break (Universal).....	2★
Colorado Kid (Republic).....	2★	Racket Busters (Warners).....	3★
Condemned Women (RKO).....	2★	Radio City Revels (RKO).....	2½★
Cowboy From Brooklyn (Warners).....	2½★	Rage of Paris, The (Universal).....	3★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO).....	2½★	Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (20th Century-Fox)...	3★
Crime of Dr. Hallet (Universal).....	2½★	Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel (London).....	2½★
Crime School (Warners).....	2½★	Romance in the Dark (Paramount).....	2½★
Damsel in Distress A (RKO).....	3★	Rosalie (M-G-M).....	3★
Danger, Love at Work (20th Century-Fox)....	1★	Sailing Along (Gaumont British).....	3★
Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox).....	1★	Saint in New York, The (RKO).....	2½★
Danger Patrol (RKO).....	2★	Sally, Irene and Mary (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Daughter of Shanghai (Paramount).....	2½★	Saturday's Heroes (RKO).....	2½★
Divorce of Lady X, The (London).....	3½★	She Asked for It (Paramount).....	2★
Dr. Rhythm (Paramount).....	3★	Sheik Steps Out, The (Republic).....	2★
Ebb Tide (Paramount).....	3★	She's Got Everything (RKO).....	2★
Every Day's a Holiday (Paramount).....	3★	Sh! The Octopus (Warners).....	2★
Everybody Sing (M-G-M).....	3★	Sky Giant (RKO).....	2½★
Fast Company (M-G-M).....	2½★	Slight Case of Murder, A (First National).....	2½★
52nd Street (Walter Wanger).....	2★	Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Walter Disney)....	4★
Fight For Your Lady (RKO).....	2★	Something to Sing About (Grand National).....	2½★
Firefly, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Spy Ring (Universal).....	2★
First Hundred Years, The (M-G-M).....	2★	Spur Door (RKO).....	4★
Fools for Scandal (Warners).....	2½★	Stand-In (Walter Wagner).....	3★
Forty-five Fathers (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Start Cheering (Columbia).....	2★
Four Men and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)....	2½★	Swiss Miss (Hal Roach).....	2½★
Four's a Crowd (Warners).....	3★	Stolen Heaven (Paramount).....	3★
Gaiety Girls, The (London).....	3★	Storm in a Teacup (Korda).....	3½★
Gateway (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Swing It Sailor (Grand National).....	1★
Girl of the Golden West (M-G-M).....	3★	Swing Your Lady (Warners).....	2½★
Give Me a Sailor (Paramount).....	2½★	Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Go Chase Yourself (RKO).....	2★	Test Pilot (M-G-M).....	4★
Gold Diggers in Paris (Warners).....	2★	The Texans (Paramount).....	3★
Gold is Where You Find It (Warners).....	2★	Tip-Off Girls (Paramount).....	3★
Goldwyn Follies, The (Sam Goldwyn).....	3★	There Goes the Groom (RKO).....	2★
Happy Landing (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	There's Always a Woman (Columbia).....	3★
Having Wonderful Time (RKO).....	2½★	They Won't Forget (Warners).....	3★
Headin' East (Columbia).....	2★	This Way, Please (Paramount).....	1★
Heidi (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M).....	2½★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National).....	2★	Three Comrades (M-G-M).....	3½★
Heroes of the Alamo (Columbia).....	2★	Three Blind Mice (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
High, Wide, and Handsome (Paramount).....	3½★	Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount).....	1★
Hold 'em Navy (Paramount).....	2★	Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Hold That Kiss (M-G-M).....	3★	Torchy Blane in Panama (Warners).....	2½★
Holiday (Columbia).....	3½★	To the Victor (Gaumont-British).....	3½★
Hollywood Hotel (Warners).....	3★	Tovarich (Warners).....	3★
Hollywood Round-up (Columbia).....	2½★	Trip to Paris, A (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Hurricane (Sam Goldwyn).....	3½★	Troopship (Gaumont-British).....	2½★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia).....	3★	*Tropic Holiday (Paramount).....	2★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger).....	3★	True Confession (Paramount).....	4★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Varsity Show (Warners).....	3★
It's Love I'm After (Warners).....	4★	Victoria the Great (RKO).....	4★
Jezebel (Warners).....	3★	Vivacious Lady (RKO).....	4★
Josette (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Walking Down Broadway (20th Century-Fox)....	2½★
Joy of Living (RKO).....	3★	Wells Fargo (Paramount).....	3★
Judge Hardy's Children (M-G-M).....	3★	Westland Case, The (Universal).....	2★
Keep Smiling (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	White Banners (Warners).....	3★
Kentucky Moonshine (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Who Killed Gail Preston? (Columbia).....	2★
Kidnapped (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Wide Open Faces (Columbia).....	2★
Last Gangster, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Life of Emile Zola, The (Warners).....	4★	Wise Girl (RKO).....	3★
Little Miss Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Women Are Like That (Warners).....	2★
Lone Wolf in Paris (Columbia).....	2½★	Women in Prison (Columbia).....	2★
Lord Jeff (M-G-M).....	2½★	Yank at Oxford, A (M-G-M).....	3★
Lost Horizon (Columbia).....	4★	Yellow Jack (M-G-M).....	3★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	You and Me (Paramount).....	2½★
Love Finds Andy Hardy (M-G-M).....	3★	You're a Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Love, Honor and Behave (Warners).....	2½★	You're Only Young Once (M-G-M).....	2★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.



# NOW ON THE SCREEN!

... Broadway's most successful comedy hit! ... The biggest laugh show in a generation! ... A two-season sensation! ... The movie rights cost more than any other play ever produced—and, measured in laughs, it was cheap at twice the price! ...

ONE LOOK AT WHO'S IN IT—AND YOU WON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU AWAY WHEN IT PLAYS YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!



## THE MARK BROS.

madder than ever,  
with a million  
new gags... in ...

# "ROOM SERVICE"

WITH  
LUCILLE BALL  
ANN MILLER  
FRANK  
ALBERTSON



PANDRO S. BERMAN IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION  
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM A. SEITER  
Screen Play by Morrie Ryskind



# LET US HELP YOU WIN

Here is the complete guide to the answers which can make you a lucky

## EXPLANATION

Here is a chance at fame and fortune! To enter this contest, simply secure a movie quiz booklet at your neighborhood theatre. Answer one question about any 30 pictures included in the booklet, and then write a statement of not more than 50 words, telling which one of the 30 pictures you like best, and why.

Our sample letter will help you in writing your statement. Remember, it must be original. Just write as if you were telling a friend why the picture appealed to

you.

As a further guide, read our synopses carefully. They'll assist you in selecting the correct answers.

After you have completed your entry, mail the booklet containing your answers and the 50 word statement to

Motion Picture Contest

480 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Postmarked not later than December 31, 1938

### FOUR DAUGHTERS



I enjoyed "Four Daughters" primarily because it gave a true picture of a happy home life. The girls, though different in character, were very human and appealing. Their spirit of "one for all" taught a valuable lesson and the things that happened to them come into the lives of all of us. Therefore, the story rang true.

### MARIE ANTOINETTE



"Marie Antoinette" is one of the most beautiful pictures ever made. I enjoyed every moment of it, from the fine characterizations of its players to the colorful, historical pageant. The direction was truly expert and the acting of Robert Morley, Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power, something I shall never forget. Here is everything in the way of entertainment.

### FOUR DAUGHTERS

There is much excitement at the Lemp household because of Thea's new beau, wealthy Ben Crowley, and the arrival of the young musician, Felix. Though impressed with Ben's beautiful car, the orchids he sends to Thea—all four daughters (Thea, Kay, Ann, Emma) fall in love with debonair Felix. The announcement of his engagement to Ann is a blow to everyone including Mickey, Felix's cynical orchestrator, who also loves Ann. When Ann discovers how much Emma loves Felix and Mickey loves her, she marries Mickey. Later, Felix and Ann find reunion after Mickey's tragic death.

### MARIE ANTOINETTE

From Austria to France comes the lovely Marie Antoinette, to be the bride of the weakling, Louis, grandson of the King. Unable to find happiness, she turns to Count Axel de Ferson. When Antoinette becomes Queen she realizes she must give up her lover. They are separated until the outbreak of the Revolution when Ferson, learning of Antoinette's danger, reappears to arrange the escape of the Royal Family. His plan fails when a priest recognizes the King, and the unhappy pair are returned to Paris, and death. The courage of the king and queen lives after them.

### THE GREAT WALTZ

When the Commercial Bank of Vienna dismisses him, Johann Strauss gets a job as musician in Dommayer's Cafe. His inspired performance there impresses Carla Donner, a member of the Imperial Opera, who invites him to play for her friends. Strauss is deeply infatuated by Carla, but after she ridicules him, he marries his first sweetheart, Poldi. Years later, he and Carla meet again, and realizing their love, plan an elopement. Poldi unselfishly gives them her blessings but, at the last moment, the lovers separate and Strauss returns to his faithful wife.

rupting influence among his charges is hard-bitten young Whitey Marsh who, after earning the enmity of the other youngsters, runs away. Through his bandit brother, Whitey accidentally becomes involved in a bank robbery and almost ruins the good reputation of Father Flanagan's school. However, when his innocence and unsuspecting love for Boys Town are revealed, he returns with the priest, and is unanimously elected Mayor by the enthusiastic boys.

to Mrs. Watson's negligence, Judy and Terry become involved and, in clearing themselves, prove that Leon is the real crook. The grateful Daisy rewards them liberally.

\* \* \*

### PROFESSOR, BEWARE!

Dean Lambert, a bespectacled young college professor, owns an incomplete set of tablets which tell the tale of two ancient lovers. Lambert believes he is the story's hero reincarnated, and wants the last tablet which will reveal his ultimate fate. When he is invited to join an expedition leaving New York for Egypt, he begins a crazy cross-country dash, pursued by Jane, a beautiful heiress who makes him marry her. Jane's irate father separates the newlyweds, but they finally win his approval and travel to Egypt together, which proves that love will find a way.

\* \* \*

### MEET THE GIRLS

Homer Watson, the owner of a valuable diamond, is travelling from Honolulu to San Francisco with his wife, Daisy. Also on the boat are Judy and Terry, two penniless girls whom the Captain has put to work, and Maurice Leon, a famous jewel thief. When the diamond disappears, due

\* \* \*

### BOYS TOWN

With the aid of a pawn-broker friend, Father Flanagan founds a happy, self-governing community of boys who might have ended as criminals. The most dis-



# \$250,000.00 MOVIE QUIZ

winner! Read this carefully, for your chance to click is excellent

## P R I Z E S

1st Prize .....	\$50,000	40 of \$500 each .....	20,000
2nd Prize .....	25,000	40 of \$250 each .....	10,000
2 of \$10,000 each .....	20,000	300 of \$100 each .....	30,000
5 of \$5,000 each .....	25,000	5000 of \$10 each .....	50,000
5 of \$2,000 each .....	10,000		
10 of \$1,000 each .....	10,000		
			Total - \$250,000

### ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND



"Alexander's Ragtime Band" was especially enjoyable to me as its gay and sad songs brought back many memories. I recalled the happy times associated with the beginning of jazz and the tragic occurrences of the World War. Somehow, there's nothing so satisfying as reminiscing, and besides the opportunity for this, the film offers splendid acting and settings.

### BOY MEETS GIRL



Everyone wonders what makes "the wheels go 'round" in a big studio and even though the answer in "Boy Meets Girl" is probably exaggerated, I loved the picture because it gave an inside, intimate picture of a "film factory." I'd rather laugh than eat, too, and there's a laugh a movie minute in this riotous story. Fun is the thing—and here it is aplenty!

### ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche are all members of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." While Don had fallen in love with Alice at their very first meeting, unknown even to themselves, Alice and Tyrone are in love with each other. When Don sings a song he has composed especially for Alice, she and Tyrone realize their love. With Alice's withdrawal from the band, Tyrone leaves for war. Hurt by his attitude, she marries Don. Years later, when Tyrone's orchestra has made him famous, he and Alice are happily reunited. It is Don who really brings them together.

### BOY MEETS GIRL

Two Hollywood scenarists, who look more like collegians than writers in their little round caps, have a great idea. They plan to make a star of an infant, and before it is born, become its godfathers, with power of attorney. When the baby becomes famous, they forget to renew this power which makes their own jobs insecure, and they resort to a wild plan in order to retain their hold. They are joyous when they outwit their scheming rivals, but are really doomed to disappointment, for Susie, the mother, suddenly ends her baby's career by taking him to England.

### THAT CERTAIN AGE

Deanna Durbin is a fifteen-year-old who thinks she has just found love. The object of her affections is Melvyn Douglas, a war-weary newspaper correspondent. When she puts her whole heart into the singing of the Waltz Aria from "Romeo and Juliet," and addresses her song to Melvyn, Jackie Cooper, her youthful boy friend, is deeply hurt and turns to another girl to get even. Deanna's parents, learning of her infatuation, conspire with Melvyn and produce a woman whom Melvyn introduces as his wife. Deanna's heart is broken, but she recovers quickly and wins back the still devoted Jackie.

\* \* \*

### HOLD THAT CO-ED

When George Murphy arrives at State College, where he has taken a job as football coach, he discovers that the college is

just a jerk-water school in the final stages of dilapidation. John Barrymore, chief executive of the state, has just taken another fat slice out of the college budget, and there are not sufficient funds to pay the new coach. George Murphy consents to coach the team for nothing, however, when he sees the anxious faces of the students—and, realizing that it will help his fight for U. S. Senator, John Barrymore gives a certain sum to support State's team. They win their final big game, and the governor turns out to be not such a bad sort, after all.

\* \* \*

### BLOCKHEADS

Oliver Hardy takes Stan Laurel home to meet his wife. Mrs. Hardy cold-shoulders Stan and angrily leaves the house. The boys are preparing their own dinner when the stove explodes and Patricia Ellis,

a neighbor, comes in to see what has happened. Mrs. Hardy returns unexpectedly and Stan and Oliver, terrified, conceal their guest in a trunk. When they try to get the trunk out of the apartment, the noise brings Billy Gilbert from across the hall and, Patricia, hearing her husband's voice, bobs out of the trunk. The boys begin to run, with the furious husband after them.

\* \* \*

### CAMPUS CONFESSIONS

Middleton College is in the doldrums because Atterbury, Sr., their one man money bag, clamps the lid on all athletics. This makes Wayne Atterbury, Jr., poison on the campus, particularly with Joyce, the campus reporter—until he lands a straight right to the jaw of his worst heckler, and then, when he shows he is a whizz with a basketball, (Continued on page 17)



# BETWEEN YOU

## WHY DOES THE BRIDE

### Wear a Veil?



• In olden days the bridal veil was supposed to protect the bride from the "evil eye" of some invisible "evil spirit."

Today, women know that they don't need protection from unseen "evil spirits"—but they *do* need protection for their skin.

Did you know that more women in America use Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, than any other preparation of its kind?

This famous skin protector — for warding off chapping, dryness, and work-or-weather skin coarseness — contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands. Yet it costs far less than a small fraction of a cent to use liberally each day. It "goes so far." Test it on your skin. Try it *before* you buy—at Campana's expense. Use FREE coupon below.

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**Italian Balm**  
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Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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In Canada, Campana, Ltd., MG 600 Caledonia Road, Toronto



Why turn a romantic lover like Taylor into a he-man, asks one fan.

### \$5.00 Prize Letter Family Pictures

Are Hollywood producers coming down to earth? The answer is, "Yes, and it's about time." For years the major studios have been grinding out star-studded spectacles and flickers saturated with phoney sophistication. Now they're giving us such down-to-earth and lovable pictures as "White Banners," the Jones family pictures, and the Judge Hardy series.

They are giving us people who can act—actors and actresses who can act humanly and with genuine warmth. Already we have stellar performers such as Fay Bainter, Claude Rains, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Spring Byington, Jed Prouty, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Virginia Wiedler and Donnie Dunagan. These players have shown us that pictures about the home and the family can be made much more interesting than pictures about phoney counts and runaway heiresses.

What theatre-goer is not touched when he sees Mother Carey worrying over one of her brood, or amused when he sees Mickey Rooney in his first tuxedo? Why not drag the movies out of the thin air of fantasy and put them down right in our own living-rooms?

We are getting a new type of picture and a new type of star. We are getting films and stars as down-to-earth and warm as fresh baked apple pie. Hollywood, you've a fine start for providing us with real honest-to-goodness moving pictures. More power to you!—Russell S. Burg, Denver, Col.

### \$2.00 Prize Letter Thanks for the Memory

These are the ten most memorable moments moving pictures have given me. Do you remember them?

For thrills: In "San Francisco," a ragged crowd marching over the hill into the dawn of a new day for their loved city. Hatless, courageous, united, triumphant, they sang together the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The mile-a-minute, breath-taking, heart-rending power dive of Clark Gable and his plane in "Test Pilot."

For pathos: Luise Rainer's beautifully restrained heart-break in the wistful telephone scene of "The Great Ziegfeld." The

fade-out in "A Star is Born" with Janet Gaynor's gallant cry, "This is—Mrs. Norman Maine!"

For high comedy: The immortal hitch-hiking sequence in "It Happened One Night." The halting progress of Loy, Powell, and Asta in the hilarious dog-walking scene in "The Thin Man."

For tragedy: The tender death of Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Thru" and the courageous death of Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades."

For romance: The marriage of the "star-crossed" lovers in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." In "Naughty Marietta," Nelson Eddy's singing "I'm Falling in Love With Someone" to Jeanette MacDonald in a lazily floating canoe.

Ah me!—Mrs. J. R. Zimmerman, Indianapolis, Ind.

### \$2.00 Prize Letter Bob Taylor

Why all the fuss about cinematizing Robert Taylor as a virile, he-man sort of chap? Just because a few people (and they were probably envious males and frustrated females) had the idea that he was nothing but a pretty boy whose job was to make love to glamorous gals isn't any true reason to think he is a "panty-waist." It isn't his fault that women hid under his bed, even swiped his vest buttons. Certainly it isn't his fault that he's good-looking.

One has only to consider Bob Taylor to know that he's a regular guy, a man's man. Of course, "A Yank at Oxford" gave a couple of wallops to the pretty boy legend, and in "The Crowd Roars" Taylor finished the job by knocking the legend to the canvas for a count.

The point is this: A lot of us gals go thru life sans romance, or being contented with just any ordinary sort of man who takes a shine to us. Seeing a handsome lover on the screen satisfies that secret desire of ours to be loved by someone whom all the world admires. After all, any brawny pug can fight or become involved in a brawl, but not every man can be the personification of woman's dream-lover. Valentino was that; so is Robert Taylor. Yet, you have only to see them to know they're masculine to the ninth degree.

Is it so wrong to bring happiness to us old maids and plain ugly ducklings who get our romance only via the silver-screen with its Valentinos and Robert Taylors?—M. F. Doner, Seattle, Washington.

### \$1.00 Prize Letter Gary Cooper

Gary Cooper is making another cowboy picture, and I call that good news for fans who like class A Westerns. Gary is an old hand at this sort of thing. He was doing puncher parts when some of our modern day screen cowboys were campus cutups.

Cooper really looks like a cowboy. He is lean and tanned, with a slow and quiet way of talking like one who has lived under the stars. He even has the characteristic squint. Furthermore, he can be depended upon to dress the part. No silk shirts and fluffy-haired chaps for him. Instead it will be blue denim pants and dark flannel shirts.

I read that the film, tentatively titled, "The Lady and the Cowboy," will have no villain. That suits me swell. Not even on the screen have I any use for mean critters who use knifing tactics.—J. C. Allen, Emeryville, Cal.



# 'N' ME

Frank, lively letters from fans to interest everyone. Lucky winners get cash prizes, too



An admirer of Rudy's wondered how her daughter would react to a Valentino revival.

## \$1.00 Prize Letter Mother Won

My seventeen-year-old daughter sat awed and breathless in the hushed darkened movie theatre. She was seeing the immortal Rudolph Valentino!

As I watched her, I felt a little glow of pride. I had always told her stories of the great Valentino, and she had listened

with a sort of amused patience, as though thinking, "Let Mom have her memories, but no one could ever compare with Gable, Taylor, Power, or MacMurray."

And so, when the revival of one of Rudy's greatest pictures, "The Son of the Sheik," was showing at our theatre, I took my daughter to see it, secretly praying that the present-day screen-fare would not altogether influence her against the different charm of Valentino.

I need not have feared. As the picture unreeled itself before our eyes, my daughter sat eagerly watching and admiring the great Valentino. I felt a lump in my throat, and a tear in my eye as I, too, watched Rudy as I had watched him fifteen years ago.

When the lights were turned up, and we slowly left the theatre in silence, my daughter pressed my hand and whispered, "You were right, Mom, he's swell."—Ada Springer, Revere, Mass.

## \$1.00 Prize Letter Ronald Colman

I want to say just a word in praise of the most charming and talented actor on the screen today—Mr. Ronald Colman. Seldom photographed, infrequently interviewed, and never built up by publicity, this fine actor has remained on "top of the heap" for several years now, thus proving that the public still appreciates his fine acting ability. (Continued on page 81)

## WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

**Achieve This—**  
Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays—add thrilling glow.

**Avoid This—**  
Brilliant lights drain the color from your face—kill your make-up!



Here's your Big  
Chance to get  
POND'S

GLARE  
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Shades

FOR a limited time only, you can test any of four flattering Pond's "glare-proof" shades with your regular purchase of Pond's Cold Cream. Rose Cream (Natural) and Rose Brunette for the rosy-pink coloring fashion demands. Also Light Natural and Brunette.

Don't delay—go to your store at once! Ask for your Pond's Combination Package!

**POND'S "GLARE-PROOF"  
ROSE SHADES**—soften glare,  
reflect rose-touched rays

## EXTRA-EXTRA-EXTRA!

This *Amazing* Pond's Offer  
at local stores

Choice of 4 shades:

Light Natural	Brunette
Rose Cream (Natural)	Rose Brunette



Now—with purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder—  
**BOTH for the Price of the Cold Cream**

**FOR A LIMITED TIME  
ONLY—GET YOUR  
COMBINATION PACKAGE TODAY**



## Say it with a Clear Skin



**N**O MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improve digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The larger size represents a price saving. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © The S.S.S. Co.

*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the  
appetite and helps change weak  
blood cells to strong ones*

## THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page 8)

acquainted I asked all about it and admired his chickens each time I made a purchase. I even went into town and priced plows, but they were so expensive I went right on growin' my produce by hand. Then one day I heard they'd sold their home and were moving. My business head came to the fore and over I went to strike a bargain."

Johnny chuckled, almost going into one of his "scat-tee-scats," as he explained, "I came home with the plow, twenty-two chickens and a sack of feed, all for a hundred and seventy bucks. Less than half the price of a new plow! With my new equipment, I figured to ease into this farming racket sort of quietly. All I need now is a cow and we'll have all the comforts of Indiana!"

We agreed it was certainly a start, considering the amount of space Mr. D. has to work with. However, after seeing an example of his carpentry it wasn't hard to believe that he could do even more!

**W**HAT I'm trying to do now," Johnny explained as we turned toward the house, is trade my place back east for something out here. You can get more on a trade than a straight sale. If I can find a house with enough land, I'll let that go as a down payment, then the rest I can pay in installments. One month I can fix the lawn or build a room and so on until I've got everything finished. It will be like rent and we'll never miss it that way. But, I don't want enough room so's I'll be getting a swimming pool or a tennis court. Once you get them you're finished—and it's goodbye to any savings then.

"I took a look at my bank book after my first year here and got an awful shock. I wasn't crying over spilled milk, but down I went and hired a business manager. He collects my salary and banks it, allowing me just so much for expenses each month. This next year will end up with a different tale or I'll know the reason why! I feel better already, now that I've settled down. As a matter of fact, I've taken to it so rapidly that the other night when we stayed out until eleven I really suffered the next day! Can't take it any more, I guess.

"It's not like in New York when I worked with orchestras. I worked nights and slept days and got used to the grind. Since coming here, I work by daylight and sleep by moonlight. But, I haven't forgotten my ole trumpet. No sir! There it is and I keep it well oiled and do a bit of practicing now and then—just to play safe. You can never tell when they'll get tired of me, so I'm pounding my A's often in case I have to go back to work!

"Fact is, not long ago, before they took up my option, I thought my time had come. I hadn't heard from the studio and got a little worried. Then I got a call from M.C.A. and they wanted me to take out an orchestra, at more money than I had any right to collect. I went down and heard the boys and they were pretty good, too. With a couple of weeks' rehearsal we could have whipped up something darn nice. I even had the itinerary set when they called me back to work, saying to skip any idea of a vacation. So, I climbed out of the orchestra pit and into some grease paint to scat-tee-scat a little. At that, guess I'd be kinda lost without my trumpet and shoutin'. I did one picture that was a straight part and I was running around in circles. It was a 'B' and they shoot, cut and show them in seventeen days!

Well, I'll admit I don't want to do any more like that. They're too hard. Guess I don't know enough about acting and should stick to my music, eh?

"You know, it seems kinda funny I should be making my living playing and singing the hot stuff—swingy songs," Mr. Scat Davis reflected, serious for the moment. "My Dad had me playing a horn when I was three, but didn't allow me to play anything except good stuff. No jazz for him. But, I sorta slipped in a little every now and then on the side. He was instructor of music and conducted the Brazil (Indiana) Concert Band. I remember when I was about twelve and my uncle came from Terre Haute to ask Dad if I could come up and play in an orchestra. There was a shortage of trumpet players and the job paid twenty-five a week. Dad said, 'No!' most emphatically. But, by the next time he came, Dad decided that twenty-five bucks was good money, even though you had to play jazz for it. So, up I went and from then on I've been working steadily. You see, my studies were arranged so I went to school mornings and had the rest of the day free. I'm crazy about orchestra work. I even had my own once in St. Paul. I was with Fred Waring longer than any other person. That's how I came to the coast. Fred made a picture. Then when I got the chance to stay, I jumped at it, for it meant my dream come true. At last I would be in one spot long enough to have a place of my own."

Hearing Mr. D.'s thumbnail description of his past left little wonder that he could woo, and win, the daughter of the opposing movie theatre chain. Fact is, Mrs. D.'s Dad operated all picture palaces in the town except the one that Johnny was packing in the cash customers. I'm afraid that our hero is the "impulsive" type, for he courted his gal seven years before tripping to the altar!

So, if you read, in the near future, that Johnny Davis has become one of southern California's successful farmers, be sure that he's fallen heir to a nice long-term contract, minus, of course, too many of the usual options. They are Mr. D.'s boogy-boo and as Johnny says, "Give me a house, a dog and some land—with no options—then I'll live a happy life—whoa-ho-de-h-ho and scat-dee-sca-at!"



Jane Wyman is Johnny Davis' big moment in "Brother Rat." You'll admit she's cute.



(Continued from page 13)

he is actually "in" at last. That year Wayne makes the team and Middleton soars into athletic prominence. Joyce at last realizes she is in love with Wayne, and when Atterbury, Sr., tries to stop the big game, they convince him that love and basketball are too important to be trifled with.

\* \* \*

#### LITTLE MISS BROADWAY

Betsy leaves the Madrey Orphanage to live with Pop Shea and his daughter, Barbara, who have adopted her. Pop is the proprietor of the Hotel Variety, home of vaudeville stars since the turn of the century, but now in its seedy days. Betsy makes many friends in her new home, including Roger, the nephew of crochety Sarah Wendling, who turns out to be the owner of the hotel. When Mrs. Wendling threatens to cut Roger off from his share of the Wendling estate, because he has fallen in love with Barbara, he brings suit against his aunt. It is Betsy, finally, who wins both the suit for Roger and Mrs. Wendling's heart.

\* \* \*

#### BREAKING THE ICE

Because he is anxious to make money to take his mother to Indiana, Willy sells some very old newspapers to an antique dealer named Terwilliger. But the money, he realizes, is not sufficient and he decides to try his luck in the city. He hides in Terwilliger's wagon, drawn by a mule named Chippendale, and arrives in Philadelphia. Pinch-hitting for a five-year-old skating star, he becomes famous overnight. He returns home, however, because Terwilliger has cheated him, and finds that

he is suspected of stealing a twenty-dollar bill belonging to his uncle. He concludes the bill must have been mixed with the newspapers he sold Terwilliger. After a mad search, they find the money, and Willy realizes his dream. He takes his mother to Indiana.

\* \* \*

#### MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF

Ellory Bugs offers a huge donation to his alma mater, payable only in the event his son, Jimmie "Doodle" Bugs becomes a football hero. Doodle refuses to have anything to do with football until the President persuades his daughter to use her charms to get him to play. The ruse works and in his first game, his unorthodox submarine play followed by his parachute play are the high spots of the game. The final game of the season arrives and Doodle once again comes through for his team and they win by a single point.

\* \* \*

#### IN OLD MEXICO

An escaped prisoner, The Fox, swears revenge on Colonel Gonzales and Hopalong Cassidy, who has brought about his capture. He is aided by his sister, Janet, and causes the death of the Colonel. Hopalong, with the help of Anita, the dead man's grand-daughter, and his friend, Windy, outwits the Fox and his men, and, in an attempt to shoot Cassidy, the bandit kills his own sister.

\* \* \*

#### SAFETY IN NUMBERS

After a guest appearance on the radio as the "world's best mother," Mrs. Jones agrees to go on the air in a series of broadcasts on domestic problems. The program

is sponsored by Mr. Edmonds, President of the company controlling the Barton Springs, site of a new mineral water discovery. Mr. Jones becomes very much interested in the new mineral, and persuades Mr. Emmons to allow the citizens of Maryville to invest in the "good thing." The spring is discovered to be a phoney and the swindlers, having made a quick getaway, are tricked into returning by Mrs. Jones. The money is finally returned and the crooks are arrested.

\* \* \*

#### THREE LOVES HAS NANCY

Bob Montgomery, a successful novelist, goes to a little southern town to elude a designing actress, and meets Janet Gaylor, who is about to be married. When Janet's bridegroom fails to appear, she leaves for New York to find him. She visits the apartment of Montgomery who, having been advised that the actress is gone, has also returned to New York. Without realizing it, Bob has fallen in love with Janet, as has his best friend. Their argument over her is complicated by the arrival of Janet's fiancée, but Bob proves the most successful of Janet's three loves.

\* \* \*

#### GIVE ME A SAILOR

Letty is the ugly duckling sister of Nancy Larkin. Walter, the man they both love, gets shore leave. Also, he is marriage-minded. Each sister determines to land him. Through a mix-up, when Letty enters her home-made cookies in a contest, a shot of her lovely legs are included and so she suddenly finds herself a winner. She wins a man, too. Not the one she planned on, but one equally good.

(Continued on page 113)

# How Dull, Dry-Looking Hair Reveals Glamorous, Natural Beauty

## Millions Thrilled by Beauty Miracle of Special Drene for Dry Hair

**W**OMEN with dull, dry-looking, unruly hair need no longer despair. Here is an amazingly easy way to reveal all the glamorous natural beauty that is hidden away in your hair. A way that leaves your hair without a trace of ugly film to cloud its charm and beauty—leaves it radiating with its full natural sparkle and gleam—brilliant beyond your fondest dreams.

Special Drene Shampoo for Dry Hair leaves unruly hair thrillingly soft and manageable, so that it sets beautifully after washing. A single sudsing and thorough rinsing in plain water leaves hair gleaming and glistening in all its radiant natural brilliance and lustre.

Drene works these wonders because it is an entirely different type of shampoo. So different, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. Its whole beautifying action is the result of its amazing lather. For Drene actually makes five times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle and cleansing that it washes away dirt, grime, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide its natural brilliance, nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Instead, Drene removes ugly film often left by other types of shampoo. So vinegar, lemon and special after-rinses are totally unnecessary. And, because Drene contains no harmful chemicals, it is safe for any kind of hair. Special Drene for Dry Hair is made and guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. It is approved by Good Housekeeping.

So—for thrilling, natural beauty of dull, unruly, dry-looking hair, ask for Special Drene for Dry Hair at drug, department or 10c stores. Or—at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home or have it done by a professional beautician, you'll be amazed and delighted to see your hair manageable and sparkling. How glorious a Drene shampoo really is!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**Special drene Shampoo**  
**for Dry Hair**

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This thrilling coiffure was photographed after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. The hair is soft and manageable, its natural brilliance revealed.



*Youth*...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame . . . in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!



# SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

**RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY**  
**PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT**  
*and*  
**SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE**  
**JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA**  
**DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER**  
**MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.**  
**J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY**

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production







Joan Bennett





John Howard





*Deanna Durbin*



# DREAMERS WHO DARE TO MAKE THEIR



## PAT (Fred MacMurray)

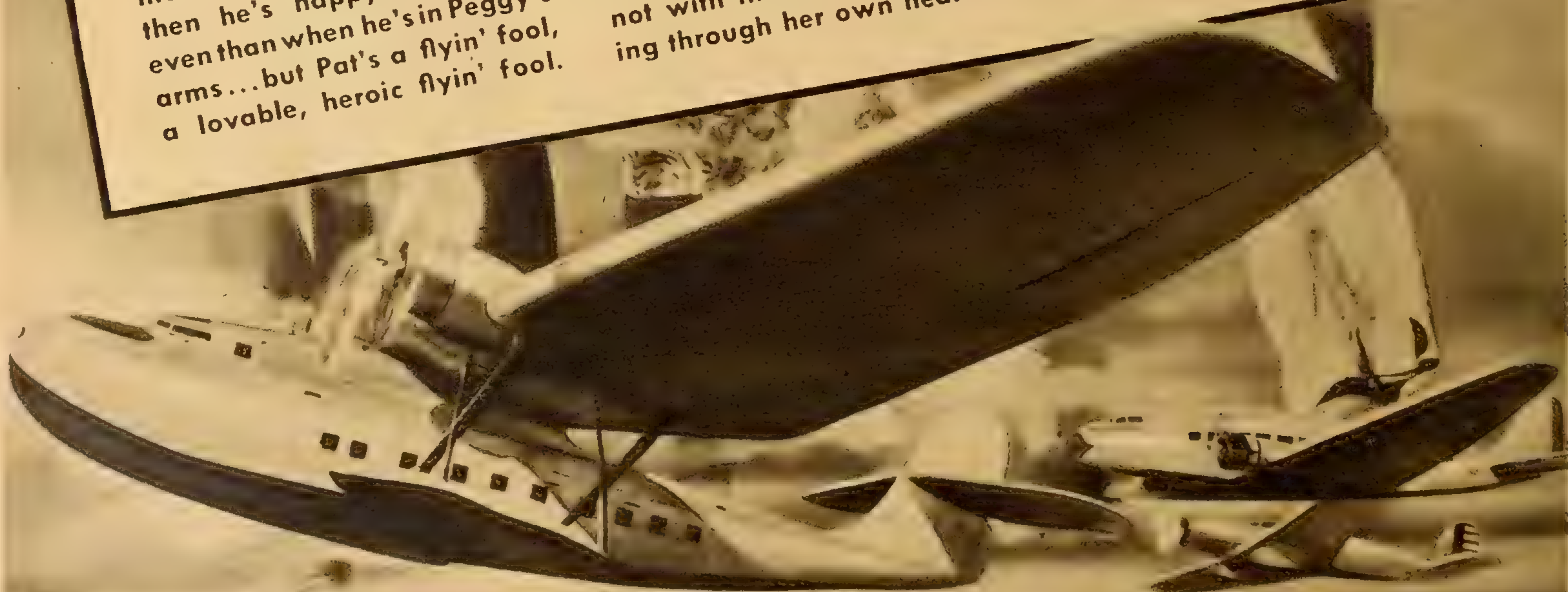
When the motor is making him deaf again . . . and the propeller is blowing the hair off his head . . . and he can smell the funny stink of burning castor oil . . . and see some blue mountains to climb over . . . then he's happy . . . happier even than when he's in Peggy's arms . . . but Pat's a flyin' fool, a lovable, heroic flyin' fool.

## PEGGY (Louise Campbell)

She's been looking at the sky so long her eyes have stars in them . . . this girl who's had the luck, call it good, call it bad, to love a lad with flying blood in his veins and no use for the good earth at all except to leave it . . . and yet she wouldn't have him different, not with the love of it winging through her own heart.

## SCOTTY (Ray Milland)

It's out of the dreams and the sweat and the heart-break of earnest, serious-minded men like Scotty that aviation was born, yes, and lives, and grows greater and greater, year by year, day by day, moment by moment . . . and what is Scotty's reward for all of this, not even the love of the girl whom he adores . . .



# "MEN WITH WINGS"

PARAMOUNT'S ALL TECHNICOLOR CAVALCADE OF AVIATION

A MOVIE QUIZ \$250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURE



# DREAMS COME TRUE . . .

**F**OR the first time on any screen and in the glorious, heart-throbbing power of Technicolor, Paramount tells the mighty story of America's favorite heroes, "Men With Wings." Before your eyes, in flaming sequence after flaming sequence, moves that thrilling cavalcade of courage, the march of American aviation, told in the living, human story of two boys and a girl whose romance is the romance of aviation itself, with all its heart-leaping excitement, its clutch of fear at the throat, its soul-rending disappointments, its hysterical, all-conquering triumphs.



COMING SOON  
THE YEAR'S GRANDEST  
LOVE STORY . . .  
"IF I WERE KING"



**RONALD COLMAN**  
...as Francois Villon,  
romantic poet-rogue,  
in FRANK LLOYD'S  
"IF I WERE KING."



**FRANCES DEE . . .**  
as the lady fair,  
whom Villon  
loves.



**ELLEN DREW . . .**  
as the tavern  
girl who loves  
Francois.



with  
**FRED MacMURRAY • RAY MILLAND**

Produced and Directed by  
**William A. Wellman**  
creator of "Wings"

**LOUISE CAMPBELL**

Screen Play by  
**Robert Carson**

**Andy Devine • Lynne Overman • Porter Hall • Walter Abel**  
**Kitty Kelly • Virginia Weidler • Donald O'Connor**





Gary Cooper



# EXTRA GOOD-WILL BOTTLE OF HINDS

just when your  
chapped hands  
need it most!

**MONEY BACK ON THIS**

**IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS**

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users!

Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only. Hurry!



*You've never used Hinds?* Try it now. Money Back (where you bought it) if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even 1 application proves — *Hinds makes chapped hands feel smoother!* No matter how hard you work—doing dishes, dusting—Hinds gives you soft "Honeymoon Hands."

*You've always used Hinds?* Then this 2-bottle Good-Will bargain brings you a bonus! Nearly 20% *more lotion!* MORE HINDS—for the price of the medium size—than ever before! The Good-Will Bottle is handy for kitchen use, office desk. Hinds tones down redness... smooths away chapping. Also comes in 10c, 25c, and \$1 sizes.

LOOK  
FOR THIS  
**HINDS  
GOOD-WILL  
BARGAIN**  
AT ALL  
TOILET GOODS  
COUNTERS



**FOR HONEYMOON HANDS**

**HINDS HONEY &  
ALMOND CREAM**

Copyright, 1938, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.



Mr. and Mrs. Temple and their famous little daughter, Shirley, start out on one of their many sight-seeing tours.

Reporters to right of her, cameramen to left of her—but none phase La Temple. She is mistress of every situation.



# Shirley

## DISCOVERS AMERICA

A HOLLYWOOD radio columnist was on the air, reading an open letter, and in millions of homes Shirley Temple fans heard him hurl a serious charge at the mother of America's most famous child.

Before Mrs. Temple left Hollywood, he said, he had had a heart-to-heart talk with her and she had told him that she was planning a real vacation for Shirley, one that would take her out of the spotlight and into the sunlight. Naturally he had been delighted when he heard that, but since then he had been thoroughly disillusioned when he learned that elaborate preparations had been made for the trip, that a press agent had accompanied Shirley and had arranged all sorts of publicity stunts, such as having her crowned princess of an Indian tribe, made a Shriner, and elected a member of the Junior League at the north rim of the Grand Canyon.

All of those things, the columnist asserted, might seem amusing to adult members of the party, but had they stopped to think what they meant to Shirley? To Shirley, taking part in all those stunts was depriving her of the vacation she had been promised.

At the very moment this speech was being made, a party of eight tired travelers landed in Craig, Colorado, in two cars, in one of which Shirley Temple, her mother and father traveled. In the other was Jack Mulcahy, the press agent who had been criticized, a maid and chauffeur and two bodyguards. As night was falling and the Temples did not wish to do any traveling after dark, Jack Mulcahy stopped a passerby and said, "What's the leading hotel in this town?"

"There ain't no hotel," said the passerby, "but there's a tourist camp a little way up."

"We stayed at the tourist camp," Jack Mulcahy told me. "When we arrived there, I told the proprietor that I wanted accommodations for eight people. 'That'll be \$13.50,' he said, 'payable in advance.'"

"One of the members of the party is a child, I told him, as Shirley came out of the car. 'Okay, that's seventy-five cents less.'"

"As Shirley stepped out of that car, the proprietor yawned, not realizing that the most famous child in the world was a few inches from him. There were eight other people at the tourist camp, but, weary from



New York's Governor Lehman entertained for Shirley at his country estate. Now she has a new fan—Spook, a Great Dane.

Shirley's tour included every experience from a night in a tourists' camp to a day at the White House, and she'll never forget it.



BY DORA ALBERT

**Where did you spend your vacation?**

**Little Miss Temple took in the whole U. S. A. and, what's more, had the time of her young life doing it**

traveling, they didn't notice Shirley. They went to bed early and left the next morning before we were awake, never realizing that they had slept in the same camp with the famous child star.

"Does all that sound as if we had made elaborate preparations for the trip? We hadn't. When the Temples liked a place, we stayed for several days. When they were bored or it was very hot, as it was in St. Louis the day we were there, we left the same day.

"The heart-to-heart talk the columnist said he had had with Mrs. Temple never took place, as he has not seen her in two years. And all the publicity stunts to which he said we had subjected Shirley were figments of the imagination. She was not crowned princess of an Indian tribe; in fact, the only Indians she saw during her entire trip across the continent were the silversmiths in Bryce and Zion Canyons. She was not made a Shriner. Since only men are admitted to the Shrine, she would not have been eligible, and she was not elected a member of the Junior League at the north rim of the Grand Canyon. The truth is there is no such organization there."

"And so, let me tell you the first true story of Shirley Temple's vacation trip.

"Determined not to commercialize it, Mrs. Temple turned down an offer of \$350,000 for personal appearances by Shirley, and also an offer by a famous syndicate of \$15,000 for a day-by-day account of Shirley's progress across America.

"We left Hollywood on May 31st, and one of our first stops was Boulder Dam. With awe Shirley looked up at the eight giant electric generators, one of which gives enough power to light a city of 300,000, and exclaimed, 'What a wonderful movie set that would make, wouldn't it!'

"Because she had never been inside any school save the schoolhouse on the studio lot," Mr. Mulcahy continued, "Shirley was anxious to see the kind of school to which other little girls go, and the principal of the Government School at Las Vegas, Nevada, offered to take her into all the classes. With interest, Shirley stared at the blackboards, and at the crayon drawings done by students. 'I do that kind of work, too,' she confided to one of the teachers. (Continued on page 88)





# THE *Lure*

BY KAY PROCTOR

HEDY LAMARR is the name. You pronounce the Hedy to rhyme with lady.

She owns a chinchilla wrap and an eleven carat pure white diamond, among other little trifles. In case you measure your diamonds by the carat or half carat, an eleven carat stone is about the size of a dime and as thick as the tip of your little finger. She lives in an extremely modest little six-room bungalow which she rents furnished. She has made one American picture to date, "Algiers," and has set Hollywood on its ear as it hasn't been tilted in many a moon.

There was a time when the word glamor meant something. It meant mystery, allure, exciting beauty, and that certain indefinable something that set men half crazy with desire and women with envy. It meant the late Barbara LaMarr, Pola Negri, Nita Naldi, and Gloria Swanson in her hey-day. It meant flame.

Then everybody began kicking the word around. Every pretty little newcomer with a passable figure was a glamor girl. Every gal who had more than one beau had glamor. You could buy it by the box in any drug store, according to the ads, and find it on every movie lot in town, according to the publicity departments. Absolute tops was reached when buxom, pumpkin-mouthed Martha Raye made the serious pronunciamento that henceforth she was through with plebeian pratt falls and would the world please realize she not only was a great *artiste* but also one big bundle of glamor! Yes, believe it or not!



What of the Gardiner-Lamarr romance rumors? Hedy answers here.

Hedy was the spoiled only child of a wealthy Viennese family.

One moment Lamarr is all guile—the next she's artless as a child.



# THAT'S LAMARR

She's "Hedy" stuff, with that indefinable something that spells glamor

Then along came Hedy just to remind us what glamor really is. It all happened so suddenly that everyone is still more or less in a state of shock, including the beautiful Hedy herself, who is sure she must be dreaming.

"What is this all about?" she asked. "I do not understand it. For seven months I am here, a nobody. Suddenly everybody gets excited and I am important. This I do not understand." "Algiers" is the answer. Nobody had had a chance to see her before that picture opened. And there's quite a story back of that. But once her exciting beauty was flashed on the screen, once people saw her play her torrid love scenes with Charles Boyer, the whole thing was burst wide open.

She was loaned to Walter Wanger for that picture by her home studio. Wanger was introduced to her by Charles Boyer at a private party and, after seeing her, he tested no more aspirants for the role of the exotic Parisienne who lures Boyer to his death. Her studio maintains that it had her in mind for the role when it owned the rights to the picture and that, after selling the story to Wanger, merely was waiting for another suitable role for Hedy. There are those who maintain the studio was afraid to gamble with an unknown, and that Hedy got lost in the shuffle of European actresses.

Hedy is one of the most provocative women in Hollywood. I spent an entire afternoon with her at her home, where she lives with Ericka Manthey, a middle-aged Viennese who is a combination maid, secretary and companion. She is

one of the most unaffected of all the lovely women here. There is a natural charm about her that wins your heart immediately.

But she is provocative. One moment she is every inch the sophisticate, the next unbelievably naïve. One moment she is thoroughly a woman of the world, for all her youth of twenty-three years, and the next she is almost sub-deb in her girlishness. One moment you are sure she is a clever and shrewd little person who knows all the answers, and then she will confound you by some utterly ingenuous remark.

We were talking about the current separation of a prominent Hollywood couple, for instance, and she said, "I cannot understand this American psychology of separation without divorce. Either you love a man and live with him in complete marriage, or you do not love him and that is the end of everything. That is the way I see it."

Fifteen minutes later she was telling why she herself had married at the astonishing age of seventeen.

"I thought it would be wonderful to wear the gold ring and to have waiters address me as *Frau* instead of *Fraulein*," she candidly admitted. "When I got it, I used to fuss with my hair, pose my hand on my cheeks, anything to make sure everyone would see it."

A child playing grown-up! And yet at that time, as the wife of the fabulously wealthy Viennese munitions maker, Fritz Mandl, she was an acknowledged leader of Austria's smart social set and already a famous Continental hostess. (Continued on page 70)



BY MARY  
PARKES

# HE'S

Tracy has no tricks,  
he doesn't work for  
effects, he isn't  
even handsome  
in the ordinary  
sense—yet he  
"gets" you.  
Just why?



Fisherman



Priest



# NEVER OUT OF *Character*

HE WAS just a little kid, maybe eight years old, maybe nine. He'd hitch-hiked all the way from Connecticut to Boys Town, which is twelve miles out of Omaha. I was there when he came in," said Spencer Tracy. "There were sores on his feet and hollows under his eyes and he had an old, mangy, moth-eaten cat clutched to his skinny front. He hadn't washed for days. Nor eaten either. Nor laughed. Father Flanagan didn't have any room for him. Boys Town can only take care of 200 boys at a time and it was full-up. But he took him in. There's one place on earth, I guess, where there's always room where there isn't any room—and that's in the heart of a man who cares about kids.

"Well, Father Flanagan took the kid in. And the kid

"I wonder," Spencer was saying, "that any one of us out here dares to open our traps to use the word 'hardship.' What do we know about hardships? There can't be any more stories written about the 'Hardships of the Stars'. Who would give one? Not me. We moan we have no 'private lives', no privacy. But wouldn't we moan louder if any one of us could walk, footsore and starving, from Connecticut to Nebraska, with no one to give us so much as the eye?

"What we've really got to complain about," said Spencer, "is that we don't get out of our cotton wadding often enough to realize how soft it is, what rags and straw and outhouses the 'other half' live in."

In Hollywood it is a favorite form of research on the



## There's a deep, dark secret behind Spencer

## Tracy's success and—here at last it is revealed

said, 'I have a confession to make to you, Father. I haven't had anything to eat for forty-eight hours. But I stole six quarts of milk on the way out—for the cat.' " There was a silence in the portable dressing-room on the Boys Town set where we were talking. The silence was broken by Spencer, sitting there in the black vestments of Father Flanagan. He said, "Certainly makes you appreciate your rations, things like that. . . ."

I didn't have to be told what Spencer was thinking. It was all there in his eyes . . . he was thinking of the kids out here in Hollywood, in California and other over-privileged places, his kids and the kids his kids play with . . . sun-tanned and well-fed, with ponies and swimming pools and all the vitamins in their diets and love as generous as the California sunshine to warm them. He was thinking of those other children, too—the underprivileged ones whom he had seen while on location at Boys Town.

And I was thinking that I was on the track of that much-discussed question of what makes Spencer Tracy the great actor he is.

part of directors, players, writers, to try to divine just what quality in Tracy makes his greatness. He has said of himself, "I've never seen an actor who looks like *me*." So it isn't his looks. He doesn't seem to "do" anything, folks say. He has no tricks. He doesn't work for effects. Then why is it that he can stick a wad of chewing gum on the tail of a plane and break your heart?

"It's the look in his eyes," Fredric March will tell you. "Such a look, nameless but inescapable, so that you can't keep your eyes off him no matter who else is playing a scene with him."

"I've never seen Tracy when he wasn't magnificent," said John Barrymore. "It's because he knows *in his blood* what he's doing."

"I wish I could be exactly like Spencer Tracy," carolled Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper when, separately, I asked each one what screen actor he'd rather be like when he grows up.

"I think it's because he cares about people," vouchsafed Mickey Rooney when I asked him how he would define Tracy's greatness. "And the way he cares shows through."

"It's that look in his eyes," said Bob Taylor. "I have sat on the sidelines by the hour (Continued on page 94)





Mrs. Rogers models while her talented daughter sketches.

**GINGER'S**

*Mama*

**And when Mrs. Rogers takes the**

**BY MARTHA KERR**

I'VE BEEN learning about Ginger Rogers. I've learned that in the last six months she has been out only twice for dinner. I've learned what it is she wants out of life. I've even learned about her faults and her fears and her boy friends, and a little about the type of man she may marry. I've learned these things from the one person who knows her best, Lela Rogers, her mother.

Ginger was in California, finishing "Carefree" with Fred Astaire. Three thousand miles away, in New York City, Lela had set up housekeeping. It was their first separation. The rumors flew. They said Lela had leased that apartment so Ginger, overworked, could have a normal life between pictures. They also said Lela and Ginger had broken for good.

Jimmy Stewart squires Ginger on one of the few dates she's had time for.







Ginger adores sodas, so mother gave her this de luxe home fountain.

# SPEAKS HER PIECE

stand, there isn't one in the jury who isn't convinced and converted

Neither report is true. Both hurt the Rogers women.

"My job with Ginger is finished," Lela Rogers said to me. "Until a couple of years ago we discussed every problem, personal and business, together. Sometimes we differed, but in the end we always saw alike. Two years ago I realized Ginger was grown-up. She had to make her own decisions, her own mistakes. I had to be honest with myself. I've never regretted any of my experiences. To me the greatest sins are those of omission . . . so I let Ginger alone . . . to learn. "And," Lela heroically admitted, "it is in those last two years that Ginger has made the most strides, become a woman. Certainly her acting shows it very clearly.

"However, you laid the foundation," I interrupted.

"You might call it that," she said. "To me Ginger is like a diamond on which a cutter has labored for years, bringing out every facet by careful work. But she was a good diamond to begin with. She had to be, or the work would have failed.

"I came East to take up my own life, to pick up the threads of my original writing career—to get away from the label 'Stage Mother.' As for breaking with Ginger, that, of course, is utterly ridiculous—plain idle chatter!"

Then she told me. Ginger telephones her every other

night. And there are innumerable wires and letters in the inimitable Gingerish manner. One morning Lela received a brief telegram containing the simple single statement, "Time to get up."

Before Lela left, Ginger had started a new hobby, modeling. She had begun Lela's head in clay. All the time Lela packed, Ginger sat on the bed, staring with the intentness of the artist, trying to memorize her mother's features. After Lela arrived in New York, there came a cryptic wire: "Am glad you are going to have a good time but why did you have to take your head along?"

Also, the week of her mother's departure, Ginger had been invited to take part in a tennis tournament. She is a superb athlete, but of late has been working so hard at the studio that there was no time for tennis practice. So, accepting the invitation, Ginger called her pals with.

"Listen, kids, you've got to practice tennis with me every night this week." The result was she won all games until the semi-finals.

(Continued on page 99)



# SHE'S A Smartie

This intimate character study of Sonja Henie reveals a side you never knew

Sonja may look like a doll but there's nothing helpless about little Miss Henie.

**BY NANETTE  
KUTNER**

WHEN I questioned about Sonja Henie, the press agent said, "Romance is cold."

And the fans outside her state-room door had demanded that I ask Miss Henie about Richard Greene. "That new partner of hers," they called him.

The ship news reporters asked it first. There were two of them, a man and a woman. The woman took the lead. "What about Richard Greene?" she asked. The man echoed the question, "Yeah, tell us, what about him?"

Sonja turned a cold cheek. She said, "I am only with him in the picture."

"And in the gossip columns," snapped the woman reporter right back at her.

Sonja tried to laugh this off. She has learned in America. She knows all the "I tank I go home" answers. So she said, "We are very good friends." That went for Tyrone Power, too.

Later, she gave herself away. We were seated in the bedroom of her suite on the "Normandie." "We" were her mother, Sonja and I. Outside, in the living room, swarmed a crowd, assorted executives, press

agents, a man from Madison Square Garden and a man delivering a new fur coat.

Sonja perched on the edge of one twin bed. She swung her sheer silk-stockinged legs, their feet in size three extra high heeled opera pumps. I remarked on the heels. Most athletes wear oxfords.

"High heels never bother me," she said.

But then, nothing bothers her. Sonja Henie is a healthy person with nerves of steel. She gives that impression. She wore a pin-striped navy blue tailored coat trimmed with a crisp white piqué collar. The coat fitted perfectly. The up-turned felt hat matched and was decorated with a pin, a diamond reproduction of Sonja, skating, with one leg in mid-air. It was a cute pin. It would have looked smart on a black afternoon dress. Now it spoiled the tailored effect. It was just a little too much. So was the strap under her chin.





On-screen Sonja's clinging, feminine and fragile—off, she's as substantial as pretzels and beer.



Sonja on the set with Richard Greene and Cesar Romero whom she dates for publicity.

Sonja Henie loves clothes. She knows values. Yet she will never be rated as one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She has so much yet to learn about the subtle art of sartorial simplicity.

She started toward the small living-room. The crowd was chattering away, anxious to reach her. She looked at me and smiled and said, with that faint trace of accent, that slight misplacing of words, "It's not nice for an interview, is it?"

I was just about to say no, it wasn't, when a side door burst open and a tall girl came rushing at Sonja.

There were delighted shrieks on both sides. Even Sonja's mother shrieked and babbled something in Norwegian. The girl was the wife of one of Sonja's business associates. They hadn't seen each other in months, not since Sonja had started something new by ice skating in normally snowless Florida.

It was when she met this girl that Sonja gave herself away. Just like anyone talking to her chum, she wanted to tell about her boy friend. The very first thing she said was, "What do you think of my new leading man?" She added a few words about red hair and dimples, and seemed more than pleased when her friend said she thought Greene and Sonja look alike.

Then she remembered me. She turned quickly, smiled and glanced down at her corsage of orchids.

"Do you like orchids?" she asked.

"I love them," I said.

"Every woman looks well with them," said Sonja. Then she added slyly, "I have twelve orchids . . . sent me." She paused significantly.

It was my turn to exhibit the cold cheek. I would not be bribed. The Richard Greene paragraph was in this story to stay. So Miss Henie talked about her home in

Hollywood. "It is very nice," she said. "It has a swimming pool, you know. I like living in California."

At ten o'clock that morning Sonja had telephoned, suggesting I meet her within fifteen minutes at the boat, in cabin one twenty-four, so we could have some time alone. I got there on the dot. Miss Henie showed up at half-past eleven. She'd been detained by photographers.

IN THE meanwhile I waited. I talked to the fans who clustered outside the cabin door, a matron from Jersey, a skinny girl with glasses, three school girls from Brooklyn, a candid camera fiend and a middle-aged woman who, from the knowledge she graciously imparted to me, must have read every press clipping ever sent out about Miss Henie. Because these were her fans I inquired of them just what I should ask, and it was they who suggested Mr. Greene.

For ten cents the "Normandie" lets you buy a ticket to see the boat. They had bought their tickets. But they had come to see Sonja Henie. "We read that she was sailing," they said.

"The 'Normandie' is one of the greatest boats ever built. You ought to see it," I hinted, fearing for the privacy of my interview.

"We want to see Miss Henie," they chanted.

And they did. First came three hat boxes, twelve suit cases and Mrs. Henie, carrying a blue fox cape and a mink coat, then Sonja, who turned on that smile and said that if they would send in the pictures she would autograph them. After that, she expertly whisked me into the cabin.

Meeting her is a shock—and a pleasant one. Here is none of that dainty, fragile pink-and-white-frosting-on-a-cake beauty which is hers on (Continued on page 91)





# AND Father IS DOING

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

SEE THAT man over there?" said Dick, nodding across the room. "He has a new baby, too. At the hospital he had the room across from ours."

The room across from ours! Well, in a way, that foolish-sounding statement was true, for when one Joan Blondell Powell gave birth to one Ellen Powell, weighing eight pounds six ounces, on June 30th, Papa Powell just about moved into the hospital, too.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when Dick bundled Joan into the car, and set off on that long awaited trip to the Cedars of Lebanon. A few minutes before he had phoned the studio to say that he wouldn't be coming to work. "It's here!" he had announced ecstatically and prematurely, and that was what threw the studio into so much confusion. The word spread that the baby had been born at eight, and yet no one could discover during the next few hours exactly what it had been, a boy or a girl. The baby didn't arrive until after four in the afternoon, but Dick was too jittery between the hours of eight and four to even be reached on the phone.

"I had only one disappointment about the whole thing," he admitted at lunch, smiling ruefully. "For months I had been planning that automobile trip to the hospital with Joan. I had it all worked out in my mind. I would break every speed law, ignore every stop sign, go through

every red light on the way. Then when I heard a siren screeching, I would give it even more gas. Finally, of course, the law would catch up with me, then I would say my little piece, 'Sorry, old pal, but the lady has to get to the hospital!'

"Then, just like I had always seen it in the movies, a glow of sympathy would come into the copper's eyes. More sirens and more speed, only this time the cop would be ahead of us, an escort all the way there! You see," explained Dick, "I've known what it is to get a ticket in my time! I've tried all the excuses I could ever think of, but I always got the ticket anyway. For once I was going to have the pleasure of a real excuse, and for once a cop was going to grin and not yell at me.

"Now that fellow over there," again Dick indicated the other new papa in the room, "he really did have that kind of luck. On his way to the hospital that same morning they did try to pinch him. But nobody even looked at us twice! I went through a stop sign and almost brushed a state patrolman off his motorcycle seat, but he was parked there talking to another patrolman and they were too engrossed to even notice that it was a car instead of the wind that went by. We didn't even get a tumble!" Again Dick regarded the other papa, envy in his eyes. "But he's a nice fellow, very nice. (Continued on page 86)



**Yes, Dick Powell is holding his own in spite of a new star in the family! In fact, he's taking bows**



**WELL**

Young Paderewski (Norman Scott Powell to you) has a new baby sister and is her papa proud! Of course Mama Joan Blondell isn't! Oh, no!







Olivia with Patric Knowles in "Four's a Crowd."



"When Errol Flynn and I are doing a romantic scene, our minds are on our lines, not on each other," says Olivia.

*Errol's*

## LOOKING FOR LOVE

I KNOW it will happen to me some day," says Olivia, "for, after all, I am only a woman."

By which Olivia means that, being a woman, she knows that she will fall in love some day.

We were talking about "lurve," Livvy and I. Any man would say, "Well, what else would you talk to Olivia De Havilland about?" The way men feel about that girl! As Jimmy Fidler said on the radio one time, "No mortal

woman has a right to be as beautiful as Olivia." But Livvy doesn't let her loveliness throw her nor even occupy much of her time and thought. In fact, when I met Olivia the other day for tea I was that taken aback. For she was clad in a smart black frock with a vivid floral design of scarlet, and a wide black hat tied under her chin. She wore a dash of lipstick, carried a smart purse, wore sheer hose and good-looking sandals. I was taken aback be-





**Olivia De Havilland, who has  
fame, fortune and beauty,  
hasn't been able to snare Dan  
Cupid! Why?**

"When I fall in love I want something honest and substantial," says Olivia. "I want to know I'm not dreaming."

cause Olivia is generally in a skirt called shapeless, a sweater which has dropped many stitches in the course of wear and tear, a purse that doesn't match anything and no more make-up on her face than a mermaid.

Maybe, I thought, maybe Livvy has met her "Dream Prince." That would account for the change.

So I brought up the good old themes of love and romance. Livvy never would, let men think as they will. I was curious, anyway, about all the rumors printed in the papers when Olivia went abroad a few months ago. One story regaled us with how Olivia was going to England for the express romantic purpose of wedding one Lord Mitchelham. Another story gave us to understand that Olivia was bound for Budapest, because she'd "had a premonition" that there she would find her "Dream Prince." So I asked her. And when I said the words "Dream Prince" Olivia screamed. Olivia screamed right out loud, with her mouth roundly open. And when Olivia screams it's no lamb's bleat, either. She said, "Isn't that Too revolting! I can't imagine anything more silly. I'm proud to say that I've never thought of such a thing as a 'Dream Prince.' As for the story about my wedding one Lord Mitchelham, I read it and was floored. It didn't cause me any acute suffering because it was so silly. But I wasn't amused, either, because I don't like untrue things to be printed about me. Especially stupidly untrue things.

"When mother and I got to England we ignored the thing, but a friend of ours consulted 'Burke's Peerage' just to find out whether there is any such person as Lord Mitchelham. There is. He does exist. And he is over forty—and married. I'd never met him in my life. I haven't met him yet. When we got back to New York

the reporters met us. They asked me about 'my peer.' I said that I'd never heard of the man until I read about him in the papers. They said, 'So you won't talk, huh?' And then I read little pieces about how I'd been overheard crying in my cabin on the way home, the inference being that I'd been 'stood up' at the altar.

"Now, I've never been stood up at the altar in my life. And if I was overheard crying in my stateroom it must have been on the trip to England, not on the trip home. For when I went over I was nervously exhausted, feeling simply horrible. I was feeling low in my mind and unhappy for no reason whatsoever. I felt so miserable that I hate to think about it now. I went away to get a rest, to check up on myself. I even used assumed names to escape attention over there. I came back feeling pretty fit. I also came back with my heart doing a normal beat and, I might add, completely whole.


"I am not," continued Olivia disdainfully, "in quest of romance. I am not looking for love nor expecting it nor even thinking about it. I hate to talk about love. How can anyone talk about love? What is there to say about it? I am neither looking for romance nor am I running away from it. When it comes, as it undoubtedly will, I just hope that I'll have the intelligence and wisdom to handle it wisely.

"I don't dream about 'him.' When I am talking with girl friends we do not discuss our 'Dream Prince.' That term revolts me. I don't romanticize every man I meet. When I go to parties I never think, 'Maybe . . . tonight . . . I will meet my Fate!' I think that the women of a generation ago did just this. But I am of this generation and—we don't.

"I think that the women of the last generation lived in a world of half-reality. They never really grew up. They sat around romancing about Galahad or Prince Charming or the elder Barrymore and so they didn't recognize good old Joe Doakes when he came awooing. I think that's why there were so many frustrated old maids, so many girls going into 'declines.' They were always waiting for the shadow. They were dreaming instead of up-and-doing. They starved to death emotionally because they waited for Sir Galahad and (Continued on page 106)

## BY FAITH SERVICE





"I was sitting on top without having had to climb," says Lew Ayres, "and it can't be done."

BY  
GLADYS  
HALL

LEW AYRES' "resurrection" from B, C and D pictures has stirred Hollywood, appealed to it as no other resurrection has done since Elaine gave us John Barrymore again, all done over and good as new.

When George Cukor's "Holiday" flashed across the screen, people answered the question, "Is it true what they say about Hepburn?" by heaping laurels upon her. But the big surprise of the picture was not Hepburn's tender performance. It was not the depth and finish of the production, nor was it the ace anticking of Cary Grant.

No, the big surprise of the picture





Lew won loud applause for his performance in "Holiday." Here he's with Doris Nolan and Cary Grant.

Ginger Rogers' and Lew Ayres' wedding picture. They're still good friends and though separated are not divorced.



## A MAN WHO CAME *Back*

**Lew Ayres, who has been in Moviedom's  
No Man's Land, returns to the Hollywood  
front—with a bang**

was the "come-back" of Lew Ayres. Everyone was carolling, "It is true what they say about Lew Ayres—he has come back."

Not a critic, not a fan, not an actor, director or producer but what mentions "Holiday" and then says, "A grand picture, and boy, what a come-back Lew Ayres has staged!"

For the young man who, nine years ago, scored so spectacularly in "All Quiet On The Western Front," the handsome young man who was constantly intriguing public interest by his performances off and on the screen, by his marriages, first to Lola

Lane, then to Ginger Rogers, by his talking to Einstein, by his interest in astronomy, in music, in sculpture . . . that young man seemed to be sucked, gradually, into the morass of B, C and D pictures from which so few are ever able to return.

In short, the name of Lew Ayres, once a name to be reckoned with, became, why, no one could explain, a name to reckon with no more. Young Lew Ayres was becoming too quiet on the western front.

There seemed to be no sufficient reason for this comparative fade-out. Everyone was aware that Lew was

working. Now and again he would rise above the surface, playing rather unimportant roles in rather unimportant pictures. You would see him about town, though infrequently, and his grave good looks were as dark as ever. You would read that he had turned director. Then nothing would happen for a long time.

You knew that Lew Ayres directed a picture called "Hearts in Bondage." That stirred a ripple of interest. Occasionally, you were reminded that Ginger Rogers and Lew are still married, at least not yet divorced. Now and then the (Continued on page 97)





Binnie Barnes says she still loves her ex-husband, but—



Binnie and Sam Joseph fell in love, married and were happy.

## DIVORCED

BINNIE BARNES' best friend is, believe it or not, the man she divorced.

You've heard that line before. This time it happens to be true. No one is closer to Binnie than Samuel Joseph, and one can judge from Samuel Joseph's actions that no one is closer to him than Binnie. Some day they may re-marry. Time will tell.

Their case is unique in this, that if any other Hollywood actress ever left her husband for similar reasons none has so frankly acknowledged it. Binnie is that rare bird who says "nuts" to Hollywood taboo. She can't be bothered with tricks and evasions. She lives her life according to her own honest lights, let the chips fall where they may. The screen is her job, and she loves it. But if she's got to pull a line of boloney to keep her place there, then nuts to the screen too. It's not worth the price.

She's that modern girl you meet in magazines and movies, the girl who's been faced with the necessity of choosing





Binnie with  
David Niven  
in "Three  
Blind Mice."

**If you're senti-  
mental don't read  
this — for Binnie  
Barnes is a realist**

*by*

**CAROLINE S. HOYT**

# *Because* **OF TAXES**

between husband and career. She made her choice as she felt she had to make it. There's no issue of right or wrong involved. What might have been right for you or me or Sally Doakes would have been wrong for Binnie.

She's been on her own from the time she was fifteen. Untrained, unbacked, she set out to find her place in the world. From factory drudge she progressed through clerking and rope-twirling to night club dancing, from slapstick comedies with Lupino Lane to revues with Cochrane. The salient point, however, is this, that she took joy in the battle, for its own sake. She loved the sense of striking out for herself, of discovering new fields and the capacity to conquer them. Obstacles didn't daunt, they stimulated her. And though the rewards in money and position were sweet, the sweetest was the feeling that she'd done it all by herself.

She was dancing in a night club when she met Samuel Joseph, dealer in rare books, art connoisseur, owner of a business that was a tradition as well. The Joseph fathers had handed it on to their sons for generations, and Samuel Joseph had it in his blood.

Two people could hardly have been more different. Sam had indeed been born to solidity under his feet,

Binnie to quicksands. Sam was quiet, a student, a rock of dependability. Binnie bubbled like a geyser and, less than anything else, did she want a rock to lean on. She was her own rock, and fiercely jealous of her independence. Yet they fell in love, they married, they were happy.

It was after the first delicious embrace that Binnie looked up at him, half fearful, wholly determined. "You know, I'll never give up this work of mine."

"Perish the thought," he grinned. "If you did, I couldn't go around bragging about my wife in the show business."

Each was enchanted with the other's world and eager to learn more of it. Night after night Sam would call for her, watch her final routine and applaud with the rest, hugging to his heart the knowledge that he alone had the right to take her home. Later, when she was appearing in Cochrane revues he never missed an opening, however far out of town (Continued

on page  
96)





# Making

## THE MOST OF THINGS

You will find your type here.

Her corrected faults should  
solve your problems

Learn to smoke  
gracefully—or  
don't smoke.







## By MARY MARSHALL

WHO ARE all these people? Well, they're just girls, just folks, like you and you and you. The six small pictures show a group of average girls—girls who neglect their potentialities for beauty, girls who do something all wrong, or who fail to do something just right. One is rather lovely, but she has her problem, too. One has that nice, fresh, wholesome look—but lacks glamor completely. Two need to be shown a few tricks to conceal their facial faults. And two have faces that simply cry out, "Make-up, maestro, please!"

I hope that with the aid of these pictures I may help you in your search for beauty. And I hope that the five larger pictures will put over a short, snappy lesson in acquiring social poise and stuff and things, without which not even a beauty can be a belle.

Step up, then, and meet the girl friends. The six small pictures are conveniently numbered. Even though you may not resemble in the least any of the girls pictured here, perhaps a discussion of each general type and her particular problems may help you. So pay attention, plizz, while I expound, and refer to the pictures by number when you want to.

The chief facial fault of girl Number One is a very common one—a slide-away chin. A weak chin. Furthermore, the chin is long in proportion to the tiny, rather

child-like face, and there is almost no crease in it. The lower lip is tucked in, too, as if Ickle Dirl were twying so hard to keep the tears back. And now, Miss Smarty—I'm talking to myself—suppose you cease picking on the poor girl and tell other girls with a similar problem what to do about it.

There are several things you can do. You can use a one-shade-lighter tint of powder on your chin than you use on the rest of your face. The lighter powder will make the chin appear more prominent. Blend the two shades carefully into each other, so that you won't give your little secret away to the jeering public. (Conversely, of course, if your chin is too prominent, powder it a shade darker.) The powder trick for the weak chin should be supplemented by a simple exercise which I will tell you more about presently.

If your mouth is small and insignificant like this girl's, experiment with lipstick to make it larger, more dramatic. Smile when you put on your lipstick. Try, for evening, the Hollywood trick of blotting out the natural shape of the mouth with foundation cream and painting a new mouth. Perhaps this will work and perhaps it won't. If the natural contours of your mouth are firmly marked, it won't be so easy.

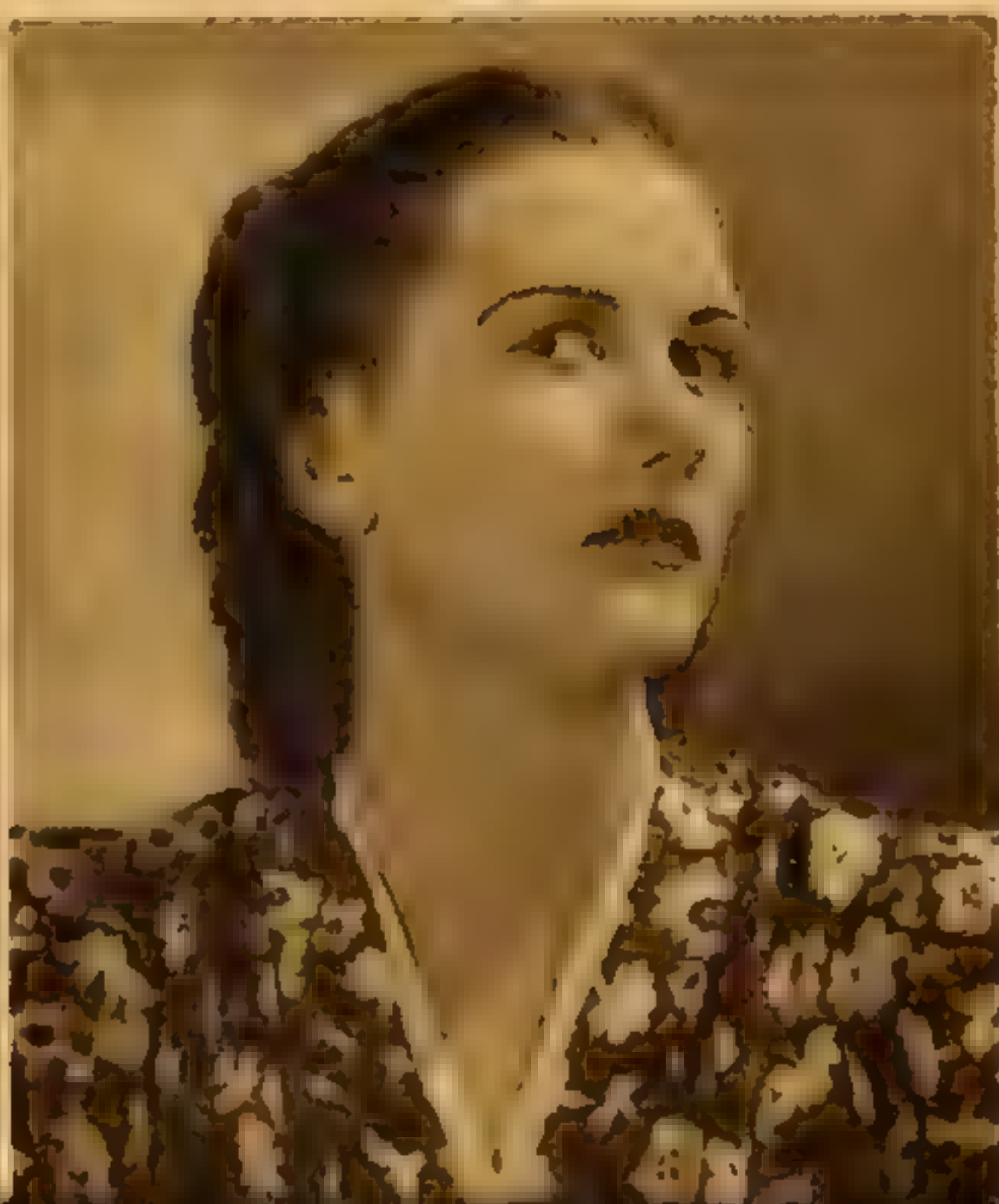
If you can't improve upon (Continued on page 101)



2. Too much forehead.



3. Glamorless.



4. Deep-set eyes.



5. Make-up, please!



6. Hair is terrible.





# Seventeen VO-DO-DE-O-DO

BY IDA ZEITLIN

UNLIKE THE Andy Hardy he plays, Mickey Rooney got no thrill out of wearing his first tuxedo. He was three years old and its stylishness was lost on him.

"It's like a baby," Mickey explains. "If he grows up in France, he speaks French and thinks nothing of it. I grew up in vaudeville, wore tucks and thought nothing of it. Vo-do-de-o-do. (The final snatch has nothing to do with the subject, but serves Mickey as a musical punctuation mark plus an outlet for animal spirits.)"

Vaudeville alternated with, and then gave way to, the movies. For several years Mickey enjoyed a definite vogue as the typical American kid, fresh but nice. There followed that crucial period when he was no longer a little boy and not yet a big one—the period when most movie children's contracts are allowed to lapse. Mickey's parts shrank in importance, but his studio hung on to him. There was in his acting a sureness, a humor and an honesty that seemed worth investing in for the long pull.


The issue proved his studio wise. A single wordless scene in "The Devil Is a Sissy," that scene where he stood under a lamp post while his father died in the electric chair, might have netted Mickey, had he fallen within the age limits, an Academy Award. The success of "Ah, Wilderness" encouraged the studio to put into work a little number called "A Family Affair." To the general astonishment, a long line formed outside the Capitol Theatre in New York on the day of its first showing. To the question, "What brought you down here?" the answer, almost 100%, was "Mickey Rooney."

Thus began the new flowering of Mickey's career. He's been kept hopping since—from "Hardy" to "Lord Jeff" to "Hold That Kiss" to "Hardy" to "Boystown." They can't come too fast for Mickey. Occasionally it suits him to bemoan his vacationless lot. Actually, any between— (Continued on page 90)

The world is Mickey's oyster. Swing bands, food, girls and loud clothes are his passion. Above, left, with Sylvester, his valet. Right, with Lana Turner.

**He's the typical American kid, fresh but nice—and a born comic**





BONITA GRANVILLE sighed, appearing to have the cares of the world on her shoulders, and began, "Isn't it terrible when you're just at that age when you're neither one thing nor another—sort of just in between. I don't enjoy playing with dolls, and yet I'm not old enough to go out with boys alone. I guess I'm at the awkward age. Fifteen, y'know, isn't either here nor there. Gee, I'd give anything if I were older, or even younger. Then I would at least fit in somewhere. I can't even

drive a car till I'm sixteen and that's such a long time off. Yep, it's seven whole months and that seems like just about a lifetime now!"

We agreed it did seem unfair that in the process of maturing one must just sit and wait for that magic time when the world unfolds before your very eyes. However, once Bonita has arrived, so to speak, it might prove disillusioning to discover the moon's made of green cheese! That is, the phenomena she has lived for isn't all it's cracked up to be! Many a deb has the disappointment of her young life once she's launched and has done the rounds. Far off fields are always the greenest, you know.

"I did go out once, my first time, and it was wonderful," Bonita reminisced. "Of course, it was with a girl friend, and Mama was at the next table chaperoning us, but it was grand! I was so elegant that you'd have thought me twenty at least. I was putting it on and everything went fine till the waiter came for the dessert order. I asked for demi tassé and my friend chimed in, 'What is dema tas-sie?' I could have died! I didn't know myself, but I was going to find out. I never

*(Continued on page 78)*


**BY GEORGE  
BENJAMIN**

**Being young is fine and being old  
doesn't seem so bad, but—ugh!—**


**IN** *Between!*

"I'd hate to think I'd end up as an ingenue," sighs Bonita Granville, who has too much on the ball to ever do that!





Maureen O'Sullivan's striking ensemble of black and white flannel shows a definite Cossack influence.



The soft green of Rosalind Russell's wool suit contrasts subtly with her black and grey accessories.

# Suiting

BY MARIAN SQUIRE

THE SUIT is definitely leading lady in this Fall's fashion picture, according to the head cinema stitchers, and it may have as many different guises as fancy dictates. Blouses take on a more important role, as the newer numbers are designed with interesting skirts, leaving you with a complete costume if the coat is discarded. Skirts are inclined to climb up and cling to the dia-

phragm for added slimmith and height. Jackets may end anywhere from just under the arm-pits, to the hem of the skirt.

This trend is a great help for the girl who hasn't time to change after office hours, for her dinner date. The simplest office frock becomes a date dress when it dons a tricky jacket. With various toppers as a sartorial hypo the most limited wardrobe assumes an air of opulence and plenty.

Here are Olivia De Havilland and Rosalind Russell to illustrate

**You'll be in the swing with any one of these**





Diagonal weave black and white wool furnishes new contrast in Rosalind Russell's suit.

Olivia De Havilland's collarless beige wool bolero suit has an exciting alligator belt and bag.

# THE SEASON

the point. Two entirely different types, these cinemamisses run the suit gamut in "Four's A Crowd." Designer Orry-Kelly whips up short jackets for the diminutive Miss De Havilland, and ranges from brief boleros to skirt length coats for the taller Miss Russell.

Nearly all of Miss De Havilland's gowns are "suited" with various jackets. One dress, flaring slightly at the hem, boasts a pert bell hop jacket with a double row of shiny buttons and lapels outlined in braid. A short plaid jacket and crew neck

sweater go with a solid color skirt fitted to below the hips and then bursting into released pleats. A black fox bolero gives umph to a simple street dress with quilted trimming. A very flaring skirt builds up to a white blouse with enormous sleeves caught at the wrist with narrow cuffs.

One of Miss De Havilland's evening gowns has a black taffeta skirt billowing enormously at the hem, with an occasional coy peek at an India print petticoat. The top is the same print decorated with sparkles

(technically known as dardanelles), black epaulettes on the tiny cap sleeves and a contradictory little-boy collar of crisp white pique.

Miss Russell clings to suits even for formal wear. Her evening gown is all white and worn with a long sleeved peplum jacket. The silhouette of this outfit is somewhat confused, what with the peplum dipping in the back, and a roving waistline. Miss Russell seems happier in her more orthodox numbers. A suit with a loose hip length jacket has a sweater (*Continued on page 80*)

**fashion-right ensembles worn by Hollywood's brightest young stars**



TEN YEARS ago Ray Bolger definitely decided not to take up with "moom pitchers." That is, he firmly believed the stage was the place for him and his talents. So, just to prove, he sticks to his guns (?) ten years to the day later we found Ray in the process of moving into his new home high on a hilltop overlooking dear old Hollywood.

"You know, this isn't my first experience in pictures," Ray began with a twinkle in his eye. The Bolger humor is the talk of the town. "I did them back in 1926 in the good old silent days. They were shorts, called "comedies" in the dark past. I was given to understand they were so good a test was made of me on the strength of them. However, I never heard from that test. I got lost in the shuffle, so decided then and there that the movies were not for me. I was going to stick to the legitimate stage and build a name for myself.

For years I played the circuits with Broadway as my goal. Then came the time I was to debut on the big time! My pals told me how sophisticated New Yorkers were, so I was as busy as a bird dog gettin' sophistication. Well, to make a long story short, I was a complete bust 'til one day, in disgust, I played myself. They loved it, and from then on I forgot advice and began to get ahead."

Now, if you've never seen Ray Bolger stop a show, you've missed a real treat. Undoubtedly one of the most popular musical comedy stars on the stage, Ray is in a

He's a star on Broadway, film player in Hollywood and a dancing fool in any language.

BY ROBERT

McILWAIN

class of his own when it comes to dancing.

"After I got into the legitimate theatre, things began to happen," Ray continued. "Each time I'd do a show, the movies would come around with offers. Finally they made me such an attractive proposition I accepted. I came out here with a deal to do two pictures a year with the rest of the time off to play on Broadway. Well, I sat around all summer with nothing to do but draw salary. Finally, with only a few weeks to go on my contract, I got a call from an executive's office. I figured he would tell me my services were no longer required. I was wrong.

"The first thing the man did was to ask what I did! I thought it was a rib and said most anything coming my way. 'Yes, but just what sort of thing do you do,' he asked, 'dramatic or what?' I told him to get a rehearsal

hall and I'd give him an audition. 'How long will you have to practice?' he wanted to know. I told him to let me show him. Well, I went through the works, and did tap stuff and pantomime—well, the works. When I got through he said, 'Could you do a dance number in "The Great Ziegfeld?"'

"I worked like mad and did a routine for the picture. When I was through, I went back to New York, without a new contract. I figured this picture business was nice work if you could get it, but, well—I had a date in New York and was very glad to keep it! (Continued on page 74)

HE'S NOT *Movie*-MINDED

Ray Bolger, scene stealer, is looking for a four star picture to swipe





**OFF THEIR**  
*Guard*

Spencer Tracy takes time out between chukkers at the polo game.

Photos by George Strock



# THE SPORT OF *Movie* KINGS



The Who's Who of Moviedom turned out en masse at the Uplifters' Annual Motion Picture Polo Tournament. Left, Mary Astor with Hubby Manuel De Campo. Right, Eddie Robinson, his wife and pretty daughter, Jean.



Left, Hank Fonda took his attractive little woman to see the fun, and right, Anne Shirley and Florence Lake grinned happily as their favorite team came through with a winning score. Did you win a bet, girls?





Our cameraman uncovered a whole bevy of beauties being chaperoned by Reginald Gardiner. Of course you recognize Joan Bennett, Joan Crawford and Hedy Lamarr. Right, Ginger Rogers behind those dark glasses.

Left, Joan Crawford must know she doesn't need sugar to win this horse's heart, but it makes a pretty picture. Right, Bob Montgomery helped judge the hoeses. That cute gal by him is none other than Mrs. M.





Reggie Gardiner looks on while  
Hedy Lamarr broadcasts.



Freddie Bartholomew  
chats with Spencer Tracy.



This time  
Loretta  
Young is  
with John  
McLain.



Norma Shearer with John  
Swope, Jimmy Stewart's pal.





# Hollywood PREMIERE

There's a brilliant new star in the cinema sky since  
Hedy Lamarr made her American debut in "Algiers"



Virginia Bruce and husband, J. Walter Ruben, were early birds.

Gilbert Roland, Connie Bennett and Fredric March snapped entering the theatre.





## GETTING A SKATE ON

1. At the Roller Bowl, Leo Carrillo clowns with Paula Stone while Wayne Morris and Jackie Cooper stand guard—just in case! 2. One down and Wayne to go as Penny Singleton goes off on a tangent all her own. 3. Wayne decides it's safer to go by rail. 4. The end of a perfect crack-the-whip and Bobby Jordan comes up on top.





Jackie Cooper shows Deanna Durbin just how to bob for apples.



Freddie Bartholomew and Judy Garland try hard to keep the doctor away.



# Halloween



Barbara Granville "write" into the holiday spirit, soap and all.



"I don't need a jack o'lantern," Mickey Rooney tells Ann Rutherford.

John Withers isn't frightened at all—she's just plain scared!





**HERE COMES THE BRIDE!**



Claire Trevor entering the church to wed Clark Andrews, radio producer.

Scoop! This is the only picture taken of the actual wedding ceremony.



**Claire Trevor, one of Hollywood's**



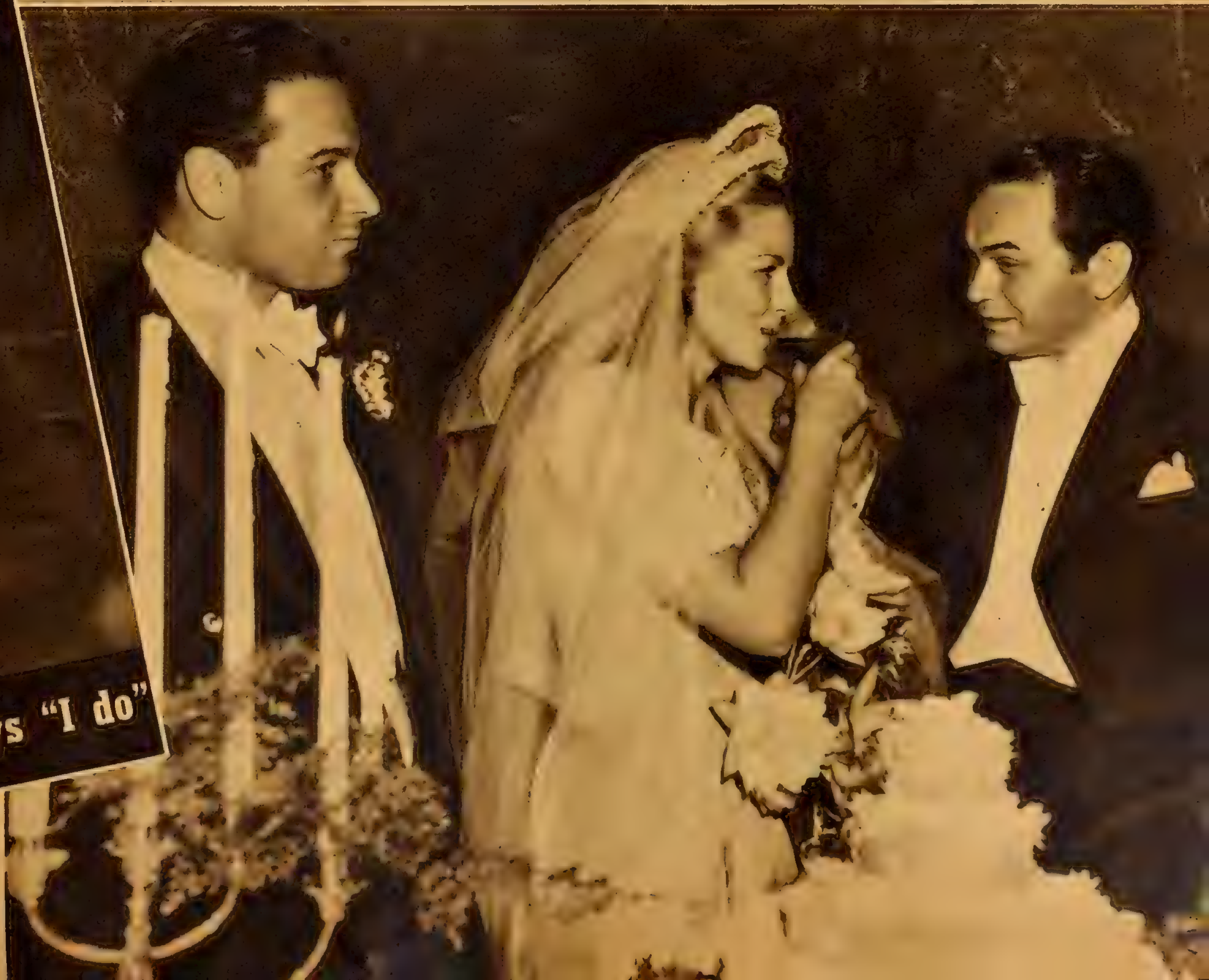




The bride and groom leaving the church after the ceremony. A handsome couple, don't you think?

Jackie Cooper was right there to get the bride's first kiss. And we can't blame him. Guess he rates!

Edward G. Robinson, who has worked with Claire in radio and pictures, toasts the bridal pair.



favorites, says "I do"



# COMEDIANS VS.



When the Comedians played against the Leading Men, Mary Pickford tossed out the first ball as Buster Keaton looked on.



Maybe one reason why Mary's was the only good pitch of the day was that Umpire Joe E. Brown ruled the Mauch Twins ineligible because the game wasn't a double-header.

With the score 72-28 against his team, Hugh Herbert gets renewed hope from Gloria Blondell. Incidentally, the game ended with a score of 84-76—the winner, sweet Charity.

Leading Men's captain, Dick Powell, goes through a batty formality with Comedian's captain, Joe E. Brown. Joe was also umpire and official announcer.





# LEADING MEN



John Bölesdrove  
a terrific bunt  
into the infield,  
then quickly  
packed, said  
goodbye to  
friends, and set  
off for first base.



The Ritz Brothers,  
in the latest in  
baseball uniforms  
straight from Sing  
Sing, played on  
both sides, um-  
pired, took tickets  
and shot Dick  
Powell for steal-  
ing second base.  
That's all.



There's mischief  
abrewin' when  
the "Dead End"  
Kids get together  
in a huddle. They  
think that base-  
ball is for sissies,  
so they're waiting  
for a nice, inter-  
esting game of  
"seven-come-  
eleven."







In a studio romance, you must allow the young lady to take your arm—while the cameras are around anyway!

**Richard Greene and**

**Sonja Henie are reel-ly**

**in love. Is that why**

**he's so attentive?**

# *Romance-*



And pay attention while she makes the momentous decision between lamb chops and the regular blue plate.



You don't have to be quite so attentive to your real girl. She knows how you feel. At least, that's what men think.

**Here's the real thing—**

**with Arleen Whelan**

**shifting pretty much**

**for herself**



## ON AND OFF



Food plays a minor role at the luncheon table with Richard and Arleen, when there's so much to talk about.



# Good News

With Autumn stepping in, our social cinema celebs begin to step out



The ever inseparable Paul Munis.



Sally Blane and George Murphy.

Our favorite story this month concerns the heat, Tyrone Power and New York, in the order named. It was during Tyrone's week in Manhattan, when the young man spent almost every waking moment with a crowd at his heels. Wherever he went, the crowd went, all of which is nice and pleasant in the winter but a bit sticky in New York's sulphuric summer. So one night Mr. P. decided on a quiet evening in his hotel room. He armed himself with a cool drink and sat back in an easy chair, but it was still hot. Thinking a little circulation would help matters he phoned the desk and said, "Send up a couple of fans." A moment later he answered a knock on the door and in walked two urchins with autograph books.

Since Shirley Temple's "firsts"—from first teeth to first bright saying—have been carefully recorded by the nation's press, we are bound by tradition to report another "first." First thing Shirley said when she arrived in Hollywood from her across-the-continent jaunt was "How's Ching-Ching?" Ching-Ching is a baby Chow, and the first thing he ever did had better be left unrecorded.

If our guess is right, a young lady about town named Ellen Powell is in for some pretty strained moments fifteen or twenty years from now. For Papa and Mamma (Dick Powell and Joan Blondell) have made a recording of Ellen's first audible sounds—all her howls and yowls—for posterity. We can see the picture twenty years from now: a group of friends gathered at the Powell home, listening to music, when suddenly Old Man Powell (that's Dick) will say, "Here's an interesting record." And Ellen, full of the dignity of her twenty years, will have to listen to the shrieking of a little girl she doesn't even remember.

Most fun of the month, and probably of the whole year, was the party sponsored by Bette Davis for The Tailwaggers, of which she's national president. The Tailwaggers is a charitable organization similar to the Humane Society for the protection and care of dogs. (We explain this only because someone asked us if the Tailwaggers was a rhumba club.) The whole town turned out for Bette's party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, everyone had a swell time and the entire proceeds will go to make this a happier nation for canines.

Any of you gals who saw the gorgeous Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers" will thank us for this bit of information. It's Hedy's street make-up secret, and anyone who has seen her breath-taking beauty in person will vouch for its effectiveness. Hedy wears a cream powder base—and no powder, and a bright lipstick which she applies with a pencil. All right, girls, let's all be gorgeous.

One of the strangest cases in Hollywood is Ann Sothorn's. With a beautiful face and figure and plenty of acting talent, she hasn't had a picture job since her contract terminated six months ago. But she's contracted to do a Broadway show for Jed Harris this fall, and our guess is that she'll be back in Hollywood before the end of the year, and the studios will be fighting to pay her twice what she got before they let her go.

Bill Powell definitely will not be seen on the screen before the early part of 1939, due to the fact that he is in delicate physical



By LEO TOWNSEND



Franchot Tone and Bob Montgomery.

The lady with Wally Beery is Mrs. W. B.

condition and has been ordered by his doctor to refrain from strenuous work for at least six months. And that is the principal reason why Bill will appear regularly on the Hollywood Hotel radio show. The work is comparatively easy, he has an audience to work to, he likes radio, and, most important of all, it keeps him before his public.

separation Franchot was seen at practically all the town's night spots, usually by himself. But Joan remained in hiding, and up to press time she hasn't emerged for a single social event. Is she going into another Phase, we wonder? Will Joan emerge as the new Garbo, or will she decide to be the Gay Divorcee? No one knows and very few care.

Although it hasn't yet been published, Deanna Durbin is now free of all the agent trouble which has been dragging her into the courts these recent months. Her studio and her family have bought her agent's contract, and from now on all her business deals will be handled by her father. Deanna, incidentally, is in a class with Shirley Temple and Jane Withers in that she makes as much money from sidelines as she does from her pictures. Last year, for instance, Deanna made \$100,000 on royalties from the sale of dresses bearing her name.

Hey, what's this? Hollywood has just made a college picture and—believe it or not—there's a college girl in it. Check the records back to the golden days of college pictures, when one of the studios put Jack Oakie through college at least twice a year, and you'll find this is tradition-shattering news. As long as the news will leak out anyway, we may as well tell you that the picture is "Hold That Co-Ed" and the bona fide college girl is Marjorie (Indiana University) Weaver.

Although Luise Rainer has already filed suit for divorce against Clifford Odets, there will undoubtedly be no action taken on it before the first of next year. Reason: Luise is not yet an American citizen. She is in the process of obtaining her citizenship papers, and having a husband helps considerably in such matters. However, no one can blame her for not wanting to return to Austria.

Gary Cooper has come out with the statement, according to his studio's press department, that men who smoke "tailor-made" cigarettes are sissies. Mr. Cooper, according to the busy Boswells, has been rolling his own ever since he was old enough to shave, and figures it isn't manly to go up to an effeminate cigar counter and order a pack of "ready-mades." When pinned down, the publicity boys will admit that Mr. Cooper has just completed a picture called "The Lady and the Cowboy," but they indignantly deny any connection between the two items. They also forget that a few months back Gary received a sum supposed to be \$5,000 for endorsing a well-known brand of sissy cigarettes. \$5,000 buys a powerful lot of makin's, eh, Gary?

Now that the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone split is definite, one wonders what will be Miss Crawford's next move. Following the





pendent by her studio for refusing to play the feminine lead in 'A Very Practical Joke.' This is the picture with which Ricardo Cortez will make his bow as a director. According to studio sources, the primary reason given by the actress for declining the femme lead, which is reputed to be a fat part, is the fact that it is the director's first megaphone job. As an additional reason, she is reported to object to Michael Whalen as the leading man, claiming the last time she appeared before the camera with him, he 'gave her nothing' to help 'lift' her work."

"Smile when you call me that, stranger!" All of which is a lead-up to the fact that Jesse James was a bold bad bandit, a rough-and-tough he-man who took his fighting where he found it. Everyone knows he was a straight shot and a desperate character. So now, the studio filming his life has the nerve, in several trade paper ads, to spell his name "Jessie." It's like calling that one-time hero of the West Buffalo Willie.

Questions without Answers: What recently filed divorce action

Miriam Hopkins chats with Errol Flynn at the West Side Tennis Club's party.

Nancy Kelly makes her screen debut in the lead opposite Tyrone Power in "Jesse James." Since Miss Kelly is a newcomer, items on her are scarce. All we found out is that she's seventeen, she scored a hit last season on Broadway, and she's seen about with a distinguished looking man, but he's her father. She also likes to jump into a swimming pool of a moonlit evening and, unlike most girls who feel that way about pools and evenings, she has one handy.

The power of the screen in "building up" a name has never been so definitely proven as in the case of Tony Martin. Six years ago Tony was a saxophone player in San Francisco. He had his own band at a small night club, but no one paid much attention to it. Two months ago, after a couple of years of moderate success in pictures, Tony took a dance band out on the road, and he did sensational business everywhere, topping even such established band leaders as Benny Goodman and Guy Lombardo. Everyone came to spend an evening with the guy who spends his evenings with Alice Faye.

Strange Parallel Dept. From a publicity release: "On her studio lot, Phyllis Brooks is known as 'the darling of the directors.' She never blows up in her lines and she always knows them perfectly. She never grows temperamental. She is never late for work. Consequently, the directors on the lot are among her strongest admirers and are eternally begging for her services in their pictures."

From the Hollywood Reporter: "Phyllis Brooks has been sus-



Hollywood's most romantic couple, Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, dine at the Brown Derby.

Ann Sothorn and Madge Evans reminisce as they lunch tête-à-tête.

had been planned by the wife even before she married the guy? Before holy wedlock occurred she signed an agreement with the groom's agent which stated \$100,000 would be the limit of the settlement when the divorce came. In the meantime, of course, she has accumulated enough furs and jewelry to attract many Hollywood wolves to her door.

This is an era of strange nicknames, but the strangest we've run into are a couple on the set of "That Certain Age." You knock at a dressing-room door marked "Butch" and little Juanita Quigley pokes her head out. The owner of the one next to it, marked "Charlie," is—guess who—Deanna Durbin! (Continued on page 116)





# They prefer **different** sports... but the **same** cigarette

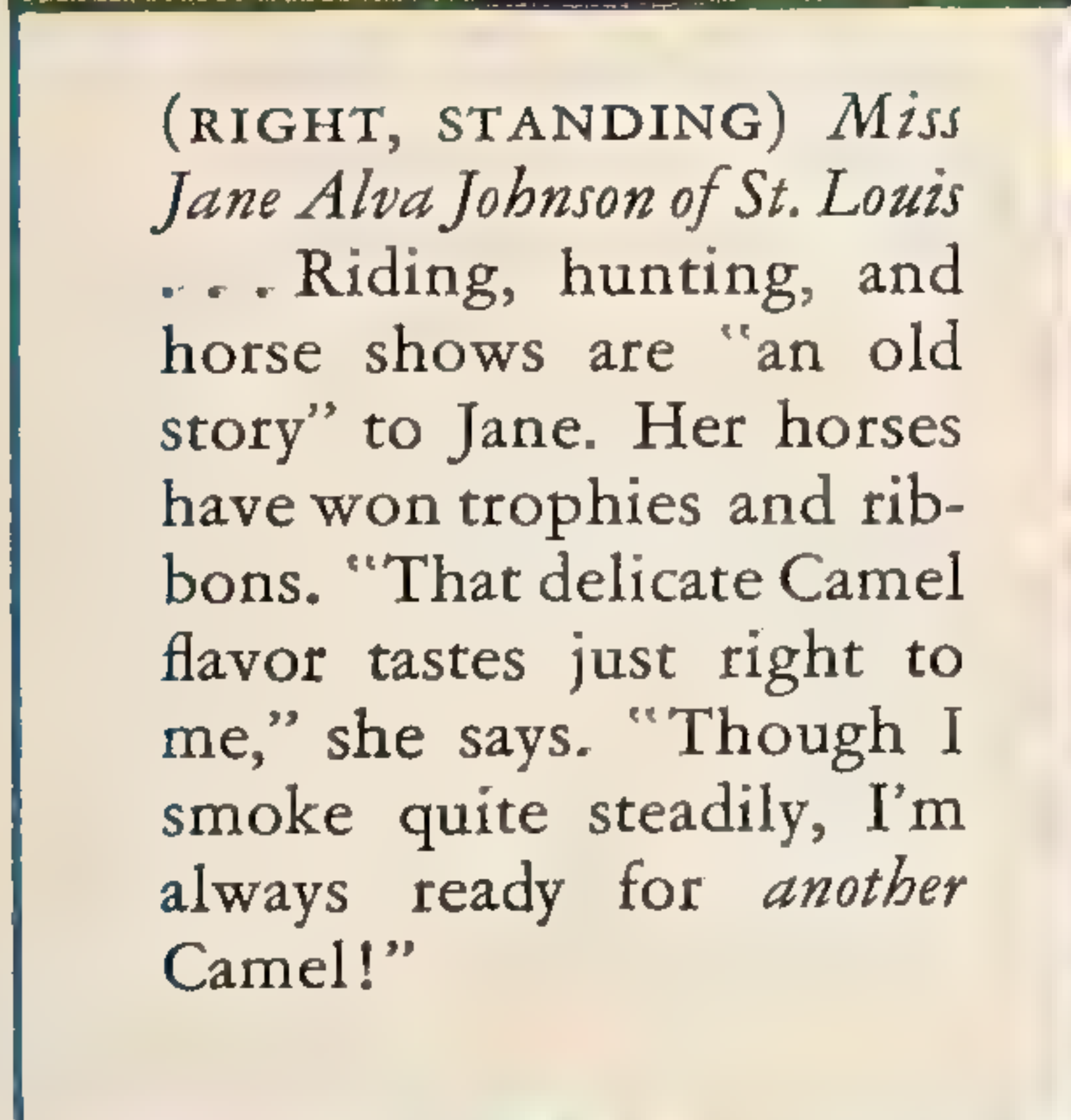
"CAMELS ARE MY FAVORITE!"  
SAYS EACH OF THESE DISTINGUISHED  
WOMEN OF SOCIETY



(LEFT) *Miss Peggy Stevenson of New York*... Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," she says, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. Camels are *mild*. They never get on my nerves at all!"



(LEFT) *Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr. of New York*... Her favorite sport is big-game fishing. She has caught a giant tuna weighing 720 pounds! Here she is pictured with a friend, chatting about Camels. "I'm glad that I smoke Camels," she says. "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy such a *lift*!"



(RIGHT, STANDING) *Miss Jane Alva Johnson of St. Louis*... Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane. Her horses have won trophies and ribbons. "That delicate Camel flavor tastes just right to me," she says. "Though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for *another* Camel!"



(RIGHT) *Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr. of New York*... Mrs. Rockefeller has had thrilling experiences in the air. "My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground," she says, "is to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension. Yes, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"



(LEFT) *Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III of Pasadena*... Mrs. Spalding is a skilled yachtswoman. She travels a great deal, entertains frequently, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Smoking Camels gives me a delightful *lift*," she says. "And Camels are so mild... really *gentle* to my throat!"



(LEFT) *Miss "Milo" Gray of New York*... Devoted to figure-skating, Miss Gray has visited winter sports centers—Innsbruck, Gstaad, Krynica—and is an enthusiastic participant in Long Island skating parties. She stops frequently to refresh herself with a Camel. "Camels taste grand all the time!" she says.



(RIGHT) *Miss Le Brun Rhinlander of New York*... In her own words, "Skiing is great sport!" Lake Placid is her favorite winter resort... Camels her favorite cigarette. "I need healthy nerves," she says, "to make speedy descents... without a spill. So I do my nerves a favor by smoking nothing but Camels."



**COSTLIER TOBACCOS:**  
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE  
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—*Turkish and Domestic*

## GET A **LIFT** WITH A CAMEL!





## A ROYAL ROMANCE

Frances Dee and Ronald Colman in a tender scene from "If I Were King."



# Men Fall HARD and FAST for Her...

—she keeps skin thrilling

*Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into your skin  
— Get Wise to TODAY'S EXTRA BEAUTY CARE\**



**Every Girl Strives to Keep** skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They cream in extra "skin-vitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (above) **Miss Camilla Morgan**, active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.

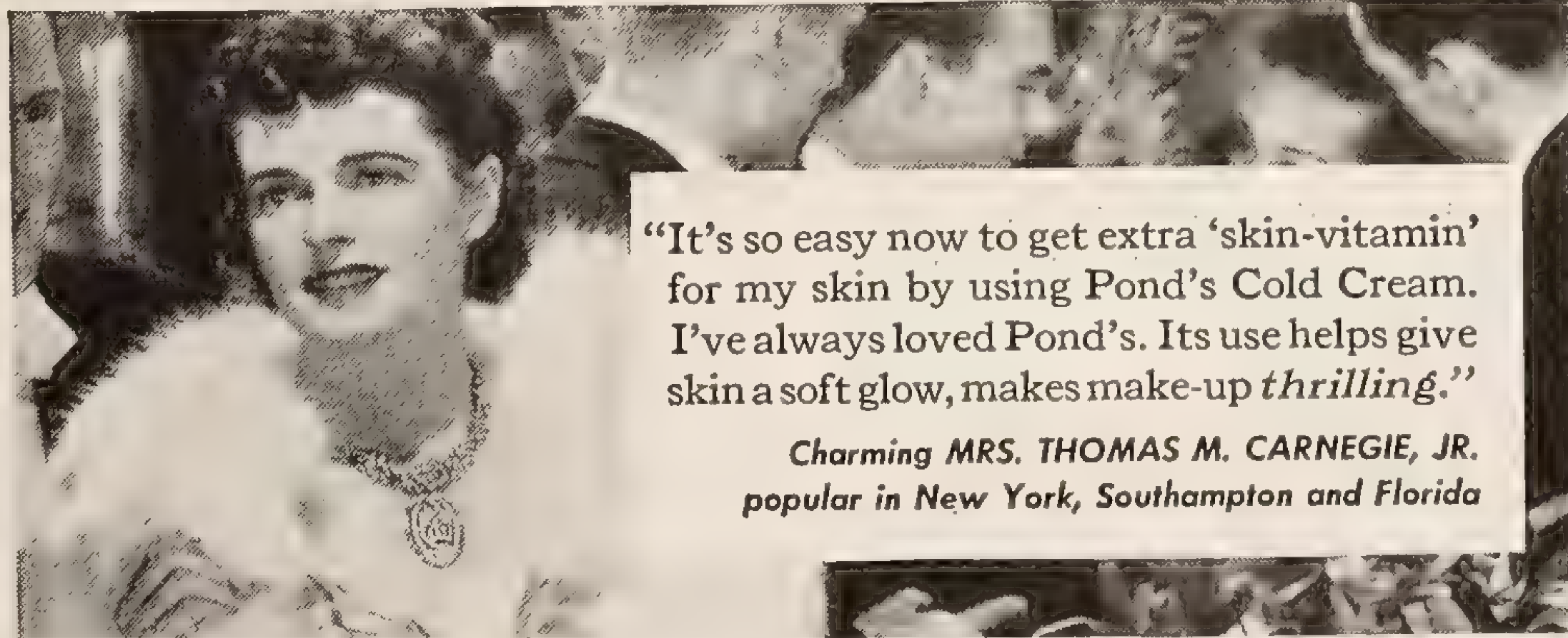


**Glamorous Whitney Bourne**, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

**All Normal Skin** contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

● In hospitals, doctors found this vitamin, applied to wounds and burns, healed skin quicker.

● Use Pond's as always, night and morning and before make-up. If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an extra supply against possible future need. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"It's so easy now to get extra 'skin-vitamin' for my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream. I've always loved Pond's. Its use helps give skin a soft glow, makes make-up *thrilling*."

Charming MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.  
popular in New York, Southampton and Florida

## AMAZING POND'S OFFER

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder... BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY—  
GET YOUR PACKAGE  
TODAY!



\* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program,  
Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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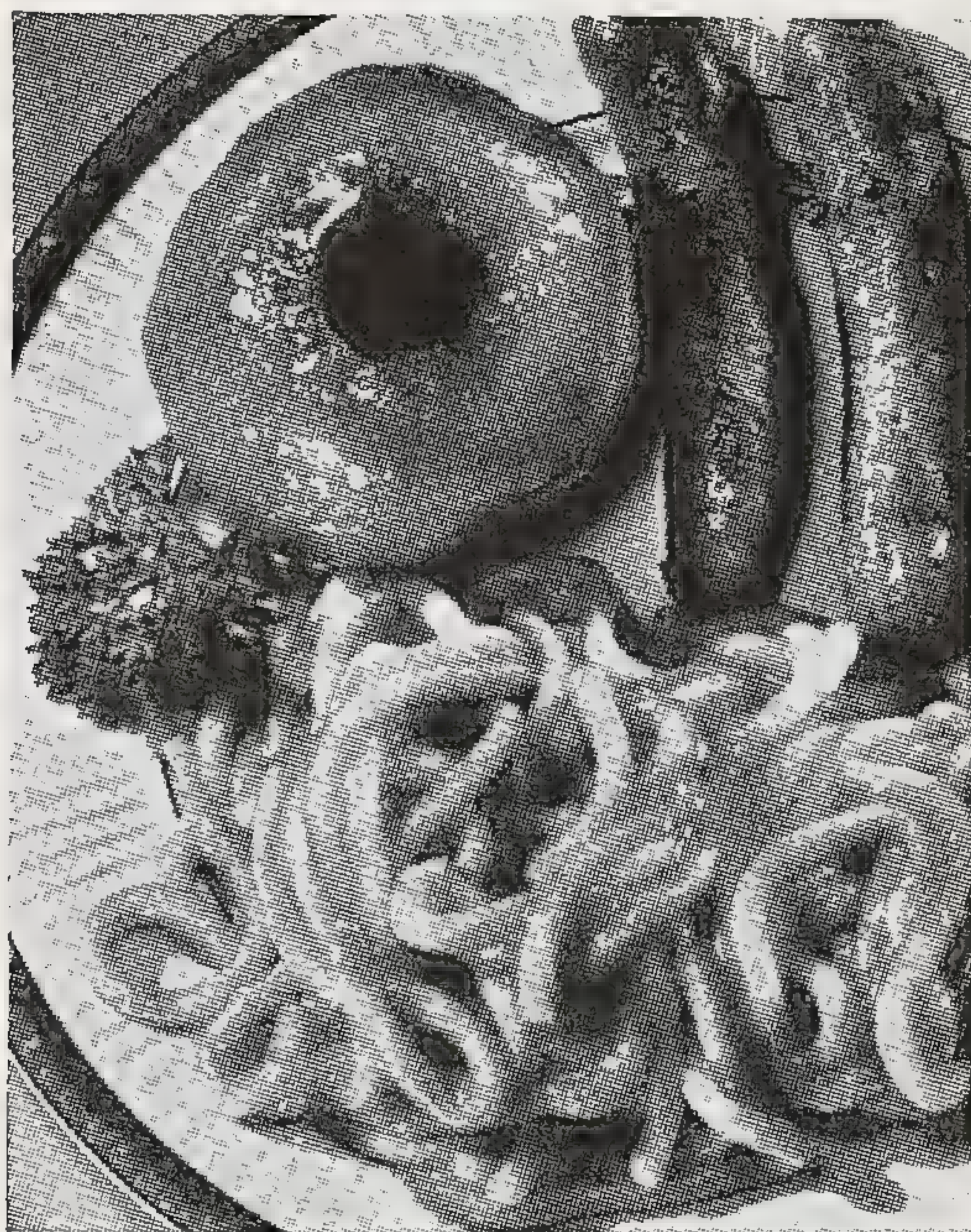


*Less money  
to spend*



## BUT BETTER MEALS THAN EVER

*—thanks to this delicious  
ready-cooked spaghetti*



### TRY THIS TEMPTING SAUSAGE AND SPAGHETTI PLATE

4 spiced apples    2 cans Franco-American  
12 sausages        Spaghetti

Cook apples in sirup made of  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, 3 teaspoons red cinnamon candies, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Parboil and panfry sausages. Meanwhile heat Franco-American Spaghetti. Divide each into 4 servings.



WHAT A WONDERFUL HOT  
LUNCH FOR THE CHILDREN  
FOR ONLY 3¢ A PORTION!

FRANCO-AMERICAN supplies an abundance of the quick energy growing children need. It's easy to prepare; just heat and serve.

Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce (made with eleven different ingredients) adds zestful flavor to left-overs, new relish to cheaper meat cuts. Serve Franco-American often as main dish or side dish. See how it pep's up meals and s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s food dollars!

## Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

*Send for FREE Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 611,  
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe  
book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## THE LURE THAT'S LAMARR

(Continued from page 29)

Or again, she had a true sophisticate's appreciation of the texture and color of the skins of the rare little animals that made up her chinchilla cape. She frankly confessed pleasure in owning it because it is of the most expensive fur in the world.

She was in London before her present contract was signed. She was approached by a top executive who offered certain terms. She refused them and the discussion was closed. Then she noted the executive was returning to America on a certain boat.

"I think it is a good time for Hedy to visit her relatives in New York," she told herself. (There were no relatives, needless to say.) "I think, too, that it would be nice to take that same boat. Who knows? Something may happen. Boats are nice places and people feel pleasantly disposed to one another on them."

SHE caught the same ocean liner. She wore her most striking clothes. She was charming to the executive and his party. She was distant, but not too distant. Men passengers flocked around her by the score, and she took care that the fact was seen and noted.

"When I want something very much, I go after it," she explained to me. "I don't let people tell me no."

The contract, on her terms, was signed in mid-ocean. And it was there, incidentally, that she was christened Lamarr. It was easier to pronounce than her real name of Kiesler, to which some unpleasant publicity had been attached. Perhaps it was hopeful prophecy of success to match that other great beauty's, Barbara LaMarr.

TO better appreciate the simplicity of her present surroundings one has to know something of Hedy's past. She was born in Vienna of well-to-do parents. As the only child she was spoiled in some respects, yet she remembers feeling the curb of sharp discipline at unexpected times. At fourteen she was sent to a private pension in Switzerland. She ran away from there because of rhubarb.

"The head mistress had a sour face and pulled her hair up, so," Hedy said, illustrating a severe coiffure with her own luxuriant mop of wavy, brown hair. "She liked rhubarb and so we had it every night for supper. I didn't like the stuff and refused it. They told me I would get nothing else to eat unless I did. So I ran away."

Hedy's philosophy is if you don't like a thing, run away from it. It's so much simpler than staying to argue, and a much faster way of getting your own way about things. She's just now learning, poor child, that there are some things you cannot run away from but must face and fight down. Like the way the world will not forget her first picture, "Ecstasy." It is taking courage on her part to learn that lesson.

She went back to Vienna third class because the head mistress had the guardianship of her pupils' money. En route her fellow passenger got both legs broken, the train caught on fire and she had no money for food. "Oooh, such a mess!" Hedy described it.

Her indulgent parents permitted her to remain. And then rued the decision, for Hedy got stage-struck. Such a thing had never happened in the family before. She finally landed a tiny part in a Max Reinhardt production called "The Weaker Sex."

When that play closed and no more engagements were forthcoming, she ran away to Berlin to get in the movies. She made

one or two pictures which she said were terrible. Finally after a year a family friend coaxed her back to Vienna on the pretense of a "wonderful surprise." There was no surprise, but Hedy was glad of an excuse to be home again without losing face.

BEFORE going to Berlin, however, she secretly had appeared in the picture "Ecstasy" which was to raise such a controversy and to dog her life for the next eight years and still is hounding her. In that regard, she was more sinned against than sinning. Advantage was taken of her youth in the first place, and in recutting the picture for foreign distribution, an entirely different and sensational interpretation was placed upon it, for the sake of the dollars it could rake in on the American market.

Returning to Vienna she appeared in a number of stage plays and was building a creditable reputation for herself as an actress when she married Fritz Mandl. Like herself, he was a man of strong determination. He wanted to marry Hedy and did.

For the next four years her life was lived the way Hollywood society stories are pictured. She had exquisite jewels and magnificent furs and gowns. Formal dinners over which she presided were served from plates of gold, which recently were stolen in the Vienna rioting. Seven servants waited upon her in her ten room apartment in Vienna. Others served her in the Mandl hunting lodge some miles away. She had a place in the Austrian Alps, and another on the Riviera.

It should have been a thrill for such a young girl to hold so much power in her slim hands. It wasn't; it was a bore. She wanted to be an actress. She wanted to do something herself, not be done for.

Just before going to England she divorced Mandl in the courts of Vienna on the grounds of desertion. An annulment of the marriage is now being sought in Rome.

And so to Hollywood, where she is living with one servant in a simply furnished six room bungalow, where she drives her own modest car, and does her own marketing.

"It is all I can afford right now," she said. She must have caught my incredulous smile because she said quickly, "You think I must have a lot of money because I have a big diamond ring and a chinchilla coat, eh? Because I was married to a very rich man? That is not so. I took nothing from him."

"And are you happy living this way?"

"No," she said honestly. "I like having nice things. But I'll have them again. You wait and see. This time I'll make them for myself."

Hedy speaks English with only a trace of an accent, and she has an amazing command of vocabulary for one who has been speaking the language only seven months. In fact, she has perfected her speech more in those seven months, Hollywood claims, than Marlene Dietrich has in seven years.

Gallantly she denied loneliness during those long months that preceded her present triumph. She was busy, she said, and she went to lots of "private parties." It must have been galling to her pride, however, to possess a beauty which Reinhardt called the greatest in the world and be forced to keep it hidden from all but a few friends.

For she was kept hidden. That was part of her studio's carefully prepared plan. Or so they say. They wanted certain publicity to die down that she might break upon the

(Continued on page 79)



# Schiaparelli-Lanvin

SPONSOR

## CUTEX OLD ROSE

# Alix-Lelong

SPONSOR

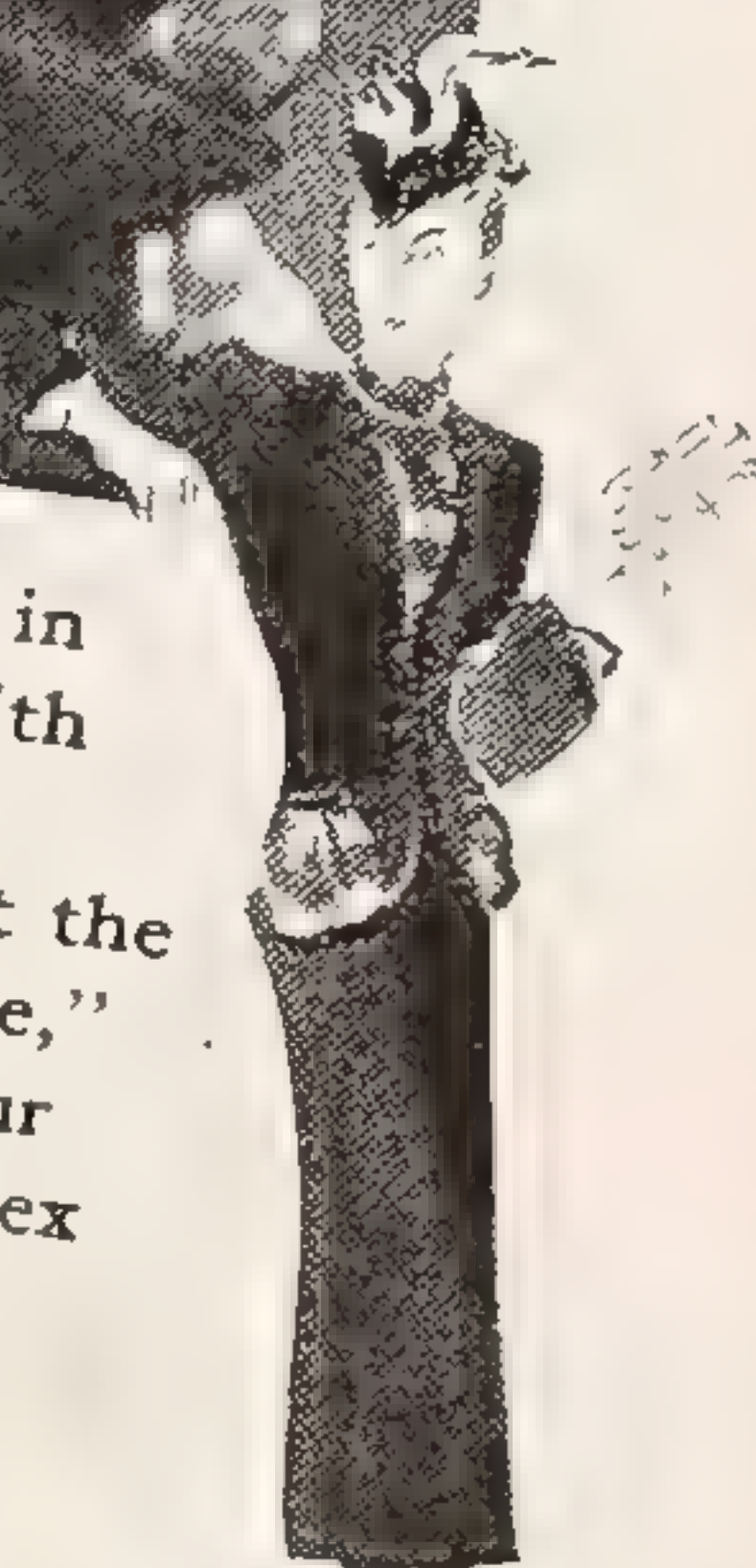
## CUTEX LAUREL



**SCHIAPARELLI** goes romantic in this flattering evening gown of taffeta bands in cyclamen and black. She recommends Cutex **OLD ROSE** nails to emphasize the purplish cast of the cyclamen.



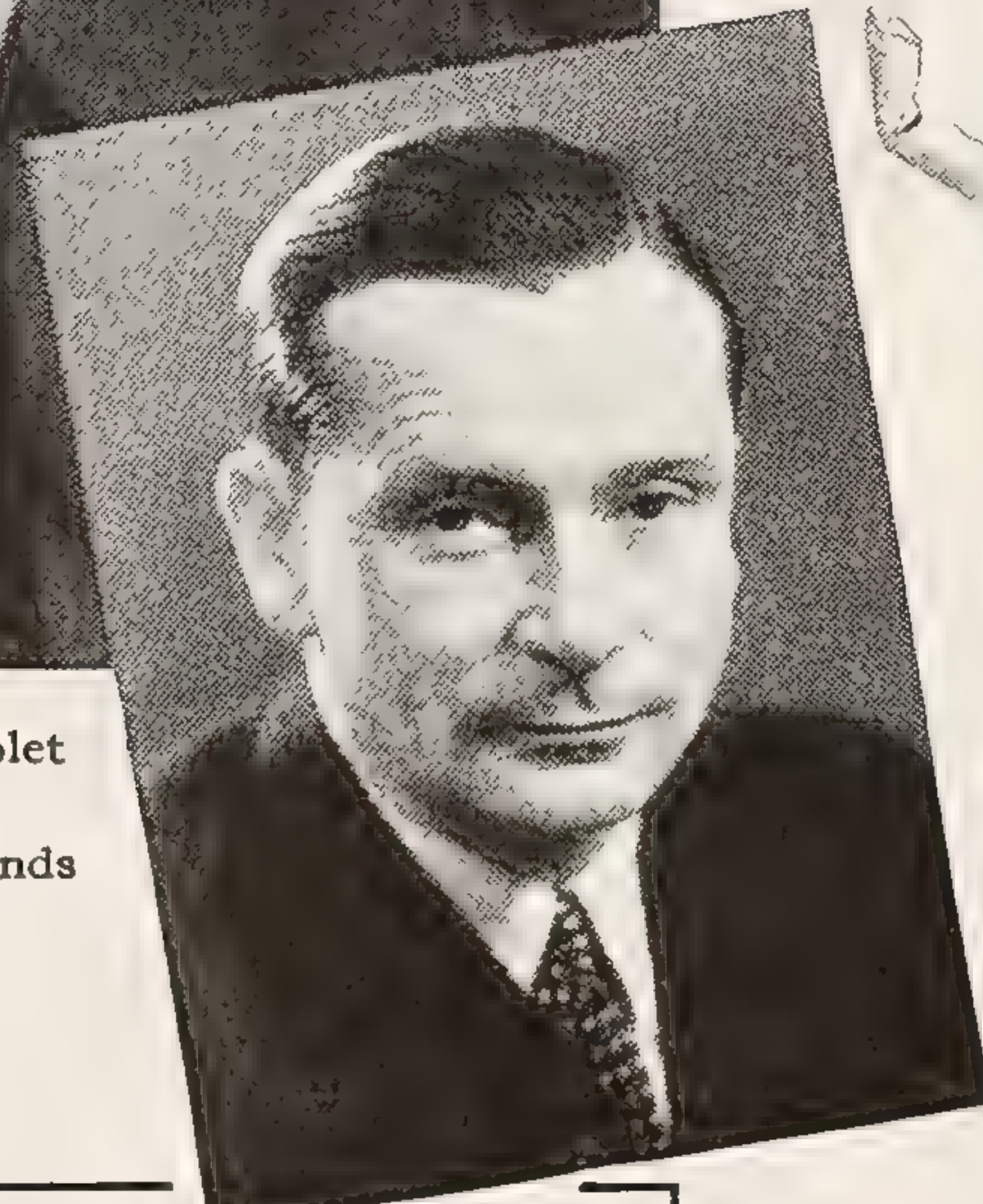
**ALIX'S** ensemble in burgundy wool with plaid pockets and blouse. "Carry out the winish color scheme," she says, "with your nails in mauvy Cutex **LAUREL**."



**LANVIN** does a square-shouldered coat dress in black wool with a lavish twist of silver fox. To match its mannered elegance, she suggests finger tips in rich Cutex **OLD ROSE**.



**LELONG'S** dinner gown in violet crepe has a jacket and sash of aqua broadcloth. He recommends suavely harmonizing nails in mauvy Cutex **LAUREL**.



### 7 Chic New Cutex Shades to Choose From

**OLD ROSE:** Rich rose with a hint of purple.  
**LAUREL:** Mauvish pink.  
**HEATHER:** Deep purplish rose.  
**CLOVER:** Deep, winy red.

**THISTLE:** Blended Rust and Rose.  
**TULIP:** A soft, glowing red.  
**ROBIN RED:** True red, subdued in intensity.



Send for Complete Home-Manicure Set  
Special Value . . .  
Only 25¢

**SWING INTO WINTER** with finger tips that dance in step with the new purplish costume colors. Try Cutex **OLD ROSE** sponsored by Schiaparelli and Lanvin . . . Cutex **LAUREL** sponsored by Alix and Lelong!

Cutex **OLD ROSE** is a rich, full rose with a subtle hint of purple. Harmonious with wine, violet, amethyst, the new blues. A charming partner for browns, greens, pastels, black.

Cutex **LAUREL** is a mauvish pink. Divine with lavender, rose, plum, light blue, gray, all shades of green . . . the

new deep purplish reds, blues, browns.

Key your finger tips to the gay pace set by the Paris dressmakers—Schiaparelli and Lanvin, Alix and Lelong! Wear Cutex **OLD ROSE** and Cutex **LAUREL**.

**RECORD-BREAKING WEAR!** Cutex Salon Type Polish is based on a new principle—goes on with flawless lustre—clings to your nails like something possessed! Heavier than regular Cutex Crème Polish, it takes a trifle longer to harden but rewards you with *days* more wear! In all twelve chic Cutex shades. Only 35¢ a bottle! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

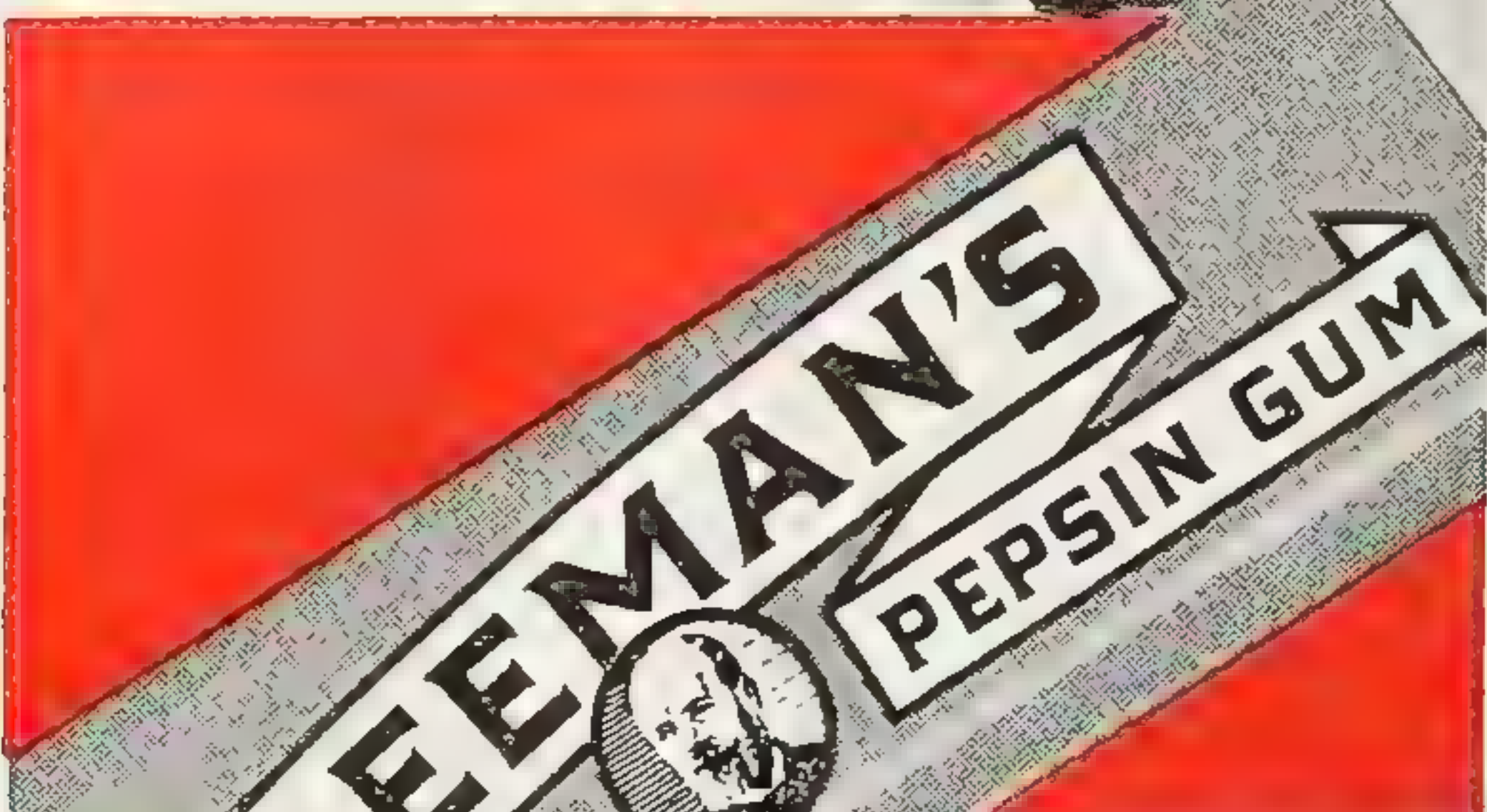
Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 8-M-11, 191 Hudson St., New York. (In Canada, P. O. Box 427, Montreal)

I enclose 25¢ to help cover postage and packing for handsome Cutex Set, including Cutex Oily Polish Remover, Oily Cuticle Remover, Cotton, Orangewood Stick, 4 Emery Boards and a choice of Cutex **OLD ROSE** ☐ or Cutex **LAUREL** ☐ Salon Type Nail Polish. (Check shade desired.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**I GOT A  
SMILE  
OUT OF THE BOSS!**



Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman's. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

**BEEMAN'S  
AIDS DIGESTION**

# KNITS

**F O R N O V E M B E R**



BM-3851—Not only for promenading the pooch, but for many another informal occasion, this smartly styled one-piece frock with trim details will prove itself indispensable. Wrongside stockinette stitch in soft bouclé-type yarn gives it an interesting woolen-like texture. The white collar adds a note of freshness.

BM-3853—You'll look and feel just like the famous Sonja as you pirouette on the rink in your handknit skating vest and pert little bonnet. Crochet buttons and colorful embroidery in red, green and black lend a touch that is definitely Scandinavian. Make this set for yourself, and for your best friends' Christmas gifts, too.

MAYBE you're going in for fancy skating this winter, or maybe you're just going to be a decorative spectator at the rinkside. In any case, let your knitting needles provide you with a smart costume. For lookers-on, there's the one-piece frock, with trim white collar, high patch pockets, leather belt, and front slide closing. A bouclé-type yarn, knit in stockinette stitch, with the reverse side out, gives an interesting woolen-like texture to this easy-to-make dress. Epaulettes give a flattering broad-shouldered look. Very Sonja Henie are the ribbed skating sweater with white crochet buttons and the fetching little bonnet, both crochet trimmed with gay Scandinavian colors of red, green, and black. Makes a swell Xmas gift, too. Directions, of course are free. Send for them today before you forget!

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen  
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for BM 3851.....

Knitting directions for BM 3853.....

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.





*NOTHING DOING  
FELLAS. SHE'S  
MY GIRL FOR  
THE EVENING!*

Girls who guard against  
**COSMETIC SKIN** the Hollywood  
way win out—



*IRENE DUNNE*

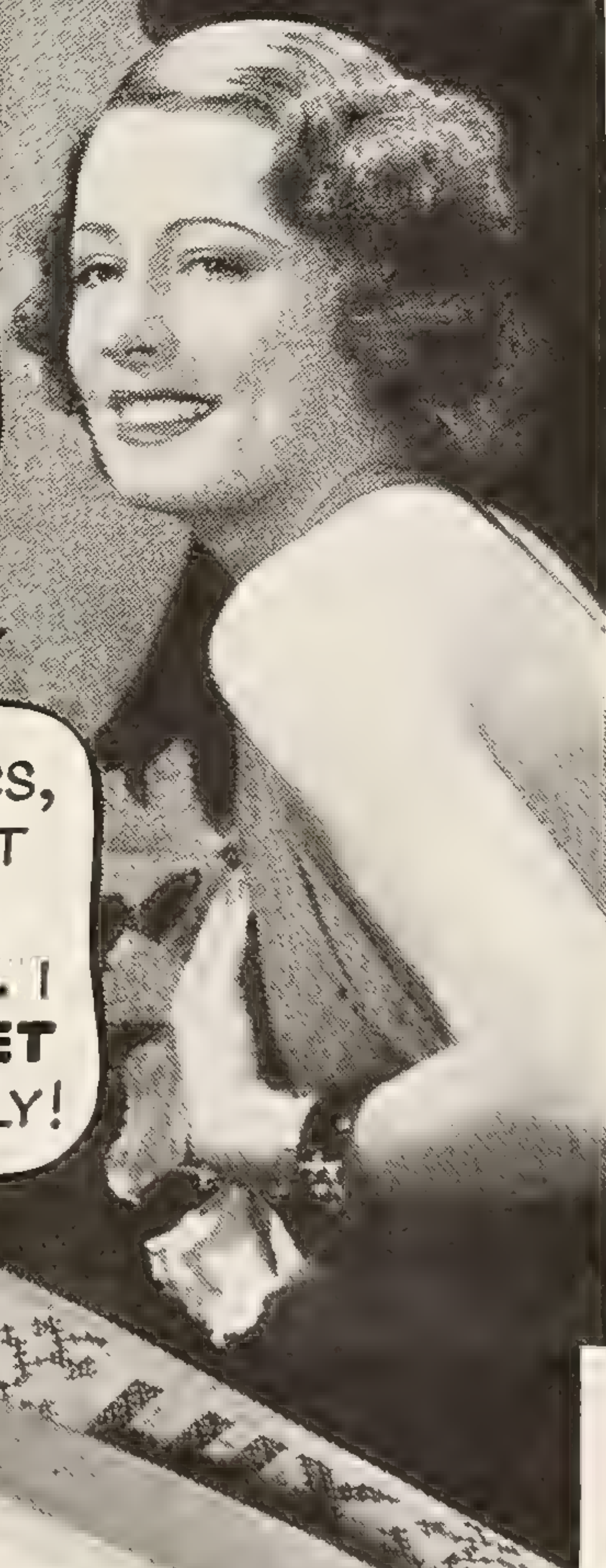


**COSMETIC SKIN  
SPOILS A GIRL'S  
CHANCES OF  
ROMANCE!**



PORES CHOKED  
WITH DUST,  
DIRT AND STALE  
COSMETICS  
MAY MEAN  
**COSMETIC SKIN.**  
REMOVE COSMETICS  
THOROUGHLY WITH  
**LUX TOILET SOAP**

I USE COSMETICS,  
OF COURSE, BUT  
I NEVER HAVE  
**COSMETIC SKIN.** I  
USE **LUX TOILET  
SOAP** REGULARLY!



**9 out of 10 Hollywood  
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**





new!  
daring!  
exciting!  
glamorous!

## "BLACK" Lip Stick

By VARADY

Gives Your Lips That  
Alluring, Tantalizing Appeal  
For New Moments of Romance



*Amazing "Black" Lipstick Changes Instantly, When Applied, to Glamorous; Blood-Warmth Shade of Radiant Red! . . . Most Amazing, One Lipstick Gives Any Shade Desired!*

GIVE YOUR LIPS the clinging witchery of mid-night romance . . . the look that attracts and enchants men! All you do is use the amazing new "black" lipstick creation that has aided thousands of women to acquire new allure, new mystery, new glamor!

The name of this sensational lipstick marvel is Varady's Midnite Rose Shade. Never before has there been anything like it in America. It is black with the deep rapture of whispering shadows. Yet it changes instantly when you apply it to the ravishing color of blood-warmth; makes lips appear moist and dewy with the yearnings of youth; gives them a vivid look of promise that holds men spellbound!

Created by Varady, renowned beauty authority, and creator of world-famous beauty aids. Ask for Varady's Midnite Rose Shade now, at any cosmetic counter, and see your lips with new and intriguing loveliness.

### "THE RAGE OF PARIS"

*"On Parisian boulevards, everyone is raving about this seductive new black color in lipsticks!"*

*"As the creator of Varady's face powder and rouge, Oil of Youth, face cream and other well known beauty aids, I am glad to offer you the original American-made 'black' lipstick.*

*In the interests of your own charm, I urge you to try it."*

**Varady**

**Permanent! Indelible! Waterproof! Midnite Rose will give your lips any shade desired!**

If your cosmetic counter cannot supply you with Varady's "black" lipstick, send coin or stamps to Varady, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago. Please specify whether you wish the 25c or 55c size.

## HE'S NOT MOVIE MINDED

(Continued from page 50)

"Anyway," Ray continued, "that Fall I opened in 'On Your Toes'. We had worked for nearly two years on the play and I was pretty excited about it. You see, in the theatre we work with the creators, putting part of ourselves into the roles. In pictures, they do things differently. You do what the writers say in the script and that's that.

"However, to get on, we rehearsed for weeks and then pushed off for Boston to open. I was running around in circles. We were all nervous about the show, not knowing whether it would be a hit. The opening night came round and next morning the papers announced we had a sure fire smash that would run for months. Then the fun began. Phones rang like mad and, believe it or not, movie companies were on the wire for me! I wouldn't talk to 'em. My place was the theatre, and there I should remain.

FINALLY I got together with one studio and signed before the show even got to New York. I didn't know what I was doing, I was so excited. Starred in a show that was a huge success, I was the happiest man in town. We came to New York and things went better than I'd even dreamed until 'The Great Ziegfeld' opened around the corner. Here I was, a bit player in the picture, and not a stone's throw away my name was up in lights! I got the ribbing of my life from my friends, so I kept my trap shut about this new deal with the cinema. After the show closed, I quietly came out here with hopes high and a determination to make good in the greatest medium of all, the talkies."

Yes, Ray Bolger's a guy that can take it! Not merely once has he been to the camera coast only to return disheartened, but each time he comes back for more. However, from reports, he's made his last trip back east, for since his excellent job in "Rosalie," his studio has really important plans for him.

"I've just finished working in 'Sweethearts,' but you won't be able to find me in it. It really takes time to get started in pictures. It's like beginning all over again. They haven't found just the right thing for me yet, but I'm not discouraged. Look at Fred Astaire. He did nothing for quite a time until some producer took a long chance and said, 'Well, he was a success when he played himself, so we'll let him do that on the screen.' Then over night Fred was famous as a movie star. The whole country clamored for his pictures. I don't expect to emulate his good fortune, but I do think we're on the right track. You see, with me, it's quite a difficult think. I get a star's salary, but I'm no star. So it's pretty hard to figure just what to do with me.

"However, I've heard tales at the studio that Eleanor Powell and I are to do a picture about Honolulu. Of course I won't play the love interest, merely her brother, but I think it would be good for me to work with Eleanor. She's a grand person and there's no one could stop her if she's cast properly. She's a sensible, sweet girl, not the dizzy society type damsel and, when she starts playing her type, watch her go to the top."

Also watch Mr. B. if those studio heads ever cast him as himself. How they have overlooked the great possibilities in his "On Your Toes" is a mystery. Of course, far be it from me, to take the casting problems from their shoulders, but were I in the purchasing department, Ray's first

assignment would be to film his stage success. And, in so doing, fill the company's coffers with that always welcome cash.

"This much I do know," Ray continued with enthusiasm. "I'm to do 'The Wizard of Oz.' I'm looking forward to this because I feel it can be a highly amusing and successful picture. I'm not sure whether I will play the Scarecrow, or the Tin Woodman. Both are swell parts and if they keep it in a light vein, sticking to fantasy, I think it will be a big hit. Judy Garland is to play Dorothy, the little girl blown from Kansas to the Land of Oz. There are some marvelous songs in it, so she should be perfect."

There will be a rooting section for Ray here, because there's no one who deserves a break more than said gent. Chockful of talent, charm and personality, he is just what the fans have ordered for good fun.

Speaking of fun, the Bolgers are having the time of their lives getting ready to move into their first home. Seems that, due to traveling here and there, they never had the opportunity to settle in anything more than a hotel suite or an apartment. Well, all is changed, and you can take a tip that Mr. and Mrs. B. will be in for many an envious glance once a house warming is in order.

"We're having a marvelous time with this house," Ray confided as he proudly showed one around the grounds. "We certainly were lucky to find a place with shrubbery and trees. Why, it would have taken us a lifetime to get all this set. I can't understand how it remained vacant so long, unless no one could find it. The thing that sold us immediately was its eastern appearance. It's more like an English farm house architecturally, but all this gardening is typically Connecticut or New England. We've done the whole thing over, even to the conservatory, which is now a card room. Everything is new. We've started from scratch, even to the linens and pots and pans. It's been quite a job for Gwen, but she loves it and she's good at it, too."

With things looking up for the Bolgers, there seems to be only one small fly in the ointment. When they go out socially, Ray wants to dance with his wife, there's always some producer's wife who wants to dance with Ray. Well—Ray wants to stay in pictures!



Roy Bolger and Jeanette MacDonald in an amusing scene from "Sweethearts."



# "I was mad enough to jump overboard"

Gee—was I sorry for myself! And mad, too! Five precious days of the cruise I'd planned and saved for—to be spoiled by chafing discomfort and annoyance! I thought of the dancing and gay deck games, and inwardly wailed . . . Oh, *why* was I born a woman?



Well—at least I've drawn a nice cabin companion, I consoled myself, when I met the girl who was sharing my stateroom. And apparently it was mutual, for before we were unpacked we were friends . . . and I was telling her my troubles.



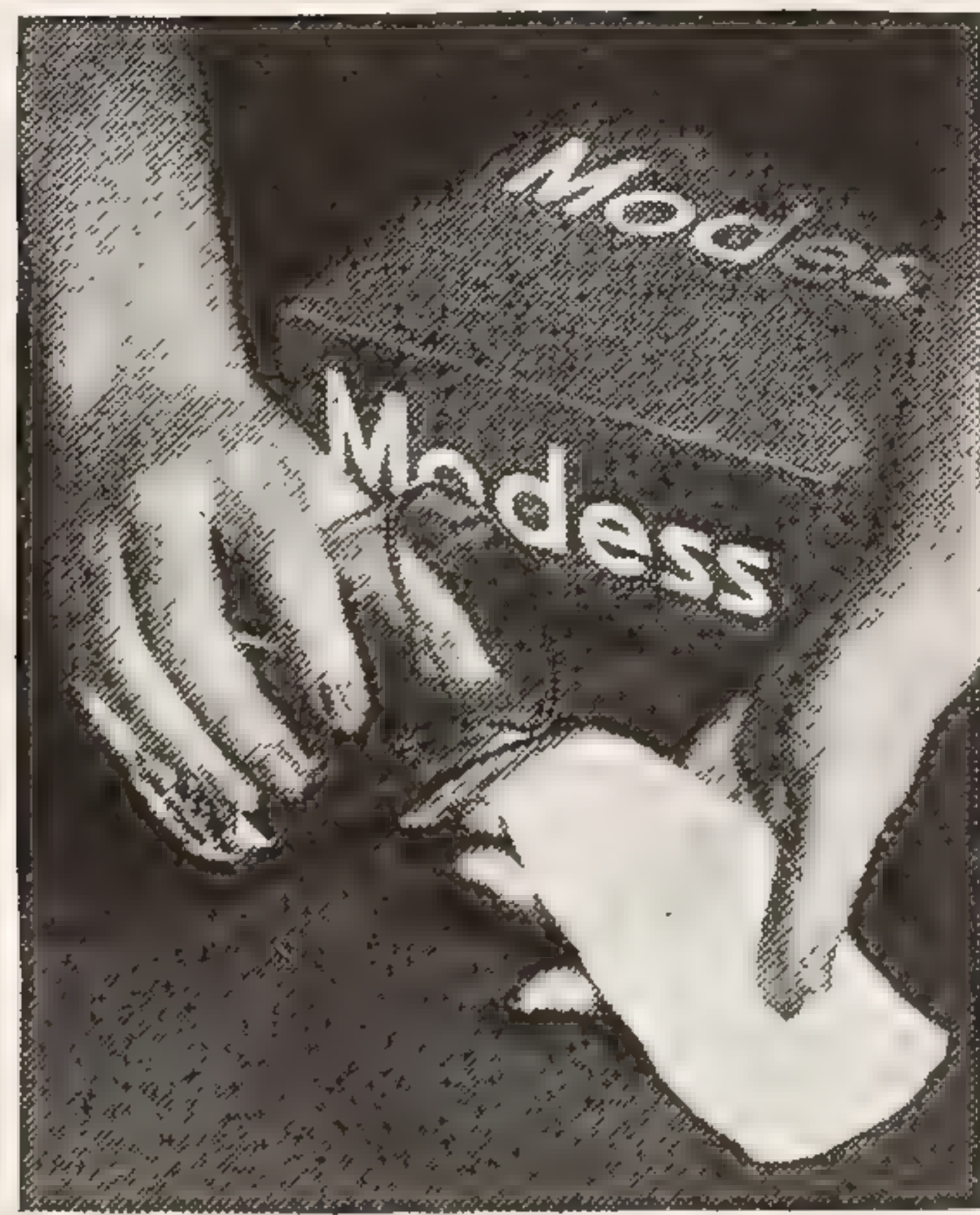
"Me, too"—she grinned. "But it doesn't get me down. Though I used to feel just as you do about it until I discovered Modess. But now—with Modess—I'm so completely comfortable I just don't think about it . . ."



"Here"—she continued, offering me a box of Modess. "Help yourself. Fortunately, I brought an ample supply." And while I finished unpacking, she explained how Modess is made and why it's so wonderfully comfortable . . .



"It's made differently," she told me. And she actually cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see and feel the soft, *fluffy* filler . . . so unlike napkins made of close-packed layers. "Now," she added, "I'll show you how *safe* you are with Modess . . ."



Taking out the moisture-resistant backing, she dropped water on it. Not a drop went through! "And," she pointed out, "there's a blue line on the back of every Modess pad that shows how to wear it for the greatest possible comfort and protection!"

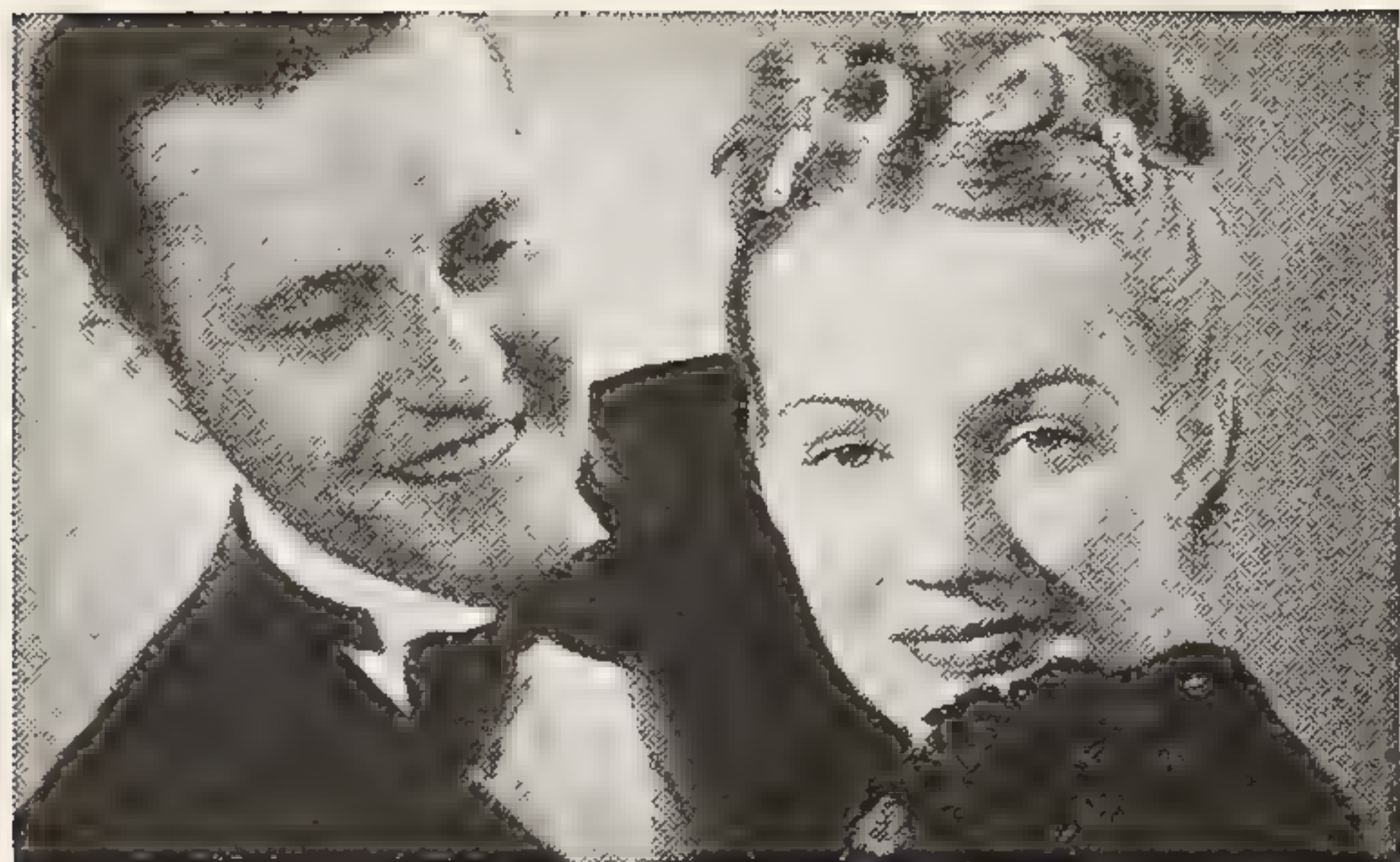


Well—every day of that cruise was glorious! Not a single uncomfortable moment—thanks to Modess. So, naturally, I've been a Modess booster ever since. And think, for all its comfort and security, Modess costs not one cent more than any other nationally known napkin!

## Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

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**ONE KISS ISN'T ENOUGH** when lips are rosy, soft and tempting! Men love natural looking lips. But they hate the "painted" kind—glaring red and "hard as nails." Ask the man you love. See if he doesn't prefer *this* lipstick on you.



### TANGEE—FOR TEMPTING LIPS...

It's orange in the stick, but on your lips Tangee changes to the shade of blush-rose that best suits *you*! Blondes, brunettes and redheads...all use it perfectly. And its special cream base keeps lips soft, smooth.



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**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.*

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### 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

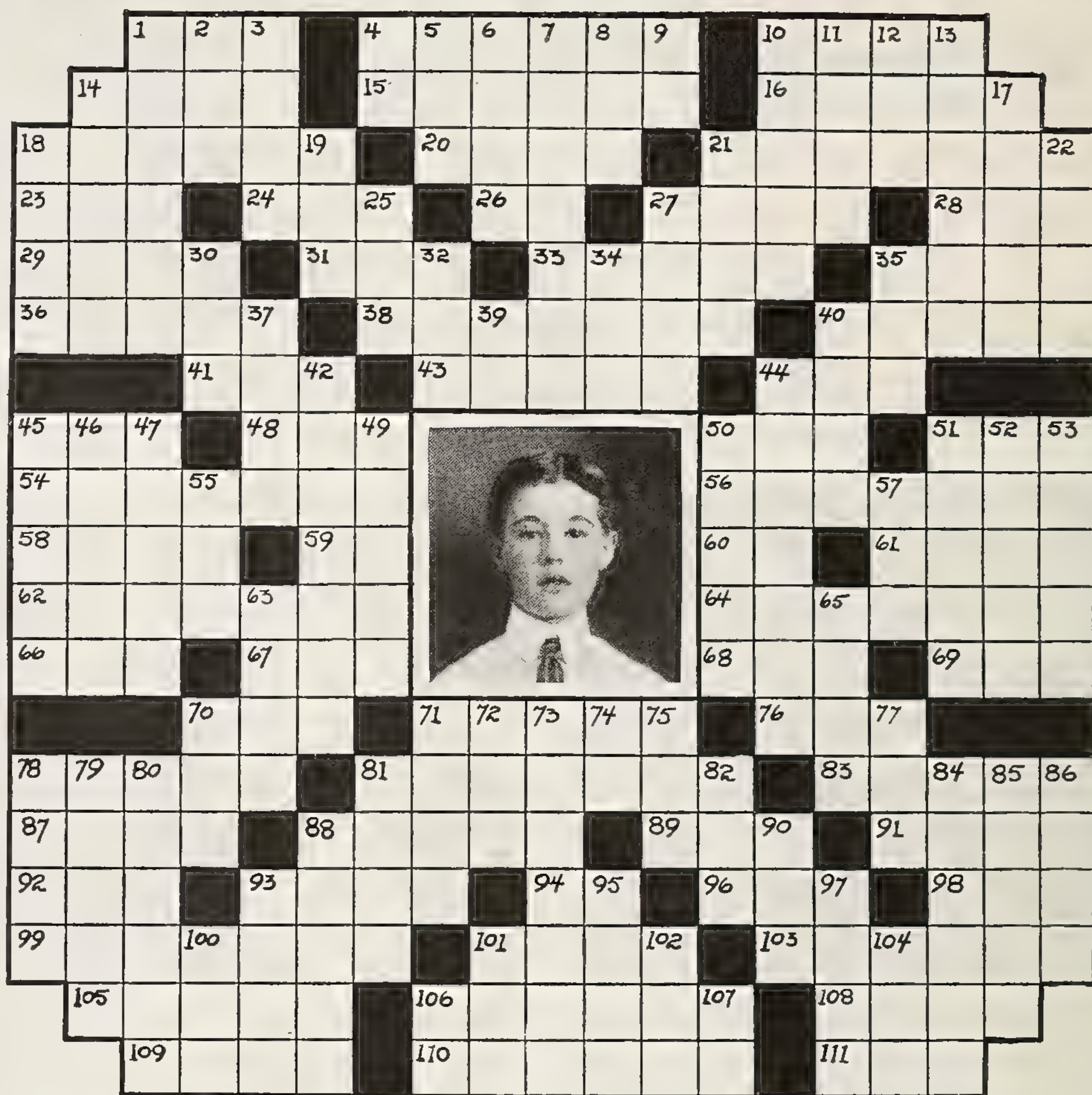
Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel Powder Desired

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ MM118

# OUR PUZZLE



## • ACROSS

Answer to Puzzle on Page 115

- 1 and 4. First and last names of our star
10. Wife of Charles Laughton
14. Actor in horror films
15. Exotic star of "Her Jungle Love"
16. Contests
18. Singer in "Romance In the Dark"
20. Egyptian river
21. Declares
23. Hastened
24. ---ly Eilers
26. The boss in "Test Pilot": init.
27. Aid
28. Brother of George Gershwin
29. Sea eagle
31. Birthmonth of our star
33. Infant daughter of Dick Powell
35. Wreck
36. Crave
38. Beautiful spy in "Blockade"
40. "Oil for the ---- of China"
41. Stitch
43. Trifling
44. Place
45. ---el Norman, silent star
48. Sorrow
50. Spanish hero
51. Judy --- land
54. Actor in "Vivacious Lady"
56. Entrall
58. M-G-M's trade-mark
59. "-- Cucuracha"
60. Mid-western state: abbr.
61. Level
62. Our star is this about his work
64. Ginger's dancing co-star
66. Compass point
67. Heroine in "Wells Fargo"
68. College yell
69. Pheasant's brood
70. Some
71. Male lead in "Sinners In Paradise"
76. Nevertheless
78. ----- Shelton
81. Birthplace of 1 across
83. Star of "Marie Antoinette"
87. Drug plant
88. More intelligent
89. Conclusion
91. "Kentucky ---- shine"
92. --- Tin Tin, famous dog
93. Rave
94. Star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town": init.
96. Conjunction
98. Genevieve To ---
99. Climbing up
101. Loretta Young's birthplace
103. Photographing apparatus
105. Choicest part
106. Miss Allwyn's first name
108. Peel
109. "---- End"
110. Landed property
111. Motion picture stage



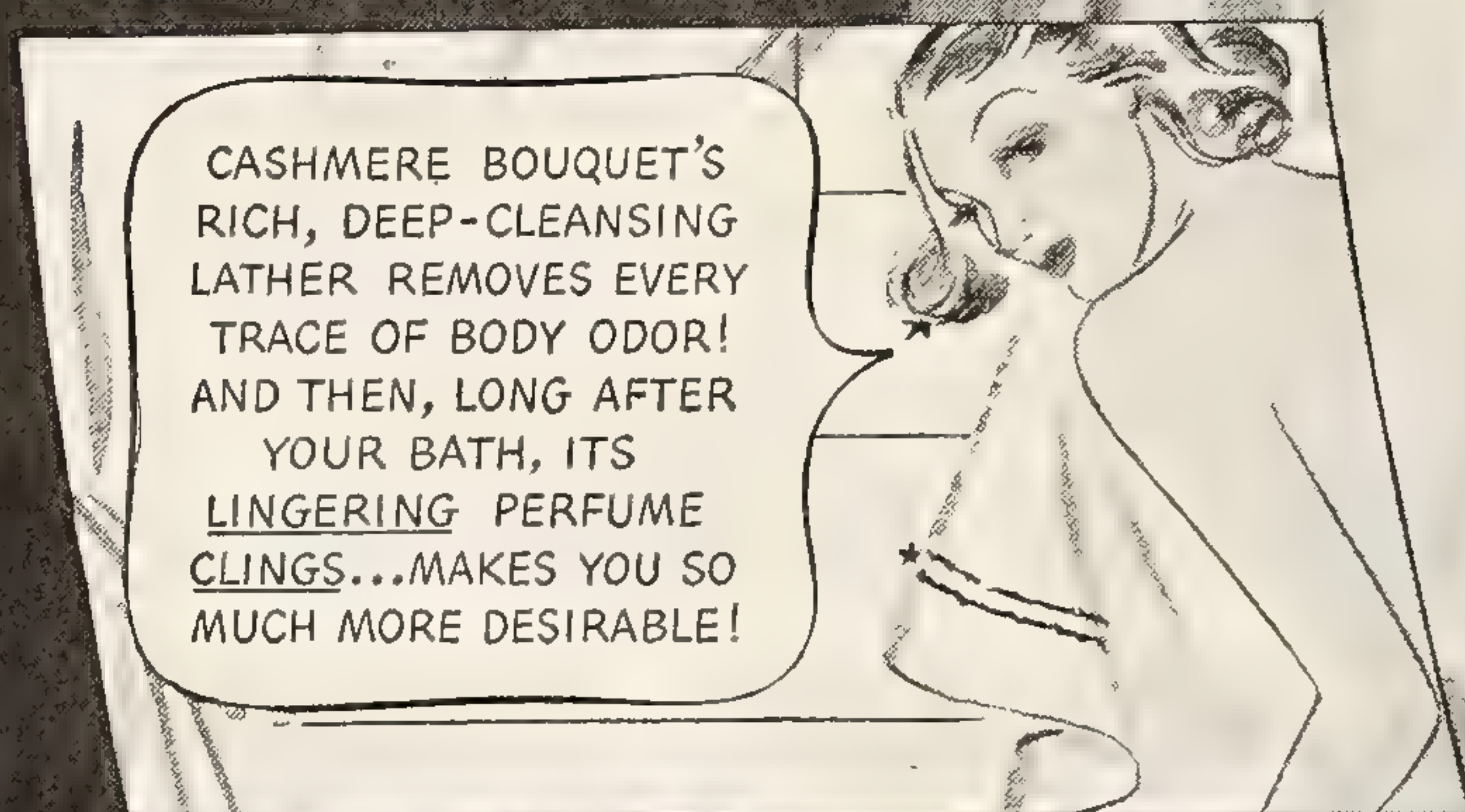
# PAGE

## • DOWN

1. Lovely singer at "That Certain Age"
2. Our star was great in "In --- Chicago"
3. Negative votes
4. Cameraman for news: -- Mingalone
5. Our star's first film, "Sins of ---"
6. Great silent era actor
7. "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
8. Color
9. Norse deity
10. 'Jellybeans' in "Yellow Jack"
11. "---- Horizon"
12. Cora Collins' middle name
13. Hall of an old Roman house
14. Sound loudly
17. Long, narrow piece of cloth
18. Girl in "Danger on the Air"
19. "Penrod and ---"
21. Drunkard in "Wise Girl"
22. Without
25. Varnish ingredient
27. Associate
30. Bitter vetch
32. Yelp
34. A studio's grounds
35. Male lead in "Tropic Holiday"
37. 1 across was in "Love Is ----"
39. Musical note
40. Our star has two
42. "High Flyers" was his last film
44. She was in "When Were You Born?"
45. Scrimmage
46. Assumed name
47. Featured comic in "Swiss Miss"
49. Growing out
50. Our star managed him in "Happy Landing"
51. Mr. Gordon's first name
52. Man's name
53. French girl in "The Big Parade"
55. Hotel
57. Meadow
63. Queen in "Rosalie"
65. In that case
70. Beverage
71. School teacher in "South Riding"
72. 1 across co-starred in "--- in a Million"
73. With our star in "Ramona"
74. Plural ending
75. Film Helen Gahagan played in
77. Juvenile in "Goodbye Broadway"
78. Disfigures
79. She married our star in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
80. Male lead in "Girls On Probation"
81. Principal in "State Police"
82. Eleanor Powell's dancing rival
84. Our star's brother in "Josette"
85. Watered silk fabric
86. Noted Chinese actress
88. Diminished
90. One of the famed Seven Dwarfs
93. Her last name is Hayworth
95. Alfalfa of "Our Gang"
97. Knocks
100. Carole does this in "True Confessions"
101. Employ
102. "The --- Parade"
104. Star of "Every Day's a Holiday"
106. Cinderella girl: --leen Whelan
107. Delivery: abbr.

**TONIGHT'S THE  
BIG NIGHT!**

**THAT'S WHY I'M  
BATHING WITH  
FRAGRANT  
CASHMERE BOUQUET  
SOAP. . IT'S THE  
LOVELIER WAY TO  
AVOID OFFENDING!**



**HER FRAGRANT DAINTINESS WINS!**

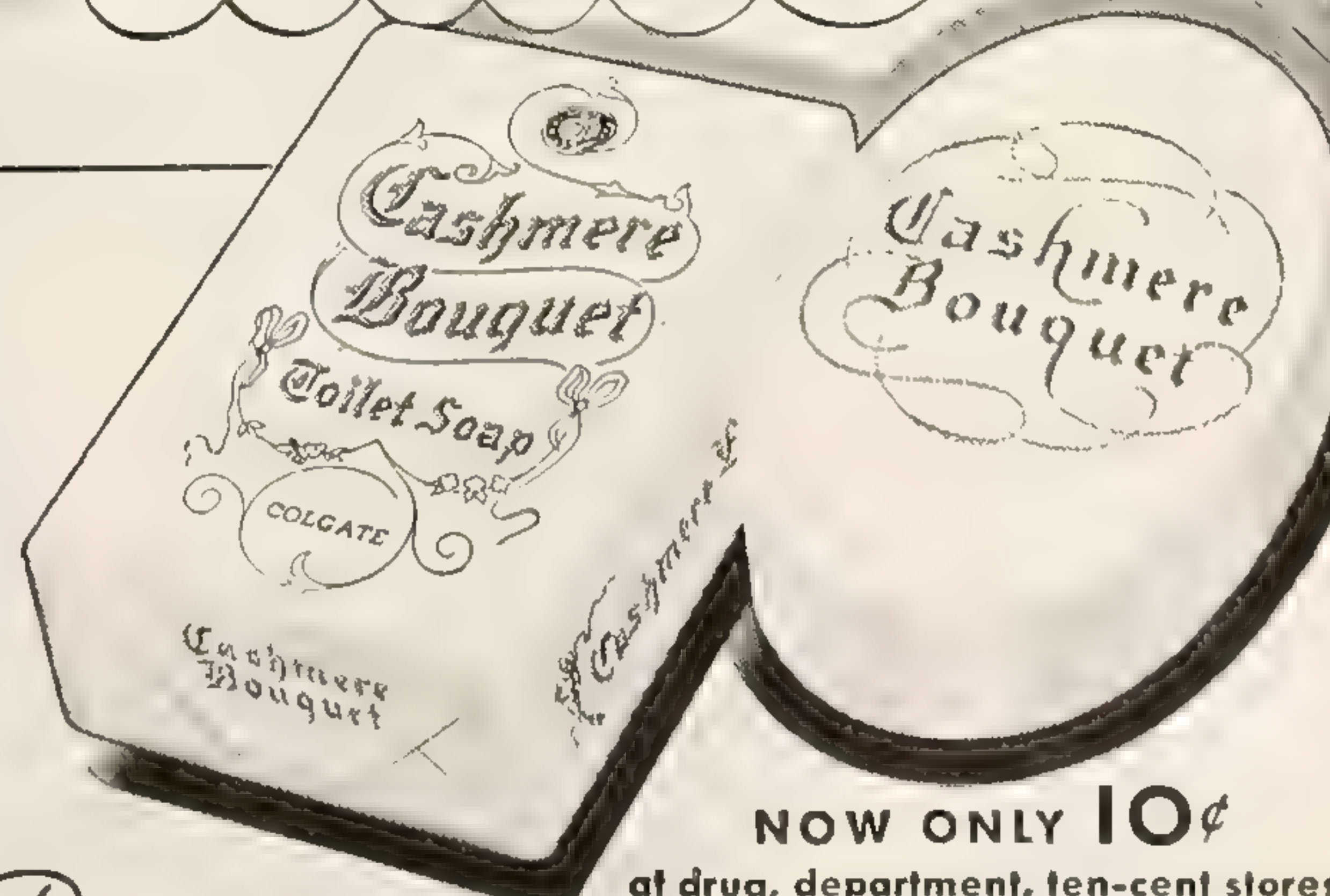
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU PEG.. SOMETHING SO LOVELY, SO ...WELL, ANYWAY, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, DON'T YOU?

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CASHMERE BOUQUET. YOU DO GUARD A GIRL'S DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

**MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!**

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother ... more radiant and alluring!



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**TO KEEP** *Fragrantly Dainty* **—BATHE WITH PERFUMED  
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**



## IN BETWEEN

(Continued from page 47)

would have asked. I was so mad I told her I bet she thought that butterflies made butter! This was at the Cocoanut Grove, you know, so you can imagine what I went through. But, we did have a marvelous time."

Seeing Bonita's eyes sparkle and her head toss as she recounted her experiences, reminded us somehow of the brat in "These Three." It needed only half a question from me to get her started on her favorite characterization.

"I had so much fun doing 'These Three.' It was work, too, but when you got through there was something to show for the time you spent on it. Then too, in a part like that there's lots of meat—something to get hold of. It really wasn't hard getting the character in hand. You see, the first thing I do is to read the script, then the director gives me his idea of what the part should be and I sort of mix it with my interpretation and, there it is.

"I always treat my characters as though they were real. Then I can get to know them better. But with the sort of person I played in 'These Three,' it wasn't so easy. She wasn't just a mean brat on the surface. It went deeper than that. She was vindictive and a liar through and through. She loved hurting people and causing trouble in the worst possible way.

"Now in 'White Banners,' I played a girl who could have been quite a meanie. But, the director said she shouldn't be nasty—just a little fresh and completely sincere. She said some pretty awful things for a

girl of her age, but the way she said them and felt about them made things all right.

"I liked that part. It was the nearest to a grown-up I've played yet. And it was swell working with Jackie Cooper. He's the nicest boy and has so much respect for his mother. Girls are supposed to be respectful, but with boys, it's sort of different. If you could see him on the set with his mother, you couldn't help admire him. And it isn't that he's dull either. He kids around and has lots of fun, but in a quiet way. He's a good actor, too. The real test is when you play with someone and he sure enough comes through."

Our young Miss G., who ordered lemonade and confided the reason was she was on a diet, reached for her third piece of cinnamon toast. She got it and also a look from Mama Granville, who took her seriously about the diet business. So, we quickly asked what sort of roles she liked best.

"Oh, I like to do a variety of parts," Bonita began. "I'd hate to think that I would end up as an ingenue. When I grow up I want to play the sort of women Bette Davis does now. But, I don't want to go through the bad period she went through to get to doing the things she now does. She's my favorite actress. I hope I'll be as good as she is some day. Then I'll feel I've really accomplished something. I kind of like doing mean roles, because when you get through you've really done a job. Fans remember you if you're mean enough, or good enough, but when you're just a sticky ingenue, you haven't anything!"

"I've been awfully worried about how I'd accomplish the transition from kid parts to grown-ups, but now I hope it's settled. You see, the studio has just bought the Nancy Drew series for me. It's the story of a girl detective, sixteen years old, and her adventures. She has a car of her own and drives everywhere, but I don't think they'll let me do quite that much. There are about twelve books in the series and I've read all but one. They'll be something on the order of the Judge Hardy and Jones Family series, each one a separate adventure. I hope this will bridge the gap and graduate me to adult roles. At least it will help."

Hearing Bonita discuss the problems confronting her now reminded us of the story of her first venture into the theatre. But then it's her story and she loves to reminisce—at her age!

"You see, Daddy was an actor and so was Mummy till she married. I was practically born in the theatre, so to speak, but didn't live in a trunk backstage. Nothing so romantic! I lived a normal life out on Long Island. But, when I was old enough to walk, Daddy would lead me onto the stage to take a bow. Then once in a while he would let me go on and ad lib with him. I loved it and from then on it was sort of understood I would act when I grew up.

"When Daddy came to California to make pictures, Mummy and I came along, too. When he was finished and went back

(Continued on page 100)

## DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU! GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

MY SKIN WAS REALLY LOVELY, UNTIL I WAS 20...FOR MOTHER KEPT HER EYE ON ME, AND MADE ME USE THE SAME GENTLE SOAP SHE'S ALWAYS USED! THEN, STUPIDLY, I BEGAN SWITCHING... TRIED ONE SOAP AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL...



MY LOVELY COMPLEXION WAS GONE!

HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ANY HAT TO LOOK WELL, THE WAY YOUR COMPLEXION IS LATELY? SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING. REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IF YOU HAD ONLY STUCK TO PALMOLIVE..

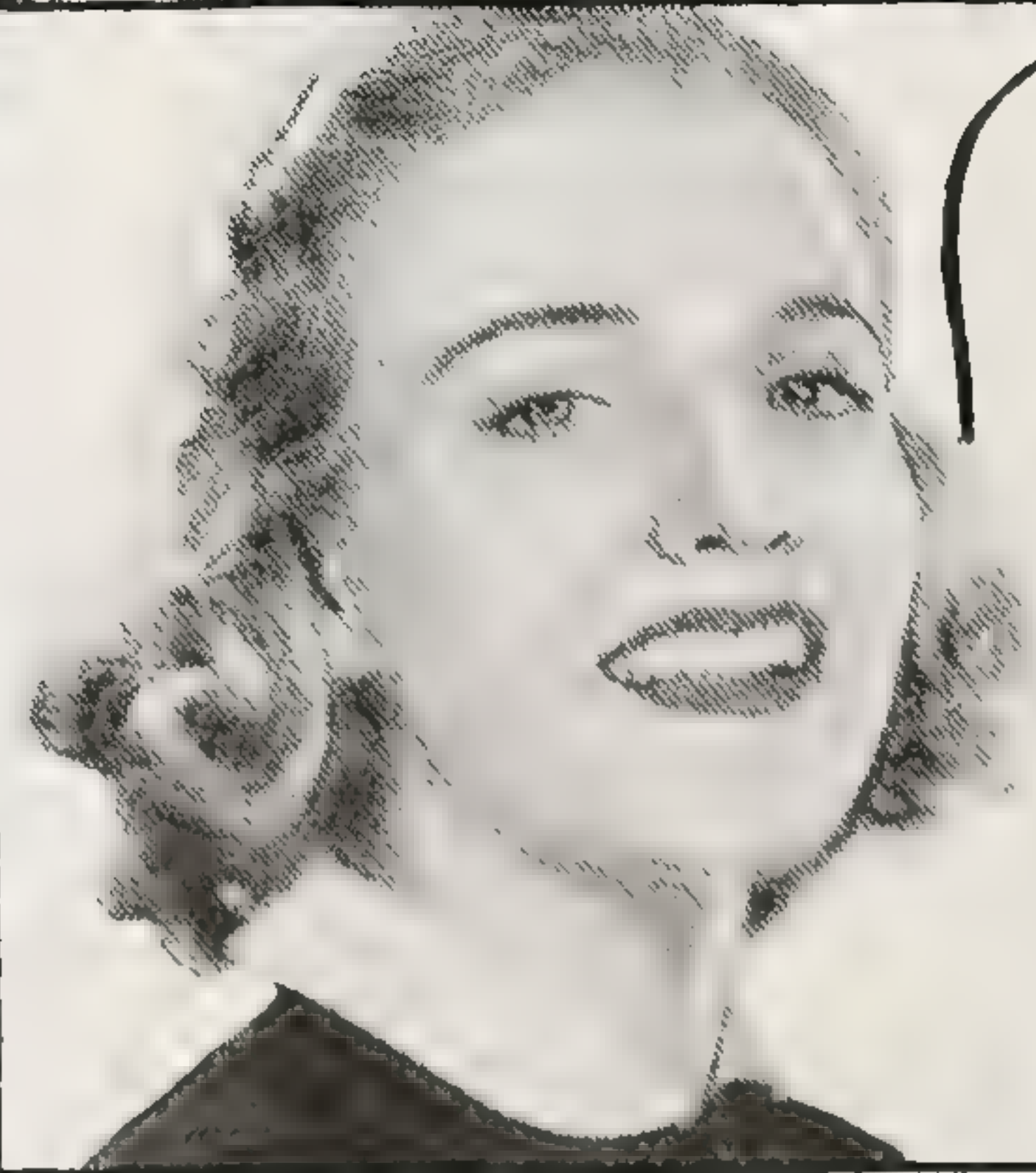


BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?

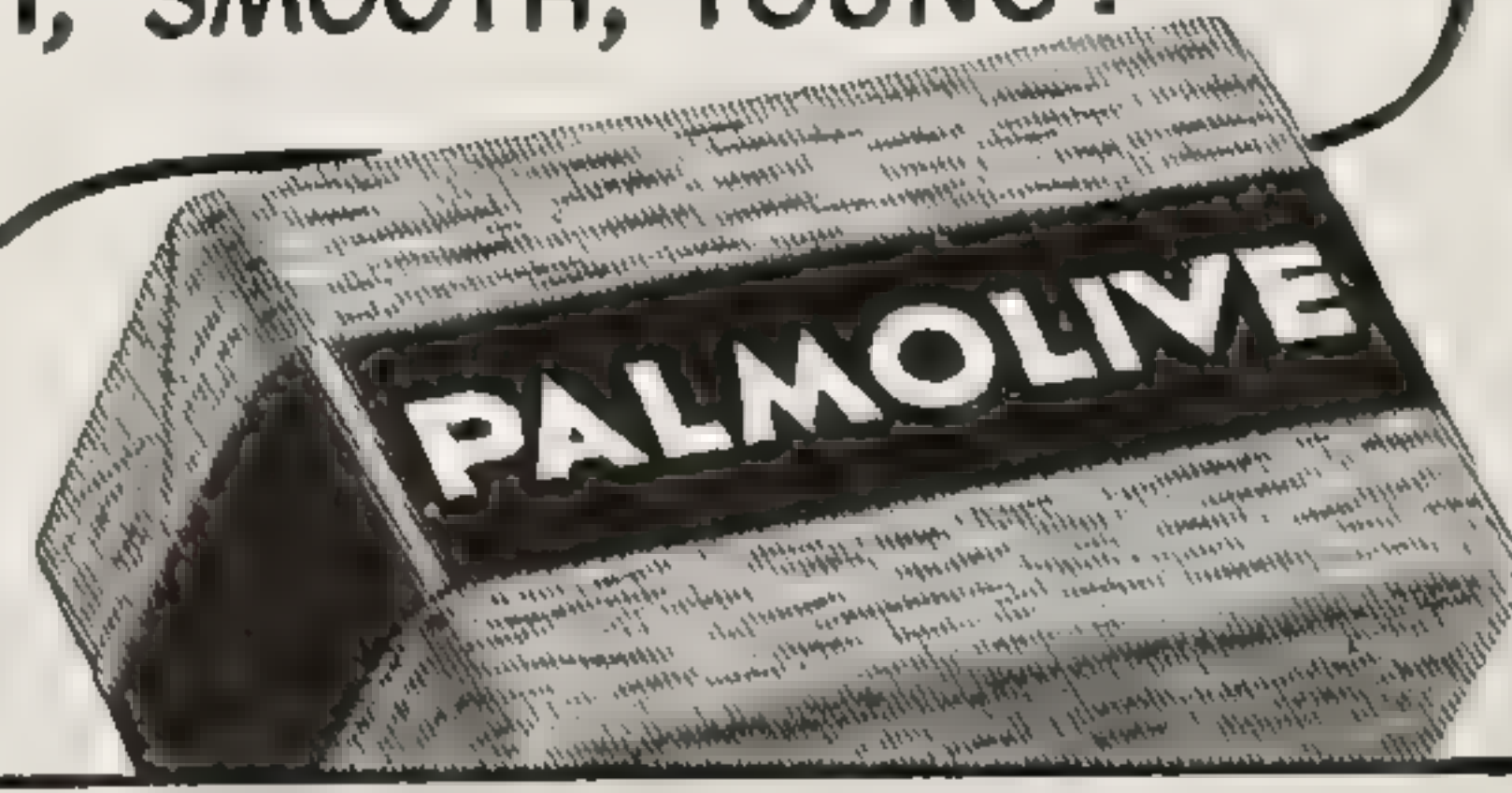
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. ITS GENTLE, DIFFERENT LATHER CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!



WELL, I'LL CHANGE BACK TO PALMOLIVE!



MY MOTHER'S RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!





(Continued from page 70)

world as a new personality. (And *how* she has broken!) They wanted her to learn the language. And so she was forbidden to appear in public places, and was permitted no interviews. Even photographers were barred from snapping her, either in posed or candid shots.

If that's true, the plan worked well indeed. From a nonentity she has become the sensation of Hollywood. If it is not true, if she was neither interviewed nor photographed because no one knew anything about her and therefore cared nothing, Hedy certainly has the last laugh. And I have a hunch she's laughing quietly to herself these days.

**W**HAT is this extraordinary beauty and appeal of hers? Well, you've seen it on the screen now. It's good old-fashioned allure, the same as Negri, Naldi and the others had. She is not voluptuous in body, as Jean Harlow was, but she suggests it through her eyes. They're hot and smokey, the essence of mystery. They're what men used to call "come-hither" eyes.

In person that same beauty and appeal is there but somehow refined. Possibly the lack of make-up accounts for that. Hedy suggests the fragile yet stirring loveliness of a full blown orchid. But she suggests it only in appearance. In speech, thought and action she is as direct and open as a field daisy. And maybe that's the secret of her; she's confusing!

She had a doll her mother had just sent from Vienna. She was as excited as a child. "Isn't it lovely?" she asked delightedly. Yet she'll turn right around and appraise a person or a situation with all the worldly wisdom you'd expect from a woman twice her years.

There has been a lot of romantic gossip about Hedy and Reginald Gardiner the English comedian. Their names constantly are linked in the public prints, with predictions of marriage coming at regular intervals.

"What about him?" I asked. "Is it serious?"

"Look, I'll show you." She led me into a room in the back of the house. It was a small, modernistic lounge with a pint-sized bar, deep chairs and divans. On the wall were gay posters of Austrian resorts, and a dozen or so autographed pictures of Hollywood celebrities, all neatly framed in red.

"It's charming, but what about it?" I said.

"Reggie fixed all this. You see, that's how it is with us. He helps me. We're friends. He has been like a nurse to me, cheering me up when I was homesick, making me laugh, helping me with English lessons. But romance? No!"

On the wall was a caricature of Hedy, done in water colors by Reggie. It shows her dressed in slacks and comfortable old shoes. Over her head is a halo. She has her back turned to the things she doesn't like in life which were depicted as "castor oil, scotch, champagne."

In the picture she is facing the things she loves. They are labeled on boxes, bottles and jimcracks and include "money, a tremendous amount of anything frightfully expensive, Agnes hats, squash (the vegetable), furs, candy, perfume, phonograph records, and How Not To Become Bored With a Rolls Royce."

Under Gardiner's signature on the sketch were the words *te amo* in very small letters. When I went to school that meant "I love you."

Hedy's eyes opened wide when I mentioned it.

"My goodness," she said in great surprise. "I never noticed that before."

Says Hedy!



## "I've lived an extra month this year"



Like so many women, Janice believed menstrual pain had to be endured. As regularly as her dreaded days came on, she stopped "living"—gave up all pleasure to give in to suffering.



Then, a year ago, a thoughtful friend told Janice about Midol; how it relieves functional periodic pain even at its worst, and how it often saves many women even slight discomfort.



Now Janice is "living" again—not just part of the time, but twelve full months a year. Letting Midol take care of unnecessary menstrual pain has restored to her a whole month of wasted days!

MIDOL is made for women for one special purpose—to relieve the unnatural pain which often makes the natural menstrual process so trying. And Midol is dependable; unless there is some organic disorder requiring the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol the chance to help you? It acts quickly, not only to relieve the pain, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Convenient and inexpensive purse-size aluminum cases at all drugstores.

# MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN



# SUITING THE SEASON

(Continued from page 49)

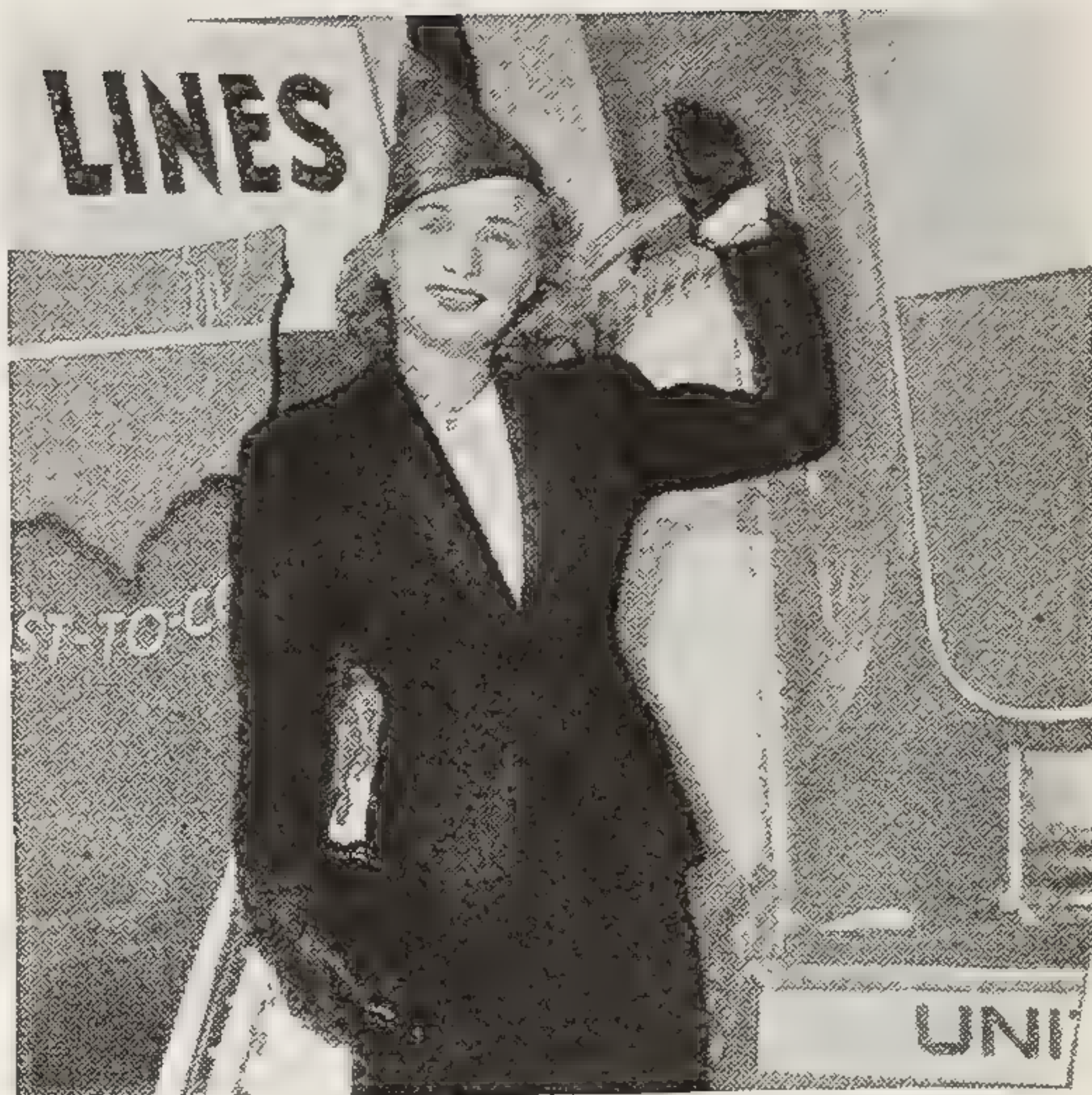
blouse and the accompanying hat has a narrow round brim and peaked crown.

A flat bow at the throat relieves the plainness of a tailored blouse. Rosalind wears with a straight skirt and full length coat. A patterned tweed jacket is paired with a solid color, very flaring skirt. An openwork yoke decorates the fitted blouse. A diagonally striped jacket with a plain skirt goes gay with black revers and sleeves. A pill box hat tops a pencil striped outfit of soft material with very short jacket and dolman-like sleeves.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Jane Wyman are suit conscious in "The Crowd Roars." Sweaters of all types, from simple weaves to lacy openworks, go with suits. Miss O'Sullivan chooses a trim sweater with a round white pique collar for a loose jacketed tweed suit. A more tailored suit has a trim white blouse, and her large flat beret has a narrow band and bow of white. Her dance frock has draped cap sleeves and the off-shoulder bodice line is outlined with flowers.

Miss Wyman wears casual sports hats, brims dipping abruptly in front, with two different suits. One is a tailored tweed, and the other a very feminine version of masculine tailoring—something like a streamlined version of the old time minstrel suit. The jacket is light with wide black revers, and the saucy white vest has a standing collar and black string tie.

"Give Me A Sailor" (or the glamming of Martha Raye) has the rowdy vocalist in a series of glamor gowns, dripping



When "Four Daughters" was released, Priscilla Lane flew to New York for the premiere. It surely was her picture!

with fur, feathers and ruffles. Blonde Betty Grable is forced, by the script, to take a sartorial back seat to Miss Raye.

After a session in the kitchen in little gingham numbers, Miss Raye blossoms out in a sweeping princess coat deluged with white fox. A white evening gown cut low across the top has net ruffles cascading over the shoulders. A white

formal has a black lace bolero and belt and huge bow knots of the lace applied on the bouffant skirt. A street frock is snowed under in gray fox, the fur forming huge cuffs on the three-quarter sleeves and bordering the widely flaring skirt.

Betty Grable, who has the knack or the gift of looking just a little better groomed and band-boxy than almost anyone else, has fewer costume changes but makes the most of the ones allotted her.

A white bolero with black revers dresses up a slim black frock. A new half and half note is struck with a combination of black and dotted material. From the back, Miss Grable is wearing form-fitting black. The front is dotted, the top draped and its skirt is released into fullness from shirring at the waist. Sort of a half-dirndl effect.

Arleen Whelan's "Gateway" wardrobe features two suits. One is light with polka dot vest and lapels. The short jacket of a black suit has lapels and tiny breast pockets of white.

Anne Shirley and Ruby Keeler are young ladies of an earlier day in "Mother Carey's Chickens," but the jackets worn with their long old-fashioned gowns would be right in step with today's wardrobes. The jackets are very short, with long tight sleeves puffed at the shoulders, of the bicycle-built-for-two era. Time marches on. Both jackets and bicycles are enjoying a widespread revival. It isn't advisable to raid the attic for jackets mother used to wear, however.

## HERE'S LONESOME LOU

KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO

—SHE THINKS THE BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!



ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?

DON'T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT--AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

### COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

### LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S....

IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!



### NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!





## BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 15)

To my mind, his performance in "A Tale of two Cities" was the most beautifully done piece of work I have ever witnessed on the screen. Charles Dickens himself would have been completely satisfied. Not one man in a million could have done that last tragic scene by the guillotine with such depth of feeling as Mr. Colman.

You can have your Flynns, Taylors and Gables but give me Ronald Colman, a gentleman in every sense of the word. I can't wait to see his "If I Were King."—Minor Robertson, Memphis, Tenn.

### \$1.00 Prize Letter Oh, Yeah?

Boo hoo. With tears streaming down my cheeks (sniff) and with a breaking heart, I pen this letter of condolence to the poor, abused movie stars. After reading Margaret Forster's touching version of the trials of stardom in the September "Between You 'n' Me" Department, I realized what a miserable lot is theirs.

How hard it must be to accept the admiration of millions, but bravely they bear it! Bravely they leave the squalor of their forty-room mansions each day and slave in the arms of beautiful co-stars! But being courageous creatures they manage to struggle along on a paltry five-thousand dollars per week. Ah, what price stardom!

This is just a gentle hint that I think Miss Forster's letter was, to put it bluntly, a trifle ludicrous. We don't pity the stars; we envy them!—Miss Garpow, Chicago, Ill.

### \$1.00 Prize Letter A Salute For Hollywood

With sincerity I salute Hollywood. It is a place where passions and emotions are manufactured daily with such realism that they make the millions who compose the movie audiences laugh or cry at their will.

Under crazily glaring hot lights, cold eyes of cameras, loads of makeup, and the critical stares of directors and technicians, the Hollywood performers put their very souls into their roles that they might live as other persons on a silver screen! Your tasks are difficult and your products are so valuable to us. I repeat—I salute you, Hollywood, and may your magic machinery hum and create, forever!—Milton Swiren, Mont Alto, Penn.

### \$1.00 Prize Letter Bette Davis

Perhaps Bette Davis was telling the truth when she exclaimed, "Am I Homely!" in an article in September Modern Screen—but wait, not so fast!

It's altogether possible that her eyes do bulge and that her mouth isn't just as she'd like it, but I don't see any reason for Bette to judge herself so harshly. I ask you, is there another star in all Hollywood who works as hard as Bette Davis and puts so much of herself into every endeavor?

Remember the scene in "Jezebel" that took place on the stairs—Bette's pleading with Margaret Lindsay? Well, if there's another actress in all filmdom who could have played that scene with the same perfection, I'll eat my shoe (strings and all).

So please, Miss Davis, remember the next time you see your image in the mirror, that through hard work and earnest effort you have developed a most intelligent countenance—a beauty much more than skin deep.—Alice Bohmer, New Britain, Conn.

# For "Camera Perfect" skin you need Beauty more than skin-deep



*Annabella*... fair young 20th Century-Fox star, now playing in the picture "Suez". In any light, studio light or sunlight, her beauty holds its glamour.

This cream contains two elements which are basic beauty builders.

*One makes for purity and clearness. The other for skin vitality.*

"CAMERA PERFECT!" These words describe the complexion that meets the hardest tests triumphantly. The skin that looks as clear and lovely under the noon-day sun as in mellow evening light.

Two elements in Woodbury Cold Cream help to give beauty more than skin-deep. One of these elements keeps this cream germ-free throughout your use of it. Such lasting purity encourages fault-free skin.

The second element in Woodbury Cold Cream stimulates the skin's rate of breathing. This is the skin-stimulating Vitamin

which contributes to the skin's vitality.

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Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams; 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_



## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

### ★★★ Letter of Introduction

Andrea Leeds has the letter, and it's an introduction to a famed actor, Adolphe Menjou, who is really her father. Since he is something of a matinee idol it is considered unwise to advise his public that he has a daughter as old as Miss Leeds, so he calls her his "protege" and sponsors a stage career for her, an interest which seems all too enthusiastic to Mr. Menjou's fiancée (Ann Sheridan) and Miss Leeds' gentleman friend (George Murphy), who do not know of the relationship. The story is constructed on this rather slender thread but, thanks to good performances and the welcome presence of Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy and a wooden interloper named Mortimer Snerd, a good time will be had by all who go to see "A Letter of Introduction."

The director has contrived to make Edgar Bergen an essential character in the story rather than drag him in by McCarthy's heels as was done in "The Goldwyn Follies." Bergen and McCarthy are a pair of smooth performers and furnish most of the film's comic moments. McCarthy has an uneasy moment or two when Bergen introduces the rival, Mortimer Snerd, a country bumpkin who is destined for instant favor.

Both Adolphe Menjou and Andrea Leeds perform creditably, and there are good portrayals by the supporting cast. Directed by John Stahl.—*Universal*.

### ★★★ Sing You Sinners

Like old wine and money in the bank, Bing Crosby improves with age. The Groaner has always been a likeable screen personality, but now for the first time in his career he really acts. The character he creates—Joe Beebe—lives and breathes, and Crosby plays him so well one almost suspects the portrayal is autobiographical. Bing will probably never win an Academy Oscar for his histrionics, but he does play a drunk scene (one of the most difficult items in an actor's repertoire) so beautifully that it becomes the outstanding moment of the picture.

Joe Beebe is a guy with great ideas, and he expects one day to make a million. In the meantime, he hasn't a job, so Dave (Fred MacMurray) has to support the family (Elizabeth Patterson and Donald O'Connor) and put off his marriage to the village belle (Ellen Drew). But Joe finally leaves town, gets into a big deal and subjects the Beebes to a generous quota of excitement.

There are swell performances from the entire cast. Elizabeth Patterson is perfect as the harassed mother; Donald O'Connor and Ellen Drew, in their screen debuts, are definite finds, and Fred MacMurray does his usual good work. There are two hit tunes among several sung by Bing and by the trio (Bing, MacMurray and O'Connor). "Pocketful of Dreams" is one and "Small Fry" another. Wesley Ruggles directed.—*Paramount*.

### ★★★ I Am the Law

A good rousing interpretation of the racket-busting industry usually makes fine screen entertainment, and since "I Am the Law" is the best racket-busting film that has come along so far this year we can promise you a thoroughly enjoyable eve-

ning in the theatre. With Edward G. Robinson in the lead, furnishing one of his best performances, the picture has everything to recommend it to audiences interested in an exciting and an intelligent treatment of one of this country's most topical problems.

In a city overriden with rackets, Robinson, a law school professor, steps in to take charge of a clean-up campaign. Denied funds by a city council backed by supposedly legitimate business men who are actually the men behind the rackets, Robinson drafts his best law students and continues on his own. A well-constructed screenplay avoids the pitfalls encountered in the usual racket picture, and Alexander Hall's direction accounts for its speed.

Robinson runs the gamut in the role of the prosecutor—he even exhibits an excellent version of the big apple. Barbara O'Neil is handsome and dignified as his wife, Wendy Barrie is a svelte and be-



Myrna Loy and Clark Gable together again in "Too Hot to Handle."

lievable racket queen, and John Beal performs credibly in the role of Robinson's assistant. Best performance in the supporting cast, however, is Otto Kruger's splendid portrayal of the racketeer who poses as a civic leader.—*Columbia*.

### ★★ Give Me a Sailor

We are happy to report that the star of this picture is Martha Raye—not Moutha. For she doesn't indulge in one blood-curdling yip, not even a "yeah man," and the result is a performance of which Martha should be proud. It's a good-humored story of home, sweet home—as happy a home as could be expected when there are two daughters, one a beauty and the other an ugly duckling.

Betty Grable's the gal who's got allure and Martha's the one who's got the left-overs—left-over clothes, money and beaux. This state of affairs has been going on for years but comes to a climax when the man they both love (Jack Whiting) gets shore leave and has marriage in mind. The sailor's sweethearts forget all the bonds of sisterhood in their tactics from there on. Martha enlists the help of Bob Hope, Jack's brother, to help snare her man, and in return promises to get Betty for Bob.

But overnight Martha becomes a femme fatale. Through a mix-up, when she enters a picture of her cookie "Yum Yums" in a prize contest, a shot of her "Yum Yum" underpinnings is included. She suddenly finds herself the winner of "the most beautiful legs in the world" contest. It's all pretty silly but there's a genuine laugh a second to offset it. Martha's performance shows a sympathetic understanding and dramatic ability which has heretofore remained hidden. Betty Grable is an eyeful, as usual, and handles her role competently. Bob Hope scores decidedly. Directed by Elliot Nugent.—*Paramount*.

### ★★ Always In Trouble

You know that a title like this can mean only one thing—Jane Withers. Jane actually manages to get into more trouble here than in all previous pictures put together. And that, you also know, is going some. But though she tackles every scene with customary gusto, the picture does not measure up to former standards.

The story concerns a family who get into one predicament after another, all dating back to the day when Dad (Andrew Tombes) becomes a millionaire over night. As far as Dad and his youngest daughter (Jane) are concerned, they see no reason why a million dollars should change their lives. But Mother (Nana Bryant) and the eldest daughter (Jean Rogers) see no reason why all that money can't make society folk out of them. Drastic methods have to be taken to save the family from going phoney and Miss Fix-It Withers is just the girl who can do it. Among other things, in a whole-hearted attempt to get them straightened out, Jane manages to get them ship-wrecked, puts them at the mercy of smugglers, and just misses getting the whole outfit kidnapped. But in the end she gets the high flyers, mother and big sister, down to earth and even imports a fine young man (Robert Kel-lard) to make a sensible wife out of Jean. Directed by Joseph Santley.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

### ★★ The Gladiator

They've given Joe E. Brown his best script to date in "The Gladiator." And he takes full advantage of every opportunity, which guarantees a fine time for all. This time Joe E. goes collegiate with rah rah aplenty. Some twelve years previous he has had to quit his freshman year because of financial embarrassment, but when he wins \$1,500, at a Bank Night he beats it right back to the old Alma Mater. It looks like Joe's in for an awful beating from his classmates—particularly when they start using him for a tackling dummy on the football field. But the second day he comes out and mows 'em down.

No one is more surprised than Joe E.—for during the night an eccentric professor has injected a serum into his arm which gives him super-human strength. After winning glories for old Webster he next tackles Man Mountain Dean in the fight of the century. Man Mountain's tossed about like a tooth-pick for the first fifteen minutes. Then Champ Brown gets his—for the serum begins wearing off. Suspense is terrific, not only for the audience but for June Travis, queen of the campus, who's managed to get the obliging Joe into all his troubles. The supporting cast is entirely commendable. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.—*Columbia*.



# ★★★★ You Can't Take It With You

With more human appeal than his last production ("Lost Horizon") and almost as much as his greatest ("Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"), Frank Capra's latest film achievement will easily rank among the best pictures of the year. Capra, who is accustomed to turning out hits, has taken the Kaufmann-Hart Broadway success and with writer Robert Riskin has as delightful and heart-warming a picture as you'll see in many months.

"You Can't Take It With You" is the story of the Sycamores, an amiable and eccentric family which believes in doing exactly what it pleases. Headed by Grandpa Sycamore, who decided some thirty-five years back that he didn't like his work (and stopped working that instant), the family consists of Penny, who writes plays because someone left a typewriter at the house by mistake; Paul, her husband, who makes fireworks in the basement, assisted by a Mr. DePinna, an iceman who stopped one morning and decided to stay; Essie, who makes candy and studies ballet dancing with a Russian exile who manages to drop in every evening at dinner time, and Alice, who is Penny's daughter and the only more or less conventional member of the family. When the Sycamores encounter Anthony Kirby, the financial tycoon, and his family, there is conflict, fireworks and everything. Even love has its inning.

Of the cast, Edward Arnold as Anthony Kirby is probably the standout performer. Jean Arthur and Jimmy Stewart are expert in the romance department, in roles which will add to the prestige of them both. Spring Byington is amusing as the rattle-brained Penny, and Ann Miller

furnishes excellent comedy as the ballet dancing Essie. Mischa Auer, as her Russian instructor, makes the most of his comic moments, and there are performances deserving more than passing mention by Donald Meek, Sam Hinds, H. B. Warner, Mary Forbes, Halliwell Hobbes, Eddie Anderson, and especially by Harry Davenport, whose fine portrayal makes his one scene one of the picture's most important. Only fault this reviewer can find is Lionel Barrymore's performance in the important role of Grandpa Sycamore. Lionel Barrymore, even under Capra expert guidance, is still playing Lionel Barrymore. Directed by Frank Capra.—Columbia.

## ★★★ Carefree

"Carefree" is a happy union of song, dance and story, plus a happy reunion of the screen's ace dance team, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire celebrate the occasion by giving us the best performances of their careers. "Carefree" is as good as any previous Astaire-Rogers musical, and it will be looked upon by some as their best. Certainly it is the most imaginative. Another definite advantage is a sound story which admits their dancing as part and parcel of the plot. We may as well go the whole route and say that for the first time in the screen history of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers there is not a single case of mistaken identity in the entire picture.

Astaire is a psychiatrist hired to straighten out the love life of Miss Rogers, a radio singer. When he places her in a hypnotic state in which she loses all her inhibitions, she becomes infatuated with him, tosses bricks at store windows, makes faces at her radio sponsor and tells her listeners that his toothpaste is positively

the worst stuff on the market. Later, convinced by Astaire that he is not worthy of her, she is about to marry her original suitor, Ralph Bellamy, when she snaps out of her trance on her wedding day and marches up the aisle with the right gent.

Irving Berlin's songs are excellent, but neither Rogers nor Astaire are vocally up to the job of putting them over. Their dances, however, are skillful and beautiful to watch. A dream sequence, done in slow motion, is so good it will be copied by many future musicals. Their feature dance, "The Yam," is everything you'd expect of the team, even though it's much too intricate for ordinary mortals to copy on the ballroom floor. Mark Sandrich directed.—RKO-Radio.

## ★★ The Road to Reno

It's difficult to classify this one, because it combines two distinctly different types of opera—grand and horse—and winds up as a satire of sorts on the Nevada divorce laws. If you are a lover of any of these three brands of entertainment, perhaps you'll find your moments of pleasure in the picture. The combination would have been a happier one, however, had the story fashioners contrived a more logical tale and embellished it with dialogue without so much of a manufactured ring to it.

Hope Hampton, returning to the screen, photographs well and sings beautifully. She has difficulty, however, making anything genuine out of the character she plays. The blame here can be handed to the scenarists, who present, at the picture's start, an opera star about to enter divorce proceedings against her husband, a cowboy with whom she hasn't lived for

(Continued on page 107)

# DO MOVIE STARS WORK HARD?







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HOW TO FIGHT  
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# DOWN WITH DULL DINNERS

The Lloyd Nolans offer fine recipes in their campaign for more exciting menus

AT A TIME of year when politicians are filling the air with adjectives and agitating for all kinds of urgent reforms, Lloyd Nolan wishes to go on record as advocating the complete abolishment of routine, unimaginative, cut-and-dried, commonplace meals! He feels even more strongly on this subject when such meals include foods that are served "because they are good for you!"

"Just combine dullness with duty in your menus," declares this dashing young character actor, "and you'll never win a vote of approval from your family. You won't be elected 'the people's choice' as a hostess, either!"

"I'm convinced," broke in his charming wife, Mel, "that enjoyment affects both digestion and nutrition. Women would be wiser if they paid more attention to flavor, seasoning and originality in preparing everyday meals."

Acting upon her own suggestions, Mel Nolan has evolved—for the special delectation of her attractive husband—many grand dishes, combinations of foods and menus that are distinctive and different. Furthermore, in her food researches she has discovered that the familiar cooking directions, "season to taste," can mean a deal more than just adding salt and pepper!

"It's surprising, for example, what a little curry powder can do to a dish that might otherwise be thought of as just another lamb stew," this Hollywood hostess observed sagely. And how delightfully changed is a roast of veal when it boasts a special stuffing which the Nolans favor, one that I'll wager you have never tried before. Why, even baked apples become proud, aristocratic "beauties" when prepared according to the recipe I'm about to give you here.

The first of these treats—the Curry of Lamb—is the featured dish on the intriguing menu shown further along, as set down for us by Mrs. Nolan. Her recipe for this prime favorite of hers also follows, together with directions for making two other Nolan specialties which are quite as deserving of your attention. That is, if you intend to adopt Lloyd's stirring slogan: "Down with Dull Dinners!"

Remember, too, that when you try your hand at the unusual, every meal will seem like a party. And, by the way, there are a couple of special occasions coming up soon which you'll want to celebrate fittingly. Not only from the standpoint of foods, but of table decorations. I refer, of course, to Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving, both of which present as good an excuse to entertain charmingly as one could hope to find. You can serve the Lloyd Lamb Curry and the baked apple "Beauties" on the first of these two occasions. And you can make both events outstandingly successful by sending in the coupon which will bring you directions for making attractive, yet inexpensive, table decorations. Those for Hallowe'en feature witches and pumpkins; while for your Thanksgiving dinner table

there are turkey napkin holders as well as special favors for each guest and an extra-special centerpiece arrangement. Easy to do, easy to secure—and free. So don't forget to mail in the coupon with your request for either or both.

## LLOYD AND MEL NOLAN'S INDIAN CURRY DINNER

Vegetable Soup  
Curry of Lamb  
Baked Bananas

Rice Chutney  
Molded Tomato Salad  
Rolls, Split and Toasted  
Raspberry Ice  
Tea

### CURRY OF LAMB, à la LLOYD NOLAN

2 pounds lamb (shoulder, breast or leg)  
boiling water to cover  
1/3 cup butter  
1 large onion, chopped fine  
1 large apple, diced  
5 outside stalks celery, chopped fine  
2 teaspoons curry powder\*  
1/4 cup cold water  
1/3 cup seedless raisins  
3 egg yolks  
1/4 cup milk

salt and pepper, to taste  
grated cocoanut, shredded almonds

Courtesy Sun-Maid Have lamb cut into one-inch pieces, after removing all bone, fat and gristle. Wipe meat, cover with boiling water and cook slowly until meat is tender. Strain and measure stock. There should be 2 1/2 cups (add more water, if necessary, to make required amount). Melt butter in large skillet or dutch oven. Add the onion, apple and celery. Cook until tender, without browning. Add curry powder which has been mixed with cold water to a smooth paste.\* Cook and stir until blended. Add lamb and lamb stock, then the raisins which have been rinsed in hot water and drained. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Just before serving beat yolks of eggs with the milk. Add a little of the hot lamb liquor to them, then add this mixture very slowly to the curry mixture, stirring constantly. Continue cooking and stirring until smooth and slightly thickened. Serve on very dry, fluffy rice. Pass bowls of grated cocoanut and shredded almonds, to be sprinkled over the curry. Chutney is the traditional accompaniment, you know.

### ROAST STUFFED BREAST OF VEAL, CAROLINA

4 pounds breast of veal  
1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1/2 cup yellow corn meal  
1 1/4 cups milk  
1 egg, beaten  
2/3 cup seedless raisins  
1/3 cup minced onion  
1/2 cup sliced mushrooms or diced celery

\* Add more curry powder if a stronger curry flavor is desired. For a very hot curry add a dash of Tabasco sauce, advises Mel Nolan.



Roast stuffed breast of veal, Carolina.



The Lloyd Nolans ready for one of Mel's dinners.



BY MARJORIE DEEN

- 1 cup canned bouillon
- a pinch of sage
- salt and pepper, to taste
- ½ cup hot water

Have your butcher bone the veal. Rub inside and out with salt and pepper. Combine flour with the ¾ teaspoon salt, the baking powder, soda and sugar; sift together. Mix in corn meal. Beat in milk and eggs. Fry on hot oiled griddle or in greased iron skillet as for griddle cakes. When all are fried and cooled, break in small pieces into a bowl. Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and add. Fry onions and mushrooms (or celery) in small amount of fat until onions are soft. Add this mixture to raisin mixture. Moisten with ½ cup of the bouillon, add sage and salt and pepper to taste. Mix together thoroughly. Lay the boned veal out flat. Spread stuffing on boned side and roll up as for jelly roll. Skewer in three places; tie around the rolled meat and through the skewers, securely, with white cord. Brush entire outside of roll with melted fat. Place meat on rack in baking pan or roaster. Pour remaining ½ cup of bouillon, combined with water, in bottom of pan. Bake, uncovered, in moderately slow oven (325° F.) until meat is tender, about 3 hours, basting every 20 minutes with liquid in the pan, adding a little more water, whenever necessary, to prevent burning.

BAKED BEAUTIES

- 4 large baking apples
- ¼ cup seedless raisins
- ¼ cup chopped nut meats
- 6 tablespoons honey
- 1 teaspoon Angostura
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup water

Choose extra-large apples, suitable for baking. Peel the top half only of each apple. Remove each core generously but carefully so as not to cut the apple all the way through (this will keep juices in the apples as they cook). Rinse raisins in hot water, drain. Combine with chopped nuts and place a couple of spoonfuls in each apple. Mix honey and Angostura. Pour a tablespoonful into each apple, and spread a little of the mixture over the top of each apple to glaze it. Place apples in shallow baking dish. Dot apples with butter and pour water around them, to prevent burning. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for one hour, or until tender. Serve plain; or with whipped cream or hard sauce.



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MOM WAS SO MAD,  
SHE JUST FLEW FOR  
THE HAIRBRUSH



1. I said somethin' a couple of weeks ago that made Mom so hopping mad, I almost caught a licking.



2. We were at Aunt Lola's and I piped up: "Gee, Mom, look at how white this napkin is! *Our* things must have tattle-tale gray or somethin' 'cause they never shine like *this*." ... Zowie! Mom flew for the hairbrush.



3. But lucky for me, Aunt Lola stopped her. "It's the truth, so why get angry?" she told Mom. "Your lazy soap leaves dirt behind. If you'd switch to Fels-Naptha Soap as I did, your clothes *wouldn't* have tattle-tale gray."



4. So Mom forgot to spank me and went to the grocer's for some Fels-Naptha. This morning, she was raving about how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* wash clothes so white and nice. And, golly, if she didn't give me a quarter for a pony ride!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"  
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

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FLAKES! TRY  
FELS-NAPTHA  
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# GLAZO

NEW TROPIC SHADES

## AND FATHER IS DOING WELL

(Continued from page 36)

We smoked each other's cigars."

Shortly after the baby was born Joan was put on a strict diet, with a special diet nurse in attendance, and at the same time Dick received one of his bi-annual notes from Mr. Warner—a note which always says simply, "Dick, take it off—" and Dick knows all too well the meaning of that. It means that he's put on an extra pound or two and had better get rid of it. On this occasion he made it an excuse to be with Joan at the hospital for three diet meals a day. "It's hard to diet alone," he told the nurse, "but if I diet with Joan, it'll be easier for her. So how about it? Can't I join her at meals?" And the nurse, swayed by the Powell grin, had to let him have his way.

All new papas are a little nutty, of course, but Dick was one of the most jittery about-to-be-papas that we've had around Hollywood in a long time. Several weeks before the baby arrived Dick was at work in "Head Over Heels" and had to be on location several miles from a telephone part of the time. That meant he would be out of touch with Joan, but Dick devised a scheme to remedy that.

**F**EW people realize that Dick is a true handy-man at heart. Just last month he took the ailing Powell washing machine apart and put it together again, and the month before he built a fence. But, unlike Tom Sawyer, he white-washed it himself. Also on his sailing boat, the Eroica (which is a Beethoven Symphony, in case you are curious about the name), he has a short wave radio transmitting set and is licensed by the radio commission as an operator.

It was Dick's experience in this connection which gave him the idea for keeping in touch with Joan, even while he was on location: to install one of those new two-way short wave marine telephone sets, with which he could pick up anything within a radius of a hundred miles of the harbor radio station. All Joan would have had to do then was to telephone the station and they would broadcast a message to Dick. Without this safety precaution to ease Dick's mind, he might not have been able to finish the picture with so much calm and ease.

However, now that that is all over, father is doing well. He naturally receives congratulations on every side, and when asked how the baby is, he answers enthusiastically, "Prettiest thing in town!" They named her Ellen just because they liked the name. It was simple and not gaudy, and not theatrical—just like the parents themselves. Had Ellen been a boy she would have been David Blondell Powell. But Ellen is Ellen and they are glad of it, since they already have Joan's boy, Norman. Normie is three-and-a-half now, and quite the first light of Dick and Joan's lives, and will remain so, since there is to be no nose-throwing-out-of-joint in the Powell household.

"Normie is strictly a boy's boy," Dick said. "One month he is a cowboy, with all the contraptions and all the whoops. The next he's a fireman, with wailing siren and a fireman's helmet slipping down over his eyes. This morning when I left he had gone Mexican. The next thing I know he'll be an actor. Now we're very glad to have a girl.

"You know, Joan simply adores children, not only her own, but everyone else's too. During the last few months before Ellen was born she spent every day on the beach,

with Normie. They went to the beach club, but Joan never spends any time with the grown-ups there. You'll always see her off down the beach somewhere, with about sixteen kids grouped around her. She builds sand castles with them, digs tunnels, tells them stories, somehow manages to keep them amused, and herself too. She and Normie always took their lunch with them. Sand in the sandwiches makes no difference to them!"

Dick has always been mad about sailboats, so while Joan stays in the sand, Dick sets sail on the sea. It's a very real compliment to them, that they can and do leave each other to their own particular likes—when it comes to pastimes and sports. They are so thoroughly devoted to each other that they actually enjoy seeing the other do what appeals most, whether they are together in the doing or not.

Dick bought his very first boat several years ago. Then he traded it in on the larger Eroica, and last spring he had dreams of capturing the cup in the "around the island" race, off Catalina, sponsored by the California Yacht Club.

"The first race I had ever been in, and it would be the time of the greatest storm on the West Coast in twenty years! Just my bad luck. I was one of twelve racers who started out, and only two boats even finished at all. The wind and rain started, that same wind and rain that brought on last spring's terrible flood, and my skipper and I soon saw that we were being driven into the Isthmus, and if we didn't turn around and start back we'd be dashed against the shore. We had to use the motor and it took us eight and a half hours to go back eighteen miles—so you can know how bad it was. But I'm not going to give up. The next race, you can be sure, barring an act of God, I'll at least be in on the finish!"

Few people think of Dick in this light—as a man seeking adventure, a man who keeps fighting for his goal. He has always seemed so smiling and good natured, so easy come, easy go. But behind the placidness of the Dick exterior there is the battling spirit.

**A**ND not the least of the battles he has waged has been the one in his career—his wish to be allowed a chance as an actor, in a non-singing role. For years Dick has sensed that a motion picture career built on song had weak links in its chain, and recently he rebelled and refused to do the next singing part which the studio had lined up for him, the one in "Garden of the Moon," which John Payne did eventually in his place. He sat tight at home, and then finally returned for "Head Over Heels," in which he sings only one song.

Dick said to me with humor and honesty, "If there is one thing I hate it's being known as a boy who is always ready to break into song, and I think audiences, after too much of it, will begin to hate it too. That's the thing I want to look out for. I love to sing, as every singer does. But I want to act, without singing, now and then. The only non-singing pictures I ever did was when I first came to the screen. I did one with George Arliss, and another with Will Rogers. But people have already forgotten about those."

Dick has another unfulfilled wish too. "Joan and I would like more than anything to make a picture together. I think, naturally—" with another grin, "that she's



# Follow the Glean in SATINS and JEWELS

one of the best actresses in pictures, and I want to work with her, but there's that old bugaboo to be overcome: that married couples are not romantic in pictures. I can't see that point of view, but producers seem to feel that audiences wouldn't be excited about man and wife appearing together. And yet what is more romantic than marriage? But maybe I am too old-fashioned about marriage."

Those words coming from Dick are a bit astounding since a few years ago he was a complete cynic as far as love and marriage were concerned. Having had one early first try which was unsuccessful, he had let it blight his outlook. Then, too shortly after "Flirtation Walk," when Dick's stock and his salary went up and up, and he found that girls were delighted to appear with him here, there and everywhere, he was beset with the very serious question of whether he was being liked for his company, or for the accompanying flash of photographers' lamps which trailed him wherever he went.

Dick Powell certainly is not one to thrive on artificiality, and it was this aspect of Hollywood romances which worried him. He wanted marriage, if he was to have it at all, for a home and contentment, and not to make of it a double-barrelled bid for publicity.

THAT's what Joan and Dick have now, a perfect home, an ideal family life. And it's the most that these two want of life. Their careers are still important to them, but their careers are not a drain and a strain in their lives. Dick is quite frank in saying that if Joan had to stop acting she would probably miss it more than he would, for she was born and brought up a troupier. As for him, if his career were finished he could turn to something else without one backward look because the desire to be in the public eye is one which has never hit him.

The one thing that Dick Powell knows he will have to face, if ever that time comes, is an adjustment in his living expenditures. The Powells do not live extravagantly now (the boat is really the one luxury Dick allows himself), but they do live in pleasant comfort, such as another less lucrative business might not allow. But when Dick reaches his forties and fifties, you will never find him flinching and flushing when he overhears someone say, "That's Dick Powell. Remember him when he strolled down Flirtation Walk and had twenty million sweethearts?"

If you could meet the Powells at home on one of their drop-in Sunday afternoons, you would know yourself that the aura which radiates from them is one of utter happiness. Their home itself is an invitation to cheer. Windows open to the sunlight, doors thrown wide, big easy chairs and divans everywhere on which to lounge and relax. They practically live in the study, and there, on the tremendous round coffee table around which everyone gathers, is a perfect indication of their hospitality, a cigarette box two feet long, filled with cigarettes, open so you get the message at once, "Help yourself."

The whole house is like that, everything for convenience and ease, everything with a spirit of generosity, of wanting to be shared. Ask Dick who comes there on Sundays and he says, "Anyone who likes to laugh."

We have lots of just silly fun—games, stories, conversation about anything and everything but shop."

Sometimes Dick does not even join in. While the merriment goes on he may be off in the corner fixing an electric light plug, or rigging up an extension for some lamp, for Dick and Joan are never host and hostess in the organizing sense.



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A BRILLIANT season of silks and satins, gleaming with highlights. Of glittering jewels and sparkling ornaments. "You may shine from head to toe", says Fashion, "all but your nose!"

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In the rich blue boudoir box at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere.



## SHIRLEY DISCOVERS AMERICA

(Continued from page 27)

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KNOW FABRIC  
CAN BE  
UNDYED?**

It's easy to change a blue dress to tan...dark shades to light...if you *undye* first with White Rit. White Rit takes dye out of fabric—leaves it virgin white again so you can re-dye it *any* shade you choose! Harmless as boiling water...White Rit acts only on the dye, not the material...is not a harmful bleach! Follow with a lovely shade of Rit—and you'll 'DYE' LAUGHING!

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**HEAVY BODY  
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"She visited about twelve classes. When she came to one in the fifth grade, a little girl, who had evidently been chosen to make a speech welcoming Shirley, stood up, opened her mouth, gulped, was so overcome with excitement that she couldn't speak, and remained standing there, mouth still open."

"She wanted to make a speech," someone whispered to Shirley, "but she's embarrassed."

"Oh, that's all right," said Shirley. "I'll make a speech instead." "And Shirley, always mistress of the situation, said, 'It's lovely to be visiting here. Today I saw Boulder Dam, and thought it was wonderful. Have any of you seen the Dam?'"

"Since the fathers of most of the girls at the school worked on the Dam and they had visited it many times, that broke the ice immediately."

WHEREVER Shirley went—in Zion Park, where she stared amazed at the peaks, in Bryce Canyon, where the butresses rise like minarets of every color, and at the north rim of the Grand Canyon, where she caught her breath in wonder at the sheer majesty of the Canyon, Shirley took color pictures with her.

"Though Shirley was having a swell time, she didn't forget her friends at home. In Bryce Canyon she bought things for her two brothers, and remembered to send them cards—a card with a picture of a mail bag to remind Jack to write and a card with a little pair of riding chaps for George, to serve, she said, as a mascot for his horse. At Zion National Park she bought an Indian doll for May Isleib, her stand-in, and sent her a card."

"One of the things that interested Shirley most during her trip was discovering new kinds of animals that she had never seen before. In Hollywood she had seen camels when she played in 'Wee Willie Winkie.' She had seen elephants and occasionally a monkey, but she had never seen tigers, panthers and giraffes. Whenever she came to a city where there was a zoo, Shirley made a bee-line for it. At Colorado Springs, she and her parents stayed at the Broadmoor Hotel, which Spencer Penrose, who discovered the famous Cripple Creek Mine, built as a hobby. Back of the hotel was a zoo containing three hundred animals, which Shirley, fascinated, visited."

"In Chicago, she visited the Brookfield Zoo, and said that of all the animals she liked the does most—they were so gentle-looking. She also admired the peacocks, and exclaimed over the fact that their tails quivered. At the Chicago zoo was a baby panda named Mei Mei, only eight months old and very tame. After watching the trainer handle the baby panda, Shirley was asked if she would like to go inside the cage and make its acquaintance. Breathlessly she nodded, and then without a quiver of fear, she walked inside the cage and stroked the fur of the beautiful animal."

"One of the things that impressed her most in Chicago was her first sight of the elevated. 'Why, it's a railway on stilts,' she exclaimed. When the Temples were asked if they would like a special train for their party, they readily agreed and for two hours the Temples traveled around Chicago on a train which contained only Mr. and Mrs. Temple, the president of the railroad and his son, two conductors, the motormen, the bodyguards and myself."

"Since there was a 'dead man's switch' which worked automatically, the motorman,

who stood just behind Shirley, let her handle the switch, which operated the car."

"Among the sights which impressed Shirley most on her trip was her first view of Great Salt Lake. Amused she watched the bathers go in, swim around, and come out covered with layers of salt. Shirley herself didn't go in swimming, but she went out to the edge of the lake on the float, put her finger into the water, and tasted it. Then she made a wry mouth. It certainly was salty."

"In Washington, D. C., Shirley was brought in to visit President Roosevelt, who asked for her autograph. Then, glancing over the collection of boats on his desk, he said, 'What do you think of these boats?'"

Shirley, who seems instinctively to understand what it took Dale Carnegie years to learn, that people like it when you talk to them about their hobbies, said, "I like boats very much and I understand you like fishing. The only fishing I ever did was once when I caught a salmon."

"With what kind of a hook did you catch it?" asked the President.

"I don't know," said Shirley, "but I caught it."

Shirley pointed to an empty spot at the side of her mouth and sighed, "I've just lost a tooth."

The President smiled. "You don't know how lucky you are," he said. "Sistie and Buzzie lose 'em in front."

Later she met Sistie and Buzzie, the President's grandchildren, at Mrs. Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park, and frolicked with them through one golden summer afternoon, playing ball, watching them swim and lunching with them.

When Shirley attended the horse races at the Westchester Country Club at Rye that evening, with the Governor's party, she was almost the only person who watched the races, for everyone else was watching Shirley.

"When a group of newspaper photographers in New York wanted to take her picture," Jack Mulcahy told me, "Shirley said, 'I bet you don't know the national theme song of photographers.'"

"What is it?" they asked.

"I won't tell you now," she said, "but you'll say it, and then I'll tell you."

AFTER taking several pictures of Shirley, the photographers said, "One more please, and then we'll be through."

"Shirley grinned. 'That's the national theme song,' she said. 'One more, please.' Then she posed for another photograph."

"In New York, Shirley was impressed by the Hudson Tubes and couldn't understand how there could be water over them. Like any tourist, she was thrilled by the skyline and took a picture of it from her window. Looking out at the Chrysler Building, she said, amazed, 'But how can it stand up? Isn't there any danger of its falling down? It looks like a pencil upside down.'"

"Her first sight of a Broadway production, 'I Married An Angel,' astonished her. When the curtain rose, she said, 'This is funny. There are no microphones.' In Hollywood, there are microphones on every motion picture set."

"When she saw the Statue of Liberty, she said, 'I guess her arm is so big, because it has to hold that great light.'"

"During her visit to New York, she was taken to only one night club, the International Casino, where she saw the Ice Ballet, the most elaborate spectacle she had ever



seen. The Temples went to an early showing, and were out of the Casino by eight-thirty. Although Shirley was on her vacation, nothing was allowed to interfere with her regular bedtime hours, and she was in bed by a quarter of nine every evening."

One day during Shirley's stay in New York, I was invited to a small party given her at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Nearly always at parties for important stars, cocktails flow in profusion, but at Shirley's party, tea, coffee and orangeade were the only drinks served.

Throughout the course of the party, she wandered from table to table, asking at each table, "Is there anything I can get for you? Tea? Some cake? Ice cream?" No hostess could have been more charming.

There a famous editor tried to stop her. "Will you sit down? I'd like to ask you some questions," he said.

OH, I'm so sorry," said Shirley. "I can't stop now. I'm too busy."

"What keeps you so busy you can't answer questions?"

"I have to travel round all the tables," Shirley said, and resumed her tour as hostess.

Because of Shirley's importance on the screen and the constant adulation to which she is subjected, many people have wondered if the real Shirley might not become spoiled. That question was answered, once and for all, during her trip across the continent.

"We in Hollywood knew and loved Shirley ever since we first met her," Jack Mulcahy told me, "so that it did not surprise us when she revealed herself as the dimpled, sweet, lovable little girl she really is."

Two incidents that occurred during the trip reveal the real Shirley. In Craig, Colorado, when it was discovered that the Temples were staying at a tourist camp, almost the entire population of 1500 people congregated to catch a glimpse of Shirley. One man who ran a theatre in the town was very much put out, for, after having run a full page ad, he had expected a large turn-out.

When he learned that all the townspeople were hanging around the tourist camp, he went there himself and bursting in on Shirley and her parents, he said, "You're wrecking my business. Do you know that I've lost lots of money tonight because of you?"

Shirley's smile disappeared. This was indeed serious business and must be rectified.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I don't like to have you lose money because of me."

Then she whispered to her parents, and they all got into a car and drove around to the front of the theatre. The townspeople followed her, and the exhibitor attracted a larger crowd than he ever had before!

To me the most charming story of all about Shirley concerns the night Walda Winchell slept in the same room with her at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, after the two children had played together for several days.

Shirley, very much disturbed when she discovered that Walda was tossing around in bed and hadn't fallen asleep, said solemnly, "I know why you haven't gone to sleep. Nobody tucked you in."

"Why, that doesn't make any difference," Walda said. "Nobody ever tucked me in."

At this Shirley was aghast, because Mrs. Temple always tucks Shirley into bed.

"Why, that's terrible," she said. "I tell you what, Walda. I'll tuck you in."

And getting out of her own bed, Shirley, all smiles and dimples, walked over to Walda's bed and gently tucked her in.



*Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important  
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SHE thought it was jealousy of her success in business that had made her husband more and more indifferent. She didn't realize that she herself had been at fault . . . in a matter of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" would have helped save the happiness of her marriage.

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**4—Economy . . .** "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

**5—Odor . . .** The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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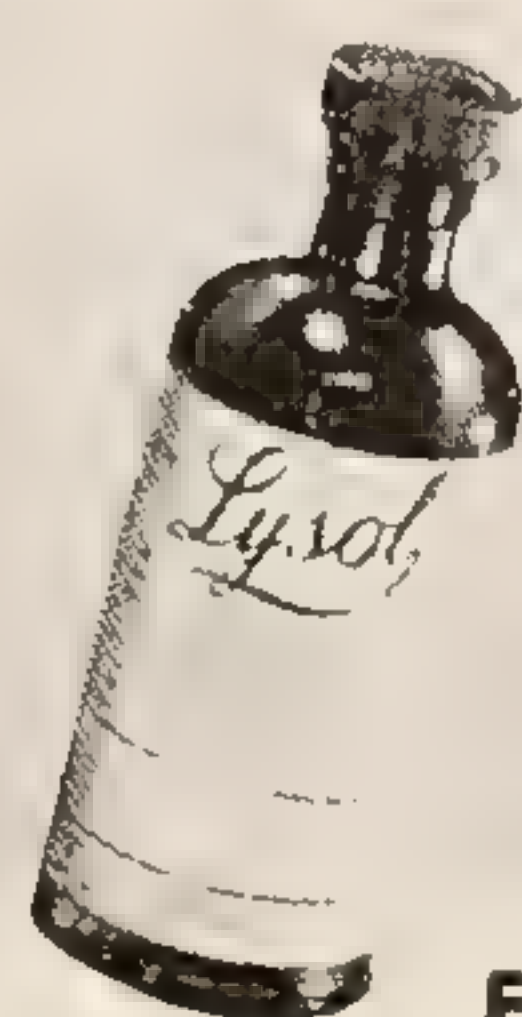
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## SEVENTEEN VO-DO-DE-O-DO!

(Continued from page 46)

pictures lull sets him prowling. His mother, Mrs. Fred Pankey, is driven frantic with, "When'm I gonna start my next picture?" "How should I know, Mickey? Ask the studio."

"I don't wanna be a pest. You're my mom. I gotta right to be a pest with you." On the day he comes bounding in with a Tarzan yell and his new script, peace returns to the home. "Know what, Mom? All the vacation I need is makin' pictures."

At seventeen, he's still the typical American kid—snub nose, cocky grin, bantam swagger, hair like a tumbled hayrick. Aside from his special interest in the movies, all life is divided into five parts—sports, cars, swing music, clothes and girls. He's never been afflicted with the melancholies of adolescence. His spirits are always in high. He's a natural comic, and clowns on the set up to the moment of going into action. Where work is concerned, he's strictly business.

**A**BOUT to make his first scene for "Love Finds Andy Hardy," he came sliding out of the dressing-room and tap danced into position. Sylvester, his valet, held a mirror while Mickey dragged a comb through his hair. The results were negligible. Grabbing a hammer and nails from a passing carpenter, he went through the motions of tacking his tufts down, then tugged at his scalp fore and aft, as one who settles a toupee. "Ready," called the director, and Mickey dropped foolery, slid to the side of Fay Holden, who plays Mrs. Hardy, kissed her and slid back to his place. This is the rite, without which he will begin no Hardy picture. He calls it his "good luck charm."

Sylvester is a recent acquisition, and Mickey makes it plain that the idea was none of his. Not that he has anything against Sylvester. On the contrary. "Only it looks like I'm tryin' to be a big shot, having a boy work for me at my age."

Nevertheless, he brought Sylvester on himself. At home a fellow's mother, as most mothers know, picks up after him. Mrs. Pankey extended the service to the studio, till Mickey was sixteen. Then she bought him a Ford and sent him out on his own. Which was all very fine, except that neckties flung into corners failed to re-hang themselves on the rack, and shoes, Mickey swore, walked off by themselves. The studio decreed that something would have to be done about it. Sylvester was the result.

Mickey did his own hiring, which took him not much longer than it takes in the telling. "I asked the bootblack if he knew a boy, an' next day Sylvester came around an' I told him his requirements, like takin' care of my wardrobe an' maybe runnin' out for a sandwich if I get a little hungry in the afternoon, an' we discussed money, an' I said, all right, it's a deal."

He still goes to the schoolhouse on the lot, and will until he's eighteen. He doesn't dislike school, just doesn't see any sense in it, "not at the age I am." He hasn't, however, cast all childish things aside. He refuses to get up in the morning till his mother has massaged his back and scratched his head. She started the practise when he was three, and he feels it's coming to him.

"A big bruise like you," she jeers.

"Sure, but I'm still your little sonny boy," comes his voice, muffled against his hands. "Now scratch the other side, and I'll get up."

On his way to the shower he uncovers Pete, the canary, takes him out of the cage, rubs his topknot, exchanges a couple of peeps with him and restores him to his perch, with a parting admonition to keep his shirt on. He carols under the shower, often one of his own compositions, for, among other ambitions, he nurses that of becoming a song writer. He's found a collaborator in his friend, Sidney Miller, but thus far, no publisher. "So what?" he philosophizes.

To call Mickey a hearty eater is understatement. He puts away an awe-inspiring breakfast of melon, cream of wheat, bacon and eggs, an occasional lamb chop, potatoes always, and a quart of milk. His allowance of thirty dollars is enough, but not too much, since it must cover, besides transportation and incidentals, his notion of six adequate luncheons a week.

Mostly he stays within his budget, but his impulses are generous and sometimes a little fenagling is indicated to keep the books balanced. He got leave from his mother to spend a weekend at Catalina with the boys. His first thoughtful act was to phone her of his safe arrival. His second, to reverse the charges.

"You didn't have to do that, Mickey," she reproached him later. "I'd have given it back to you."

"Yeah, I know. But that way I figured I was safe." He thrust a box at her. "Might as well open it, Mom. Maybe you won't like it." She drew forth a blazing orange jacket. In an effort to conceal her dismay, she stammered. "But how did you know the size?"

"Got the littlest salesgirl to try it on," beamed Mickey.

Last Easter he appeared, clutching behind a huge lily, adorned with two pink bunnies. He was going out that evening. "You're probably short, Mickey. I'll give you back the money for that lily. The sentiment's there, just the same."

"Aw, no—" he protested feebly.

"Come on, take the five dollars."

Mickey whirled indignantly. "Five dollars! That bloom cost ten!"

**H**E doesn't smoke nor drink, though he's got to puff at a cigarette in "Boys Town," and practises at home, looking sheepish. "Mom, d'ya hate to see me smoke?"

"Not if you want to, Mick. Only you're so set on swimming and exercise. All it does for you, is cut your wind." At which Mickey will drop the cigarette like a viper, and fly to the window for ten minutes' deep breathing.

He plays the piano by ear, and the drums by preference. "Just a music lover," he explains. "Just a noise-lover," amends his mother. On entering the house, he makes straight for the radio, turns it on full blast, grabs the phone in one hand, bangs on the piano with the other and lapses into a state of pure content.

He's proud of the fact that he's played the drums with every famous swingband that's come to Los Angeles. "Like other people collect autographs, I collect drums. Say, put 'em all down, will ya—Benny Goodman, Jan Garber, Freddy Martin, Hal Kemp, Skinny Ennis—it's not many people can say they've played with all those bands, can they?"

His taste in clothes is akin to his taste in music—the louder, the better. Shoes are his hobby, toilet water his passion, and sports clothes a minor career. "A small

(Continued on page 92)



## SHE'S A SMARTIE

(Continued from page 35)

the screen. No, here is vitality, capability, strength. Here is no clinging vine. Here is comradeship, here is a slap on the back, a deep laugh and a hearty voice that makes itself heard across a room. And I like these traits. There is nothing helpless about Sonja Henie. On the screen she may be a bisque doll, but off, she is pretzels and beer.

I could not help calling to mind the prophesy of an editor I know, a man who is usually very wise. He had said, "Some day someone is going to carry that little girl away and marry her for her money."

Not Sonja Henie. Men may try but she will be too smart for them. She is not squandering her money. She knows how to drive a bargain. She is very much aware. And I don't think she has many boy friends. I think men are scared of her. There is something so forceful about Miss Henie.

The suite alone told a story. It was an exceptionally modest one, one living room, one bedroom to be shared with mama. At that, she considered the living room an extravagance.

"I wanted two bedrooms."

Her habit of quick appraisal, her knowledge of values, came to the fore when she met her chum.

"I like your dress. Where did you get it?" she said, all in one breath, and then fingered the silk print as if she were about to guess the price.

Again I saw it when the chum showed her a new diamond wrist watch. With the practiced eye of a connoisseur, Sonja held the bracelet to the light and scrutinized the diamond as if she were a pawn broker.

In one corner stood some newly delivered boxes of shoes. Their labels were that of New York's cheapest cut rate shoe store. "Mama bought them," said Sonja.

NO, this year's take may have netted the Henies over a million dollars, but they're not throwing any of it away.

She sat at the dressing table and, true to her promise, autographed pictures for those waiting fans. Between autographs she turned on a smile for the photographers.

But in the middle of one of these pictures she spied an executive who had just made his entrance. Immediately the smile vanished. She rose, a calculating business woman, looking out for her own interests. She walked towards him and proceeded to unburden her mind. It was all about a photograph which had been published in an ad. It had been printed without her permission. She didn't like the pose and she didn't like the ad and she didn't do those things for nothing and they should please put a stop to it at once. I am sure they did.

When this was over she went right back to the smile and accepted a bundle of Norwegian newspapers from a foreign correspondent.

Again we were in the bedroom. "Tell me, who is on the boat?" she asked.

"Grace Moore."

"I meant men," said Miss Henie.

All the while I marveled at her energy. Only the Saturday before she had been out in Hollywood finishing "My Lucky Star," at two in the afternoon. She had gone home and they had called her for re-takes. She had worked then until midnight. The following day she flew to New York. It had been a bad trip.

"Very bumpy," said her mother.

She arrived in New York Monday night,

(Continued on page 93)



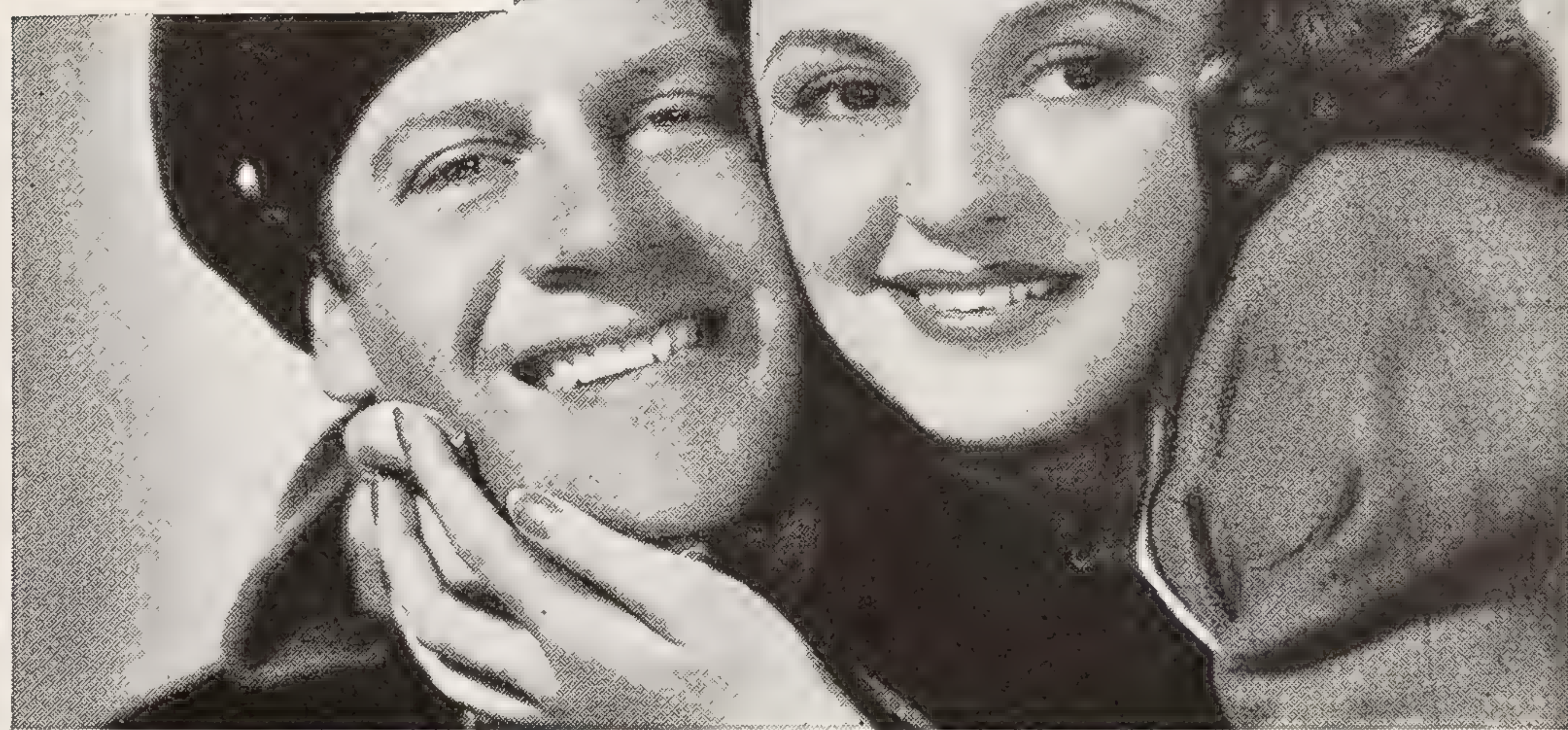
## Andrea Leeds\*

(Charming Hollywood Star)

says:

*"Adored Women have gracious tender HANDS"*

"IT'S THE WOMEN with velvet-smooth fingers who win—and keep—a man's heart", says ANDREA LEEDS\*, star of the Universal Picture "Youth Takes a Fling". Help prevent your hands from getting rough, red and chapped by regular use of Jergens.



\*Andrea Leeds' hands thrill Joel McCrea in Universal hit "Youth Takes a Fling"

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Contains 2 ingredients, often used in medical practice to help soften and smooth rough skin.



(Continued from page 90)

man should go in for sports clothes," says Mickey, and he has the unabashed courage of his convictions. He'll wear a green hat with a yellow feather, and a brown coat with a red necktie. "Mickey," sighs his mother, "I wish you'd try to blend your colors."

"Listen, you know what I'm considered? A fashionplate."

For a formal dance he donned a pair of iridescent green trousers and a hound's tooth coat. His mother protested in vain, and waited in some trepidation that night for the whistle with which he signals his approach, as he slips his key into the lock. Mickey's cheerfulness was undimmed. "Know what, Mom? They were all wishing they'd come like I did. Their old tuck shirts were melting to their spines."

MICKEY'S mother feels that he reached the climax of sartorial originality the night he joined Otto Klemperer's orchestra on the platform of a Los Angeles concert hall. A brilliant audience had gathered to hear Klemperer conduct "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mickey was to give Puck's prologue. She looked down at him from her box. The black-and-white of his evening clothes left nothing to be desired. Only a couple of wisps stuck at right angles from the sleek casque of his head. Suddenly a flash of color blinded her. Mickey had crossed his legs. Between black cloth and black leather stretched a brief but dizzying rainbow of candy-striped sock, red and green and yellow and red and green. She managed to catch his eye and signalled as frantically as stealth would permit. Mickey sent her a reassuring grin, uncrossed his legs—and crossed them the other way!

They're living in a Hollywood apartment at the moment, but they're going to build in the fall. The house is to be a gift from Mickey to his mother, "for her niceness to me." Since he plans to live there too, he's given notice as to what he wants—"a rambling ranch house with a pool and a tennis court and a rumpus room and my bedroom in knotty pine with six bunks so the fellas can stay over night."

Mrs. Pankey was doubtful. "All I want's a little cottage, Mickey. Mother's not going to have you all her life. You might want to take bachelor apartments when you're twenty-one. Then you'll marry—"

"Listen, Mom. When I'm gonna marry is a long way off. Anyhow, if the girl doesn't like you an' wouldn't want to live with you—" a gesture blotted her out.

Mickey doesn't remember his first date. "Do you?" he wanted to know. "Well, naturally, with a girl it's different. To a boy, maybe, it doesn't mean so much."

He's taken plenty of ribbing on the subject of Judy Garland, which he shrugs off with resignation as "kid stuff." "All that talk about Judy and I—that's a laugh. We're the best of friends, and always will be. Every once in a while we go out on a date together. She's a perfect girl, and the fella that goes around with her is lucky. But Judy and me, we just don't care for each other that way."

He likes brunettes with blue eyes. "June Lang's the kind of girl I could go for—if she was about three years younger, maybe four. Sure, I know she's a blonde, but what a blonde! Pardon me if I'm a little flighty, but foolin' aside, I'm not serious about any girl. Sure I like 'em, an' I like to take 'em out, an' I like 'em pretty, an' I like 'em good dressers. But in my position you gotta be careful. Lots of girls think that because you play certain parts in a picture, you're kind of a ruthless fella. That's the bunk. The girls I go round with are college or late high school

girls. We might take in a show or maybe go bowlin' or drop up at my place an' listen to records. An' every Friday night we go to the Coconut Grove, me an' my pal Tobias, an' a couple of girls. Me an' Tobias, we're always the same, but the girls are always liable to be different."

Tobias, the friend of his bosom, is nineteen and Mickey's inclined to trust his judgment in girls, as in everything else. Not blindly, forever. "I swung a deal for you, Mick," he'll come in and announce.

"Sa-a-a-y! I'm not goin' out with any blind date. How do I know how tall she is?"

"Well, she's just about the size of your mother."

"Mom, take off your high heels, will you?"

Mrs. Pankey is then led through the measures of a dance, escorted to a table, helped into a car, with Mickey grimacing down at her from the vantage of his three superior inches. After which he dusts his hands briskly. "Okay, Tobe, it's a deal."

Recently she overheard one end of a phone conversation between her son and a girl who rang him up. Mickey's voice was unheated but firm. "Well, frankly, I didn't care for your attitude last time I called you. I mean, you hung up in my ear, that's what I mean. Sure, a girl can have a headache, an' a guy can have measles an' mumps an' chickenpox, but that don't give him any call to hurt a girl's feelings, like you hurt mine. Yeah, I'm sorry too, but there's nothin' we can do about it, an' I'll tell you why. When you hung up, you did something to me—I'm not the same Mickey I used to be—"

Occasionally he'll come home dreamy-eyed and plank himself down at the foot of his mother's bed. "Gee, Mom, I had a swell time. We didn't do anything much, went to a show, then I took her home and her mother made us sandwiches. You know, Mom—maybe I'll marry that girl some day."

"That's up to you and her, son. She's a sweet girl."

"Yeah." But the romantic mood can't hold Mickey for long. He jumps up. "Well, g'night, Mom. Guess I'll sleep over it."

Meantime, the world's his oyster. Tobe's joined him on location for "Boys Town," to be his temporary Sylvester. His mother's going to buy him a new car. Some day, later on, he plans to be a director—"but not until real later." Now all he wants is to keep on acting. School won't last much longer. But swing bands and girls and green iridescent pants go on forever. Vo-do-de-o-do!



Bobby Jordan and Judy Garland help Mickey celebrate his seventeenth.



## IS THAT ACTRESS Peggy Jones from 8th Street?

Yes Sir—it's Peggy Jones all right but her name has been changed—her personality surrounded with glamour—Peggy is an actress—and a good one—lucky, some people say, but —

Little do they know the amount of effort Peggy spent studying dramatic art—learning to breathe correctly—gaining confidence and poise—practicing gestures and emotions. But Peggy's greatest asset was her own desire to succeed.

If you have the desire to be a fine dramatic actor or actress, if you can spare just a few minutes each day for study and have the feeling you can succeed when your big opportunity arrives—you need the proper dramatic coaching.

We want you to have the informative illustrated booklet, published by the Modern School of Dramatics\*, titled "You Can Succeed" written by George D. Cochrane, formerly of Universal Pictures. This interesting booklet points out to you the necessary steps so essential in a stage, screen, or radio career. Best of all you learn to act right at home. Mail postcard today or use coupon below. Booklet sent free and in plain wrapper.

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Get this help in guarding against  
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Are ugly skin eruptions spoiling your good times . . . making others shun you? Find out what the trouble may be—and take steps to help it.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, or even longer, important gland changes often upset the system. The skin often becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons from the intestinal tract may get into the blood stream . . . and be carried to the skin to cause disfiguring pimples.

Many have been helped by the regular use of Fleischmann's Yeast. Millions of tiny, live plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help keep intestinal waste poisons from the blood . . . and so help your broken-out skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—one cake ½ hour before meals. Buy some today!



(Continued from page 91)

never feeling the change of climate nor the loss of hours. She was out of her apartment by nine the next morning, running her manager ragged trying to find a projection room where she could see some rushes she had brought with her, transacting tedious business with the income tax bureau, sitting for hours at the haidresser's, visiting the shops and arriving home at seven that evening. Immediately she was out again. This time to do the town, not with a boy friend (evidently there was none in New York), but with one of her managers and his wife. She arrived home at three a.m.

**N**OW, here it was the next morning and she was on the ship, her only regret being that she didn't have time to buy hats. And she seemed surprised that she felt a little tired.

So she ate some candy, butterscotch for energy. And she talked to her chum.

"I got telegrams," she said, "from Bob and Harry."

Then she thanked her friend for a birthday gift. "A diamond and gold powder box," she explained to me. "It was beautiful. I showed it to everyone at the studio. But I didn't tell them who gave it. They thought it was a man. And they wrote about it in the columns."

Smart little Sonja, already wise in the ways of American publicity.

And she turned to the man who delivered the fur coat. It was an ermine wrap. She inspected it minutely. "Just an old one," she said. "I had it fixed."

She talked about "My Lucky Star."

"It has an 'Alice In Wonderland' sequence. I wish it could have been done in color, the costumes were so beautiful. I hope my next picture will be in color. They are talking about it."

She was thrilled because she will arrive in Norway in time for the opening of "Happy Landing."

"I am just going to rest," she said. "I did not bring with me one pair of skates. I am going to sleep and sleep and get up in time for lunch, and if I sleep longer, get up for dinner."

She talked about skating in Florida. It had been difficult in a tropical climate. "But when you have to, you do it."

This I think is her creed. She certainly is the best disciplined woman I ever met.

The ship's whistle blew a warning. She stared at her manager, her chum and me. She dimpled and said, "Come on, all of you, stay aboard."

I hesitated.

She said, "You don't think I mean it. Of course I mean it, but I know there is no more room . . . not a cabin." She laughed at her little joke.

A man poked his head in the door, inviting her to broadcast. She paid no attention.

"Grace Moore did it," he said. Still she paid no attention.

Then he said Darryl Zanuck had done it, and she flew. After all, what's good enough for the boss . . .

She was out of the door and down the narrow corridor, the man leading her by the hand, I following, and the fans, now multiplied by dozens, crowding down upon her from all sides, closing in . . . shrieking, "There she is!"

Anyone else would have turned back; anyone else would have lost all presence of mind. But not Sonja Henie. She quickly spied news reporters and more executives. She thought of another Hollywood star due in New York and she remembered her alma mater. So she smiled that smile, for playing to the gallery is her forte, and she called back, so everyone could hear, "Goodbye, and give my love to Shirley Temple!"

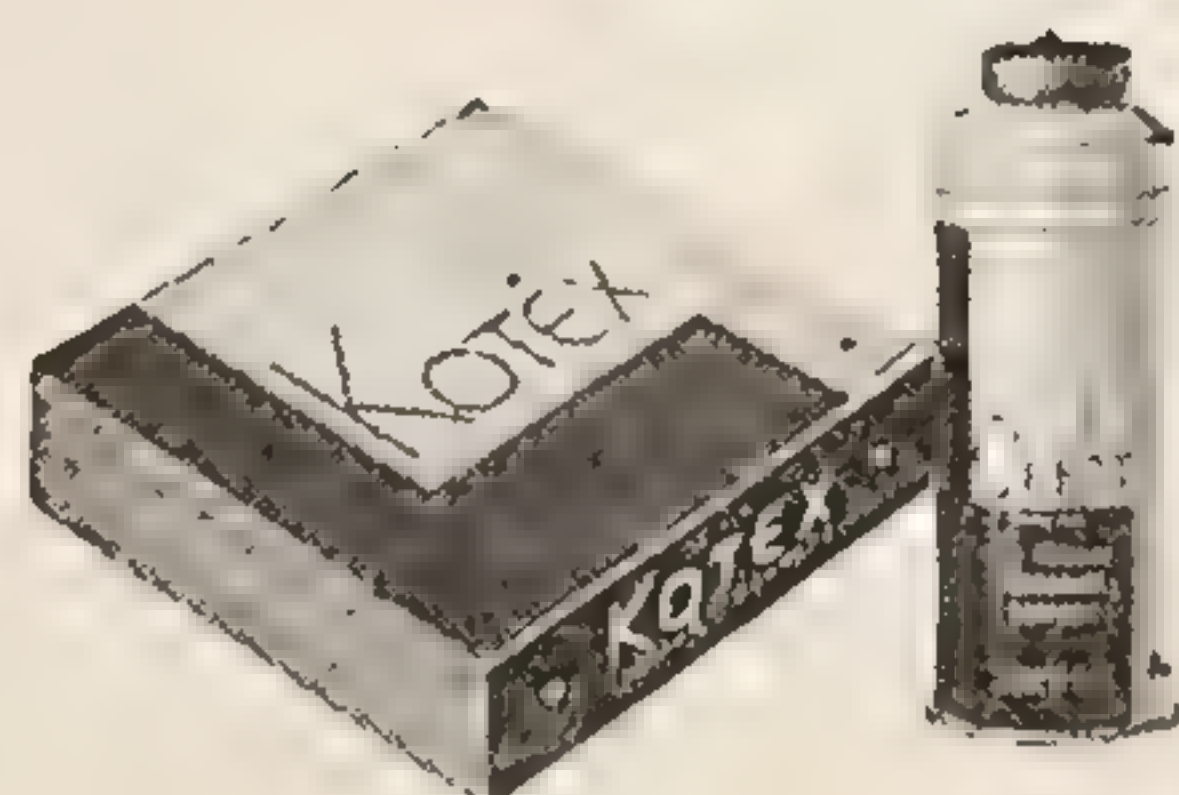


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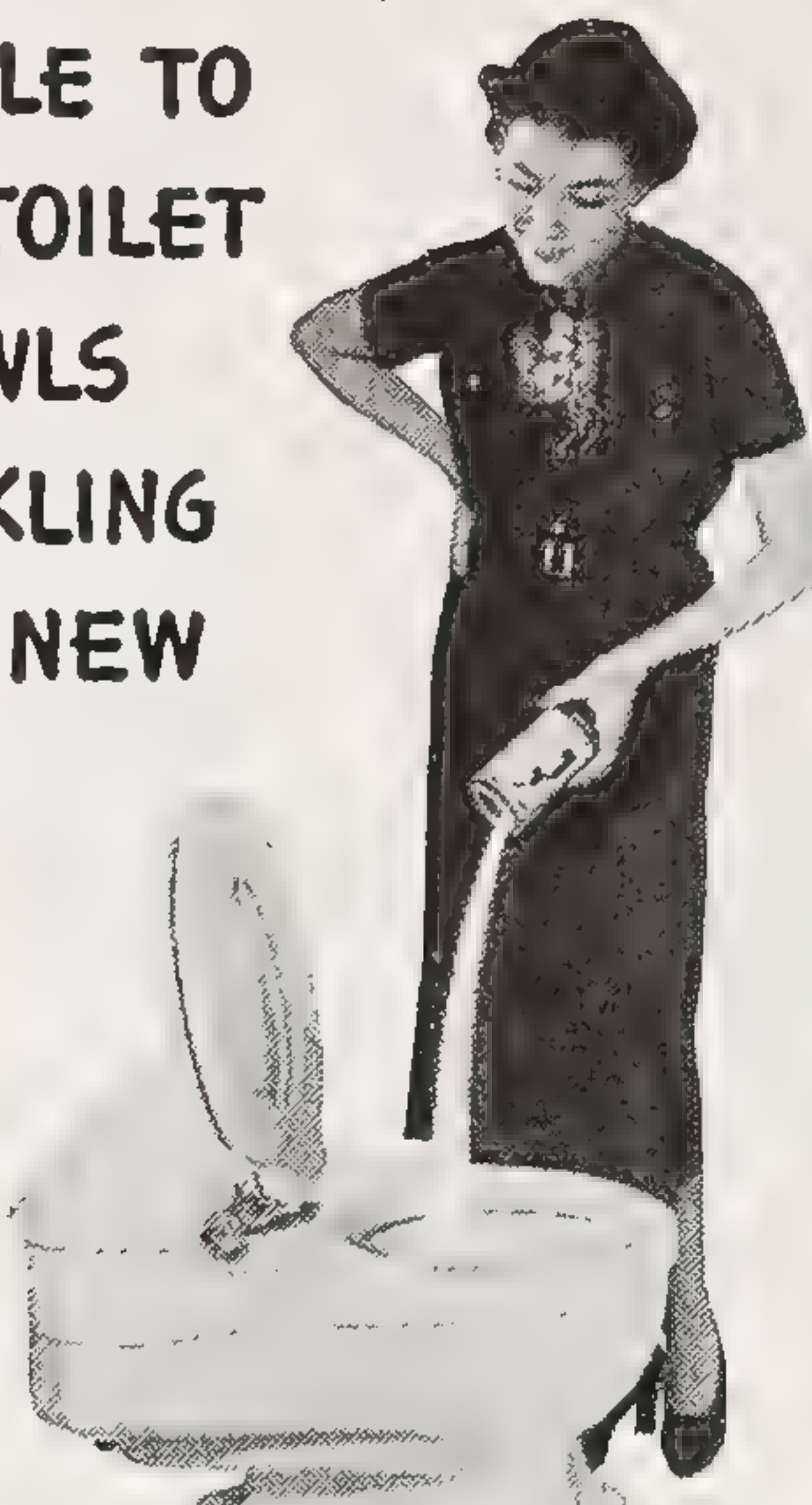


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(\*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office)



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BOWLS  
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## HE'S NEVER OUT OF CHARACTER

(Continued from page 31)

watching him, trying to understand what it is he does, trying to learn from him. He doesn't do anything that I can see. He doesn't do anything that anyone can copy. It's just in the man himself."

In Myron Brinig's new novel, "May Flavin," there is the following passage: "So it is with all great men and women, they not only live their own lives but an inner life into which many other figures are crowded, men and women of their own blood, strangers who have passed them by . . ."

When I read that passage aloud to Mickey Rooney the boy's Irish eyes were quick with tears and he said, conclusively, "Yeah, that's him!"

I thought about these things as Spencer told me about Father Flanagan and the boys he shepherds to young manhood there in his Boys Town. Spencer didn't speak of the picture except when directly questioned, nor about playing the part of Father Flanagan. He talked about the real Boys Town which started over twenty years ago and will be going on long after the studio has ceased turning its cameras on the authentic story of this great humanitarian project.

AND just because he was not speaking in terms of the picture seemed to me additional proof that Spencer's screen greatness lies in the fact that he doesn't play a character with greasepaint and a costume and lines put into his mouth, but with the heart of a man crowded with the problems and plans of the character he is portraying. He is the man, that's all. He isn't making believe. The quality of each character he plays is a quality in him. He was the victim of mob cruelty in "Fury" because he feels that bestial cruelty in his blood. He was Manuel in "Captains Courageous" because that quality of gruff, rough tenderness is in him, too. He was the appealing mechanic in "Test Pilot" because there is in him that profound capacity for friendship which he expressed in the role. He is Father Flanagan in Boys Town because those homeless, orphaned kids are living.

"Father Flanagan started Boys Town twenty years ago," Spencer was saying. "He started in his own house with five boys. Before that he was a welfare worker and fooled around with old guys. He realized that you can't put the cart before the horse nor the man before the boy and get anywhere. You can't 'reform' adults. But you can mould the growing boy. It's Father Flanagan's conviction and motto that 'There is no such thing as a bad boy'. And so be began.

"Now the place is a regular little town. 400 acres, all told. The place is run entirely by donations—donations of money, food, clothes. Father Flanagan figures that it takes one hundred and eighty dollars to keep a boy there for one year. One hundred and eighty dollars," said Spencer slowly, "and one kid gets one year of education, food, lodging, clothes and security. A chance to grow straight instead of crooked. One hundred and eighty dollars . . ." and I knew that Spencer was thinking again, of the wealthy children with their toys costing thousands of dollars, with their guards to protect them from such men as the Boys Town boys might have grown to be if it were not for Father Flanagan.

"The first and only 'entrance requirement' to Boys Town," Spencer went on, "is that the boy have no semblance of a home. Nor any living relative, no matter how distant,

who could give him a hand-out. Father Flanagan prefers to take boys under twelve years ago, too. But he sometimes takes them older than that because they can't stay in orphanages after the age of twelve. I didn't know that before, did you?"

I said that I didn't. "There's a lot of things we don't know," said Spencer, "we smart mugs who are in the picture business.

"There are no prejudices of any kind in Boys Town, either. There are no lines drawn, neither color nor religious denomination nor any other. There's a boy out of an insane asylum. He's not insane now. He hasn't got Fear for a bedfellow these nights. There's a kid so bowed down with some horror in his life that he walks all the time with his head bowed down to his feet. One day I happened to see the Father pass this kid. He put his hand under the boy's chin, turned his face up to the sky and said:

"'You have a beautiful face, my son, don't be afraid to show it.'

"I'm saying that line in the picture," said Spencer. "I asked them to write it into the script. It's the kind of thing everyone should hear—and think about. Makes you feel kind of useless sometimes when you think about the kind of work a man like Father Flanagan is doing . . . but when I get a chance to play a part like this of Father Flanagan, a chance to say words like that and mean them, I have the feeling that I'm doing something worthwhile, too.

"The only question that Father Flanagan asks is, 'Are you homeless?'" said Spencer. "'Are you homeless?—kind of a beautiful question, at that. Imagine how it would be if that's all any of us ever asked a fellow being . . . 'are you homeless?' . . . and if the answer were 'yes' that would make him eligible to share and share-alike with us. Kind of far-fetched, isn't it? Sure it is. Sure, I know.

FATHER FLANAGAN doesn't believe in heredity. He believes in the child. And so there are all kinds in Boys Town. There are two little hillbillies from Kentucky there. They never saw a pair of shoes nor heard of a motion picture nor listened to a gentle word spoken until they came to Boys Town. There are two kids there who murdered their own fathers. One kid's father had the habit of getting drunk and beating the living daylights out of the mother. The kid, not more than ten years old, had often threatened to 'get' the father. The old man, always laughed at him. But one night the kid let him have it, and shot him dead.

"Another youngster, not more than eight or nine, had taken a violent dislike to his school teacher. So he'd burned the schoolhouse to the ground. One kid had been deserted by his father. His mother was a street-walker. The boy used to get letters from her every now and again. He was proud of them. He was about the only fellow to get any mail.

"One day one of the boys wanted to go fishing with me. I said, 'I won't get you into trouble, will I, if I take you along?' He looked up at me and I'll be a long time remembering the look in his eyes when he said, 'What trouble do you think you could get me in that I haven't been in?' Sure, I'll remember that.

"The kids get schooling through high school. They are each taught a trade. They have self-government, the honor system. Honor is like a word in a foreign tongue to most of them before they came to Boys



Town. One of the boys is the Mayor of Boys Town. The boys elect their own Council from among themselves. They mete out their own punishments. They have their own police force. They grow their own food, do their own farming and milking. There are no fences around the place. They can run away if they want to. They are told that they can. They never do. Makes you wonder about the value of bars of any kind, contracts, bonds, chains. Because you can't run away from yourself," said Spencer, "and, nine times out of ten, when a man wants to run away it's himself that he's trying to escape.

"When the boys are through high school they're on their own. They have to clear out and make room for others. And in all the twenty years since Boys Town began Father Flanagan has never had a jail sentence passed on any one of his boys."

"Yeah," said Spence, "it's good for a fellow to make a trip like that, see what we saw there in Boys Town. We haven't any right, we who are in Hollywood, to give stories about 'hardships.'

"Yeah," repeated Spencer, "it makes you appreciate your rations."

Yeah, and now I have the answer to the quality in Spencer which is the secret of his greatness on the screen. Now I can name it. It's caring. It's really caring about the other fellow. When he played "Fury" that hunted thing he played was in his heart. When he played Manuel, the tenderness was not acting only. It sprang from a natural source. When he played Gable's friend in "Test Pilot" that capacity for friendship was a living fact. In "Boys Town" he is Father Flanagan, with the boys of Boys Town walking through his heart. And so it will be in all the characters he gives us, because he lives, "not only his own life, but an inner life into which many figures are crowded."



The Robert Youngs take Bob Taylor out to dunk a doughnut. Quite a feast—eh, wot? Well, they like it!

## 3 P.M. Her Petal Smooth Skin THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!



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REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

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## DIVORCED BECAUSE OF TAXES

(Continued from page 43)

it might take him. He knew his presence gave her pleasure. "But it's pure selfishness on my part," he assured her. "I'll bet I get more of a kick out of it than you."

On the other hand, once the theatrical season was over, he'd take her to Paris. They'd haunt the old bookshops, he'd show her the paintings he loved. He opened her eyes and mind to beauty she'd never known existed, and found her an apt pupil. Far from driving them apart, their contrasted backgrounds drew them together and added color and variety to both their lives.

If Korda had never made "Henry VIII," Binnie and Sam would never have parted. Her role in the picture brought offers from Hollywood. She bade her husband a happy good-bye. He would join her soon and they'd go back to England together. Meantime here were new worlds to conquer, and she wouldn't have been Binnie if her heart hadn't leaped at the prospect.

Sam did come over, but Binnie didn't go back with him. If you're a movie actress, if your work comes first, if Hollywood wants you, Hollywood is where you stay.

For a while they closed their eyes to the inevitable. Sam hopped over as often as he could. Binnie dashed back. He never asked her to give up her chosen work. He understood her well enough to realize that she wouldn't have been a whole woman without it.

"We never quarreled," says Binnie, "we never had so much as an argument. He's the best and kindest person I've ever met or I'm ever likely to meet. It sounds so infernally silly to say you divorced him. Things never turn out that way in the story books. No matter how much the girl loves her career, she always gives it up for the man. Love conquers all, or if love doesn't, the pater of little feet does."

"Well, my case proves one of two things—that life doesn't go by formulas, or that I'm a freak. Here was I, established in a paying business, there was Sam in the same spot. Perfect, except for one thing—we were thousands of miles apart. No one would have dreamed of suggesting he give up his work. 'What, that marvelous business that's been in the family for hundreds of years! That business you love! Give it up? You'd be crazy!' And I agree. It would have been crazy."

BUT for me to give up the business I loved, that had been my life—lots of people took that as matter of course. Well, I didn't. Don't think it was easy. I went through Hades and probably put Sam through the same. But I kept coming back to this: If I did give it up, I'd be so miserable that I'd be bound to drag Sam into misery with me. He couldn't be happy with a restless, discontented wife.

"Primarily, it wasn't a question of money. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not one of those airy creatures who can live on sunsets and a lettuce leaf. I think the laborer's worthy of his hire. When I say it wasn't money primarily, I mean just that. My husband had plenty. He was more than generous with it. What was his, was mine. But since I was a kid, I've stood on my own feet, been obliged to no one, dependent on no one but myself. That's the thing I couldn't get along without."

"You may ask, why couldn't I get a job in England? I could, but not as good a job. It's as if you said to Sam, 'Why can't you run your business in America?' He could, but it would have been bad."

"If you've got any pride in what you've

built up, you want to build it as solid as possible. Don't think for a minute it's what they call the glamor of pictures that's got me. I don't care a whoop for it. Pictures happen to be my work, that's all. If fate took a hand and washed me up in pictures, there'd be nothing I could do about that. But you can bet your last nickel I'd find other work to do—also that I'd try to find it in England."

"People say to me, 'Why did you and Sam have to divorce? You didn't want to marry another man, he didn't want to marry another woman. Why couldn't you stay married and take the chance that some day you'd get together again?'"

I COULD think up all sorts of pretty answers to that one—that it wouldn't have been fair to Sam, or that one ought to be a hundred percent wife, or none at all. Sounds pretty noble, only it isn't the truth. I would have hung on to Sam for dear life, but for one reason. Are you sentimental? Then prepare to be shocked. Me, I'm a realist. My reason, bald and unblushing, was the income tax.

"Sam's a resident of England. As his wife, I'm a resident of England, no matter where I live. That means I paid income tax in two countries. Do you know what the income tax in England is? Well, I won't spoil your dinner by telling you. And you see, Sam earned a lot of money too, which brought the tax still higher for both of us. So high, in fact, that I found myself practically working for nothing. On nothing it's hard to feel independent."

"So we divorced. I think a really mercenary woman would have sat herself in her husband's pocket, and said, 'Now pay up, old boy, for all I've sacrificed in order to be your dear and loving wife.' I'm not out to pin any medals on myself, but I did refuse to hang the burden of my boredom around Sam's neck. I claim a feather for that, here on the left shoulderblade—nothing so gaudy as a wing, you understand—just one small pinfeather."

When Binnie makes one of her flying trips to London, it's Sam who finds an apartment for her. It's with Sam she has dinner night after night, it's with Sam that she goes out dancing. At least once a year he turns up in Hollywood to see her. Each continues to feel an active interest in the other's work.

"And though he's no longer my husband," says Binnie, "I still love him. He's too good not to love. If I were in trouble, it's Sam I'd turn to—yes, even if he married again. I can't say I hope he doesn't—that would be unfair. But if he doesn't, then maybe some day we'll end up together, when I'm through."

"You see, I've no illusions about my place in the movies. I'm not the world's best actress, by any means. I'll never be a star and I don't want to be. But I'm adaptable. That part in 'Three Blind Mice,' for instance. We didn't know how we'd play it until we started. She was a nice dame, but nuts. Well, I suddenly remembered some women I'd met in the south of France. They live there so long, they get cracked. So I copied them."

"Producers know they can rely on me. 'Pick Barnes up,' they'll say. 'Old Barnes'll go through it all right.' I'm aware of that. It used to bother me, but not any more. What's the difference? People like me to a certain extent, I'm happy, I'm grateful, I get money for what I do. I should start worrying whether I'm a star or not, as long as I have enough to eat."



## A MAN WHO CAME BACK

(Continued from page 41)

intriguing suggestion was made, is still made, that they never have divorced because they are still in love. Some day, whispers Hollywood drowsily, any day perhaps, there may be a reconciliation.

I said to Lew, "If these whispers are true, don't let me write a story about you, omitting all mention of a possible reconciliation between you and Ginger only to have the newspapers headline the news."

"I wouldn't want that to happen, either," Lew told me. "Reconciliation," by the way, is, essentially, the wrong word to use about Ginger and me. We are really good friends. We see one another now and then. We talk on the phone occasionally. But, currently, we have no plan for resuming our marriage. If there were any such plan, I would certainly tell you about it. I have no reason to be secretive about anything concerning either Ginger or me."

So anyway, there it was. There would be these little geysers of talk about Lew, interest in Lew, speculations, now and then, as to why so brilliant a career had, seemingly, petered out so vaguely. And that was all—until "Holiday." And then, Hollywood gave itself Ayres again. Then the come-back of Lew Ayres made tap-room talk at the Trocadero, at the Brown Derbies, at all the meeting places of producers, agents, directors, critics, where careers (and reputations) are both glamorized and guillotined. More importantly, the studios became Ayres-minded again.

Then one of them signed him to a contract. Now he is making "White Collars."

Yes, interest in Lew has taken a powerful shot in the arm. People are asking questions about him.

Was his pride hurt? Was his self-confidence shattered? Has he been bitter? What caused his slip in the first place?

I asked my questions of Lew himself. I had lunch with him in the studio commissary. There was Lew, in make-up, fresh off the "White Collars" set. Lew once again among the Gables, Montgomerys, Tracys, who were lunching at tables around us. Lew, I thought, come into his own again.

I said, "Tell me the story of a come-back. I know it will be exciting."

"I'm sorry, I haven't suffered," smiled Lew. "I know what good copy mental agonies can make. But the flat truth is, I'm glad I went down in those B, C and even D pictures. Because the backsliding has made the kick of coming back all the more intense. I can appreciate being in a big studio now, not having to be on the set until nine in the mornings, not being pushed around quite so much or so fast. I can appreciate it more than I could ever have done had I maintained the level on which I started."

"You know, it's something like never appreciating happiness until you have been unhappy; never knowing the blessedness of relief from pain until you have been in pain; never knowing how to celebrate

peace until you have been at war.

"Not, I am sorry to tell you, that I have experienced anything so dramatic as unhappiness because I slipped from my high estate. I haven't worried. I haven't envied. I haven't been bitter. I have worked out of any bewilderment I may have felt at first. In fact, I was much more bewildered when I sat on top of the haystack than I was when I began to slide down. I have never even been distressed. The only thing I've missed is that feeling of wanting to go to bed early so that I would be on tip toe in the morning for the day's work. Otherwise, there are too many things in life to do, to appreciate, for me to feel downed by failure in any one field."

"So many things interest me," said Lew, "that I'm afraid I could never be a fanatic. To be a fanatic you have to be absorbed by one idea, one passion, one ideal. My interests are so many, so diverse, that pictures couldn't be my whole life. I'm afraid, too, that I have a funny bone. And I'm afraid that to be successful you can't have a sense of humor, especially where you yourself are concerned."

"So, the 'many things' have saved me from bemoaning the—shall we say eclipse of the one thing. There are so many things I want to do, could do, or try to do, if I never made another picture. And if I should never make another picture I'm still lucky for all I've done. I know that. Even before I played in 'Holiday'

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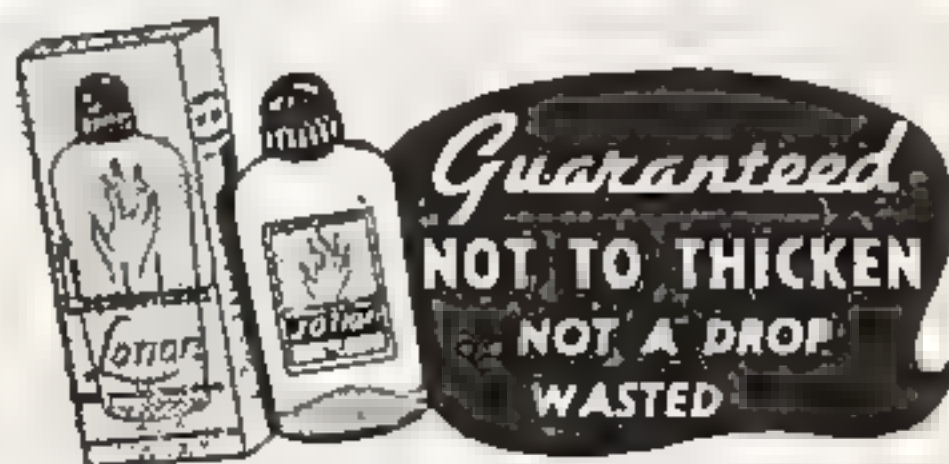
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I was grateful for all I'd been able to do. I knew then that Hollywood owed me nothing."

Lew, I'd say, is of the breed of young men who would watch an operation being performed on himself rather than take an anesthetic. Because his curiosity would be greater than his sense of fear. Similarly, he has watched his career being operated upon, rallying, sinking, rallying again, with the same clinical interest he would display in a surgical amphitheatre.

He said then, "My case history goes something like this: I was too young when I started in pictures. Nineteen years old and a banjo player. That was ten years ago. I was too raw, too inexperienced. I knew no one in Hollywood, not even an extra. I just acted in the pictures they told me to act in. Just acting isn't enough. You've got to know what to fight for. I didn't know what to fight for.

"I came to Hollywood as raw a recruit as ever stepped foot in a studio. I was playing and singing at the Cocanut Grove with Ray West's orchestra. Ivan Kahn saw me there and offered me my first chance.

I PLAYED bits in two pictures then. People said nice things about me. My third picture was 'All Quiet On The Western Front.' After that came 'Doorway To Hell' and 'Common Clay.' All three were big hits. I was all ready for the knife then. But I didn't know it.

"So there I was, sitting on top without having had to climb there. It can't be done. Read the biographies of men like Muni, Tracy, Gable and you'll realize that, at one time or another, they've done some powerful climbing. I had to do my climbing a little later, that's all. And it's all right. It's been good for me. For if you put a child of seven in high school before he's been to kindergarten the chances are that he'll be demoted to the first grade once they catch on to him.

"I was too successful at the start for the continued good health of my career. Then I didn't fight. There didn't seem to be anything to fight for. I didn't try to improve myself as an actor because, I thought, why should I? I realized that there was plenty of room for improvement but they seemed to like me as I was, so maybe I'd better stay as I was. I did.

"Then I made a series of bad pictures. The skids were under me and I knew it. Then my looks were against me because I was, unfortunately for me, a leading-man type—young, regular features and all that. I wanted to play character parts. I did not want to pose in profile among romance and roses.

"And so the see-saw began. I'd go down, then I'd come up again, and then in reverse. Little by little the ups became less up and the downs would be more downs and stay down longer. It was like a pendulum swinging, slower and slower and ever more slowly.

"I was twice married and twice unsuccessfully. I am completely unembittered by these experiences. I am not one of those who believe that Hollywood marriages cannot last, that, because a wife is a star and independent, the marriage is foredoomed to failure. On the contrary, I think it's a very fine thing for both husband and wife to be totally independent.

"I've bought a small house atop the highest hill in Hollywood. And I live there, alone. And like it. It's a very selfish way of living, I know. And I don't say that I want to live this way for the rest of my life. But right now I am, and for some time have been, well content to be alone.

"I've never been discouraged about anything," Lew continued. "Inclined to be

moody, I've had my ups and downs, of course, good days and days not so good. But at least I've had enough perspective on myself to realize that I have the same good days and bad days whatever I'm doing at the time.

"Things were going along in this fashion when I ran into George Cukor in the lobby of the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles one night. Cukor was the dialogue director on 'All Quiet.' I hadn't seen him for years. We exchanged greetings. He said to me, laughing, 'I thought you'd be an old, gray-headed man by this time!' That was all. A week later he called me on the telephone, said he wanted to talk to me about the part in 'Holiday.'

"We talked. I made the test. That wasn't enough for Cukor. He talked to me about the part again. He made me read it to him, not once but many times. He then made me take lessons in diction.

"It was a thrill. Of course it was. I realized fully that here was an opportunity that was, literally, battering down my door. But, although I knew it was my big chance, I wasn't nervous about it. I'd been working very hard and perhaps I was too tired to feel nervous. Perhaps that was just as well, too, for the young man I played was also tired, all the way through. Then came the work, the hard work, but enormously stimulating because it was something that mattered. And then the preview, the reviews, and the word passed that I had 'come back.' And so, here I am.

"I don't believe," Lew said slowly, "that it's luck, the 'breaks' when good things happen to us. I don't believe that life is that shallow. I'd hate to think that life hinges on luck alone. It's a defeatist sort of philosophy to believe that everything depends on a throw of the dice.

"It might be called luck, my happening to be in the lobby of the Biltmore the same night that Cukor was there. But luck alone wouldn't have done it. If Cukor hadn't had some residue of faith in me he would have said, 'Hullo and goodbye.' And I—I would have stayed back.

"I have faith, you know, in a sort of divine justification. I think that we get things when we are ready for them.

"But that meeting with Cukor was not the first step in my 'come-back,'" smiled Lew. "It was the last. The first step was taken when I took the first step down."



You'll be seein' Nancy Kelly  
in "Jesse James." Nice?



## GINGER'S MAMA SPEAKS HER PIECE

(Continued from page 33)

These were to be played the day after Lela left. On the train, Lela, whose humor is a great deal like her daughter's, wired, "If you don't win its bread and water for a week." The following morning she received, "It's bread and water, get it."

The minute Ginger heard about her six-week vacation, the first she's had in years, she called Lela in New York with, "I don't know where we'll go, but when the time comes get ready to fly to me!"

And, as a surprise, she shipped Lela's car, equipped with four new tires, to New York. Of course this is nothing new. With her first big pay check (it was a thousand dollars) Ginger took the whole thing and with it bought a brooch for her mother. And she designed that brooch.

Lela, too, is no slouch at surprises. It was she who gave Ginger the now famous soda fountain.

"I never dreamed how popular it would become. It's a boon for servants because all the guests insist upon making their own. Ginger doesn't drink, you know. She lives on malted milks and sodas. I gave her the fountain as a mark of luxury, as a way of saying, 'You have arrived!'"

Well, a mother-daughter friendship like that, with its attendant sense of humor, doesn't break.

As for the normal life . . .

"If any star's life is normal, it's Ginger's. And it's much easier to live normally in Hollywood than here in the East. Why, it took us two years to build our

house. Twenty-five towns lie under our noses, we're ten minutes from the studio, and yet, we're so surrounded by hills that we're isolated. I didn't wear a pair of stockings all summer, or a summer dress; just lived in my bathing suit. Ginger goes to work in slacks. When I say work I mean work. You've got to be a trouper to get on top or stay on top.

"I wish you could see all her clothes hanging in the closet because she has no time to wear them. The night I left for the East we figured she had been out for dinner exactly twice in six months! She did manage to get to her own preview, but that, in its way, is work. But she was broken hearted because she couldn't get to Maggie's—Margaret Sullavan's, you know. Ginger is crazy about her. The night of that preview the studio kept Ginger until seven-thirty, and by the time she came home and had dinner, it was, as she said, 'As usual, too late.'

"Every Sunday we serve a buffet supper in our basement playroom and Ginger's gang comes—Maggie and Leland, Dorothy Fields, Bob Riskin, Phyllis Frazier, Jimmy Stewart.

"Ginger is the one who started all those quiz games that became such a fad. Every free night Bob Riskin would head one team, Dorothy Fields the other. And they would come armed with dictionaries and encyclopedias, literally playing for blood. It's great mental exercise, and Ginger loves it."

Of all Ginger's boy friends Lela seems to favor writer Robert Riskin. "He's the sweetest boy. Of course Ginger goes out a lot with Jimmy Stewart these days, but," Lela added significantly, "Jimmy manages to distribute himself among all the girls. He's very popular, you know."

She paused. Then, "Ginger has changed a great deal. Her faults have always been for blood. It's great mental exercise, and the chief fault of all the Rogers women, that of being too frank for their own good. Men don't like honest women. They're scared of them. It's always a straight 'Yes' or 'No' with Ginger, no side-stepping. She likes you or she doesn't. She's inherently honest, and that doesn't make for happiness. But if you're made that way there's nothing you can do about it. I know."

"Certainly, she has grown more serious. And her tastes have changed, especially in clothes. Her dresses used to be much too fancy. Now she is going in for the simple kind. She had to learn that by herself. Good taste grows as we grow."

"And," Lela Rogers hesitated, "this sounds unkind to the past, but, naturally, Ginger's taste in men has also changed. Nobody can bank on the idiosyncracies of love, but I have a hunch that the next important man in Ginger's life will be older and serious thinking, not just a boy. Here-tofore, she's always had a youth complex, but now maturity has set in."

Her voice softened. "As . . . Ginger's

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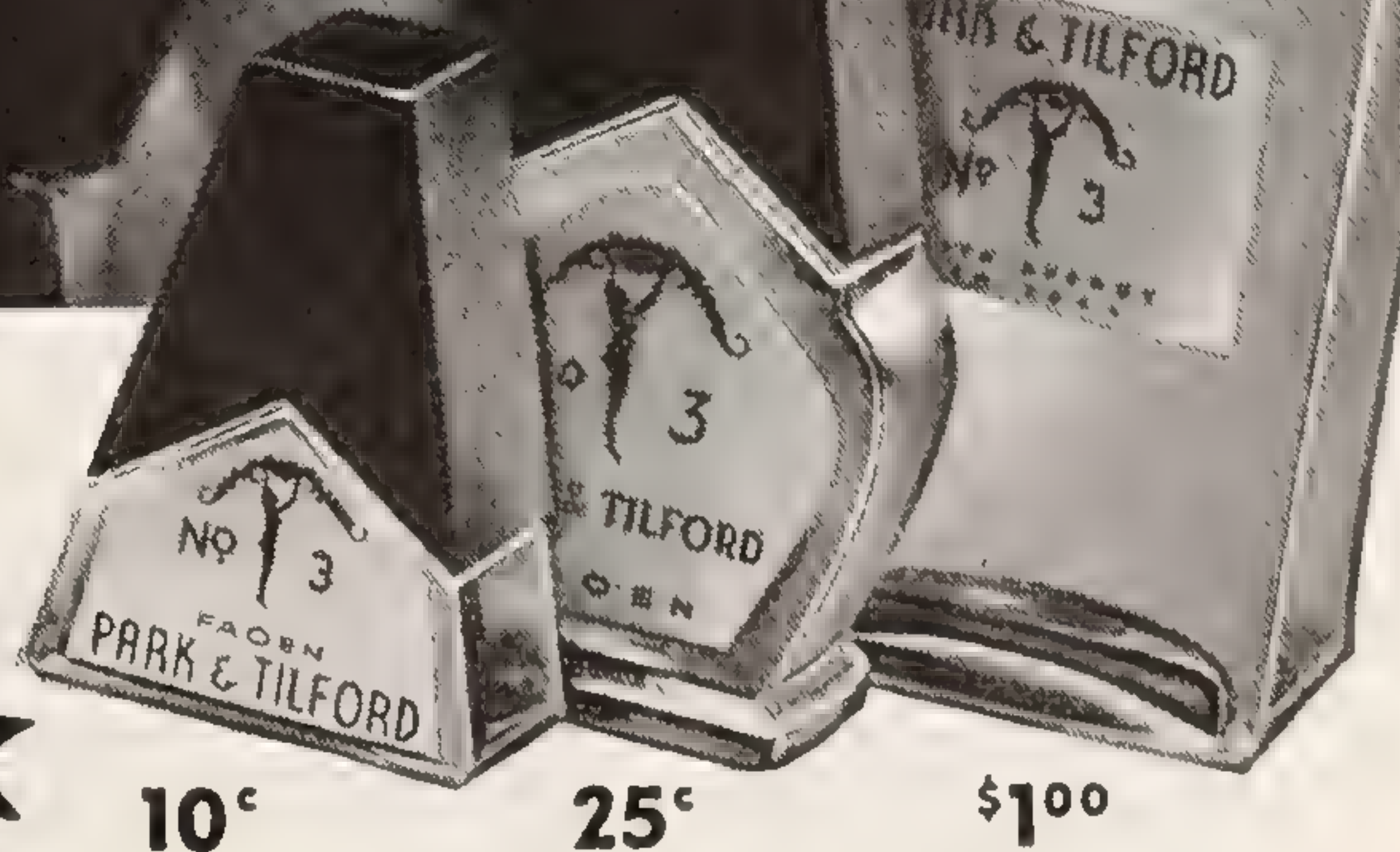
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mother, I think I know what she wants. It may sound trite to say, but I know from the occasional remarks she lets fall, and the questions she asks, and the way she acts that the only thing Ginger wants out of life is what every girl wants if she is thoroughly honest with herself—a home and babies. Ginger is twenty-seven now.

I think in three years she will have her heart's desire. Why, everything she does points that way. All her spare time, those few rare minutes, goes to Brooke Heyward, Maggie's child. Ginger was so proud because Brooke paid her first call on us. Ginger took up knitting so she could make Brooke a sweater. And every once in awhile Ginger asks about babies, funny little details, and whether I think she is too old to have one. Mrs. Rogers laughed. "Ginger, at twenty-seven, worrying about her age. But you can see what she is thinking about—in what direction her mind lies.

"Not that I think she could actually quit working for any great length of time. Ginger would never be happy idle."

She paused as a trim maid passed us iced coffee and little cakes. And I had time to sit back and study this Lela Rogers, whose face is stamped with living and work, and yet, who looks so much like Ginger, the expression around her mouth, the shape of her legs, a turn here and there. The sitting room makes a perfect background, with its white mantelpiece, its Venetian blinds, the vases alive with flowers, the chintz covered furniture.

On the mantel stood a picture of J. Edgar Hoover with the inscription "To Lela E. Rogers, in appreciation of a valued friendship." And on a table the only photograph of Ginger... Ginger wearing a plain sports frock, Ginger, her arms folded and looking straight at you with that frank, likeable stare of hers.

Lela Rogers looked at the picture too. "It's not easy," she said, "for a mother to talk about her daughter's faults. Every duck thinks her chick is white, but to me, Ginger's worst fault is the fact that when something bothers her she keeps it within herself. And it eats inside. I can always tell. Then I say, 'Out with it!'"

ONCE I said this and she began, "Pan (meaning producer Pandro Berman) said three months ago..."

"Three months ago!" I shouted. "And you've been worrying about this all that time! Go to him and have it out! When she used to be afraid to do that, I often started the battles for her.

"In that instance Pan had promised Ginger she didn't have to work with a certain person, and there he was, cast just the same. Please don't misunderstand, the person was not Astaire."

And then Lela Rogers made a startling and generous announcement. "I consider the success of their pictures due to Fred Astaire. He is tireless, painstaking, a glutton for perfection. And he fights for what he wants. So he fought for Ginger too. He was the first person to insist upon having a dance photographed all the way through. The producer said it would lose camera interest. They wanted to shoot away to a man chewing gum, a woman powdering her nose. Astaire said, 'If you don't do it my way, you don't get the dance!' So they gave in. And you know the result. He must have things right, or not at all. Because Ginger was his partner and believed as he believed, he fought for her rights, too. By herself, she never would have fought.

"For, believe it or not, Ginger has a great inferiority complex. She thinks everybody is better than she is. Do you know she was scared to death to tackle a dramatic part? And now, I believe that's

the only kind she should go in for. Why, she was frightened stiff to act with Hepburn! Ginger is a square shooter. Give the other fellow a scene, and she practically turns her back. You can notice this in 'Vivacious Lady.' When it was Jimmy's turn, the camera was his. But Ginger knew Hepburn is an actress with every trick up her sleeve and ready to use them all. She felt she never could stand a chance playing in the same picture with Hepburn weaving around her. She herself felt she was no match as an actress. But she has will power. So she went to it. It was her job and Ginger faced it. When it comes to her own faults I must say she is painstaking about trying to overcome them. She has more will power than anyone I ever saw."

And I thought to myself, no wonder, she comes by it naturally. For what other mother would have the nerve to walk out and just stand by while her chick fend for itself? Only one with tremendous will power of her own—one like Lela Rogers.

## IN BETWEEN

(Continued from page 78)

to New York we stayed on for my health and I sort of 'lucked' into pictures. I had done a couple of small parts when they started looking for a child that looked like Ann Harding. A lady living in the same apartment house with us told about me and I got the job. From then on, it was easy sailing; that is, till now. It's pretty tough when you've grown up, but aren't old enough to do things you enjoy."

You can see, too, that despite her cries of maturity and for all her fifteen years, Bonita has grown up! But, she hasn't arrived at the age when she looks romantically toward a handsome gent following in her footsteps, love aglow in his eyes! Seems, Bobby Jordon, one of the "Dead End" kids got a crush on Miss G. and followed her wherever she went. But to no avail! However, she did go into ecstasies over one gentleman of the cinema.

"Do you know who I really adore?" Bonita began. "Spencer Tracy! I think he's the finest actor I've ever seen in all my life. Everything he does seems so easy; while, with other actors, you're continually conscious of the struggle they're making to portray a part. With Mr. Tracy everything he does is the character. Yet each man he plays is entirely different and a real person. That's the test of acting, when you can play yourself, or submerge yourself into a character and not make the audience conscious that you're doing it. He seems to have something that no one else has on the screen. I think that's why he is great. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to act like Spencer Tracy?"

Indeed, it would, we agreed.

It's something quite remarkable for a girl fifteen to have such good judgment as Bonita Granville. In fact, that is probably one of the main reasons she is such a good actress. She doesn't know why she feels about things as she does. She only knows that by instinct she feels what is right and acts accordingly.

Many a youngster would pick as her ideal a handsome John Payne, or a beautiful Virginia Bruce. But not Bonita Granville! She's far too intelligent. She chooses the two top acting names in the movie world, tops because of their ability and not for their photographic angles. These are the stars little Miss Granville sets herself to emulate and, knowing Bonita, our guess is that in the future she will come into a place of her own that will equal any of the great stellar lights of her day.



# MAKING THE MOST OF THINGS

(Continued from page 45)

nature with art, make up your mouth along its natural lines and let it go at that. Then make expression do what you can't do with make-up. Our pal Number One, for example, should consciously turn her mouth up at the corners until the habit becomes natural to her.

More hints for Number One: Do notice, please, how that double strand of pearls exactly reproduces the unbucked-up line of the chin. The lesson here is never to repeat a bad line. If Nature has treated you shabbily in some feature, don't repeat that line by any detail of dress or ornament. The high, draped neckline on Number Six also calls attention to her chin. If the dress were in a light color, it would be all right. But better necklines would be broad necklines or squares. Tailored collars would be okay, too, but best in light colors. She should avoid V's.

You can do wonders for a weak chin by this very simple exercise. Results won't come quickly, but they will come with time. Rest your elbow on the table, your chin in the palm of your hand. Open and close your mouth very slowly, resisting the push of the chin all you can. That's all. You can do this exercise in any convenient odd moments.

Number One might, when she is some years older, lengthen her brows the least bit at the outer corners. She is right in leaving them in their natural straight line. An arch would add to the illusion of length and narrowness which her face gives. I can't find much fault with the hair, since

it is youthfully and simply arranged to suit her age. Perhaps there might be a little more fullness at the crown to give the face added width. Finally, this girl should never wear high hats, for obvious reasons, and she will never be able to wear too sophisticated a hat.

Girl Number Two, now, has a very short chin, and a very full mouth, particularly the lower lip. And, again, a tiny, too narrow face. The nose is just a wee touch long. She has done her hair out in that big roll on one side and a whoosh of curl on the other in the mistaken idea that it widens her face. It doesn't. Now if this girl had been a blonde, the contrast between her hair and her skin wouldn't have been so pronounced, see, and perhaps the stiff, rather formal coiffure would have had the desired effect, but as it is, the contrast between the dark hair and the skin makes the narrowness of the face all the more apparent. What to do, what to do?

With a little skill, this girl can have that desired blessing, the heart-shaped face. She has the small, delicate, but nicely cut chin. But she can't have all that forehead. And it's a nice forehead—it's a shame to hide it. Probably that's what the girl figured, but in acquiring beauty, we must consider proportion. A center part and a pressure forward onto the forehead of soft waves would be one solution. If she looks ghastly with a center part (and the rather long, thin nose might thus be accentuated) she might continue to part her hair where she does and have a short, thin,

slightly curled bang. It would help.

Another thing: this girl's cheeks seem full when contrasted with her small chin. If her hair were a little longer and a tendrill or so were allowed to escape over the jaw line, it might be a good idea. But that isn't so important as concealing part of the forehead height.

Number Two's mouth is full and sensuous. That's all right. A cultivated upturn in expression would be more attractive, as in the case of Number Six. The eyes are rather prominent, with deep lids—that is to say, a lot of space between eyelash and eyebrow. This is the ideal type of eyelid for eyeshadow.

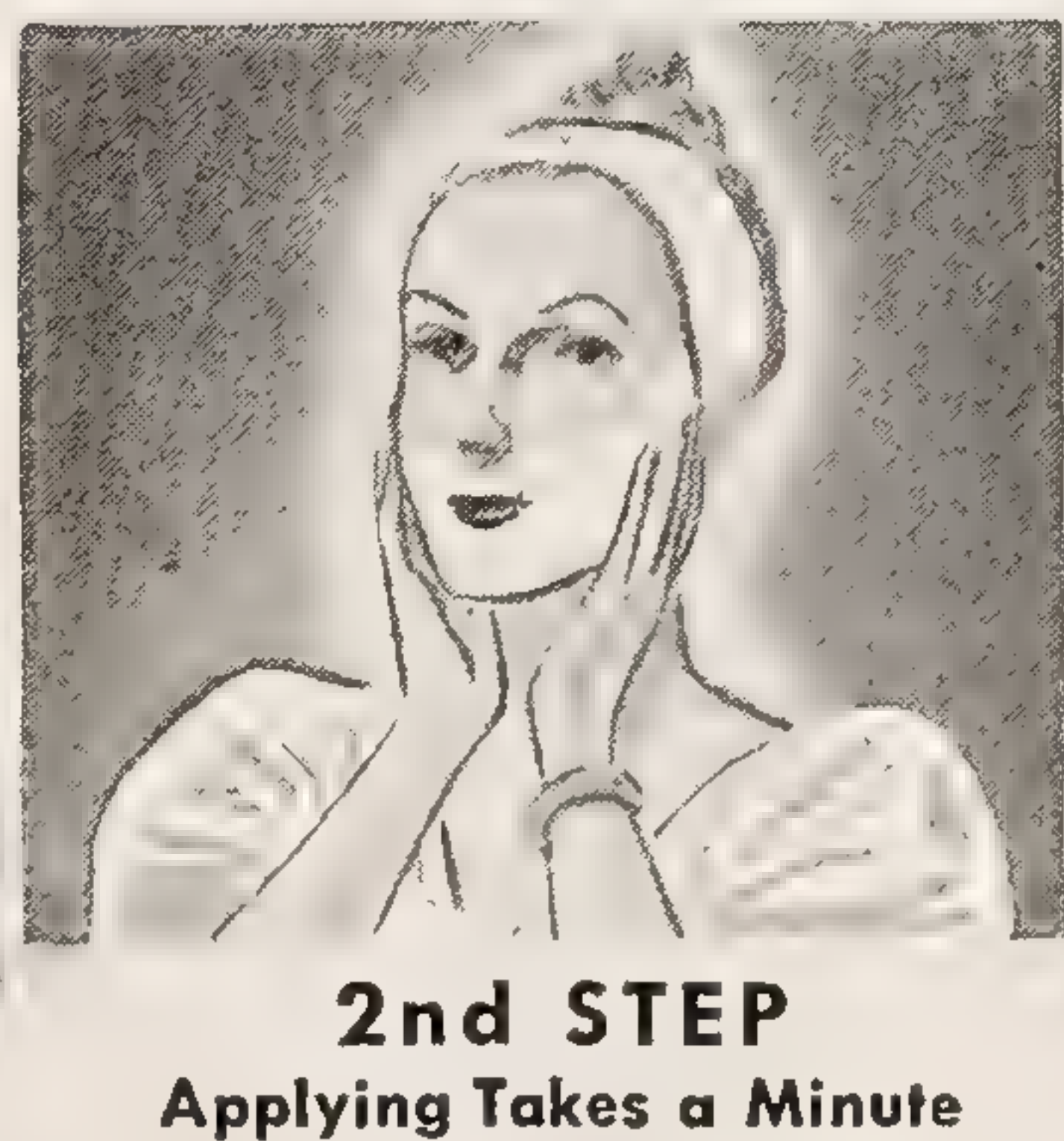
The nose, as I said, is a trifle long.

In general, I advise you not to worry much about your noses. You can't do a great deal about 'em anyway, and if you play up your eyes and your mouths, people aren't going to notice noses nearly as much as you think. However, there are a few tricks to kid the public about noses, and I'll pass them along. With a long nose, make sure that the inner point of the eyebrow doesn't come any further in than the inner corner of the eye. This girl is okay in that respect—in fact, her eyebrows start a little beyond that point, which also helps to widen her face. If your nose is large, powder it a little darker than the rest of your face. If it's small and buttony, powder it a little lighter.

Number Three is a swell, friendly, outdoorsy looking gal. Black hair with a natural curl, blue eyes, those decidedly

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marked eyebrows. Those grand teeth. A fine, likable face. The only thing I'd want to do would be to glamorize it a little for certain occasions. She looks like a girl who would be very popular on the golf course—but on the dance floor, she might be overshadowed by more languorous, less wholesome looking belles.

Number Three's face is a little on the wide side, and I've a hint to pass along about that. The nose is slightly bulbous at the tip, and I've a hint about that, too. Those brows are the least bit heavy at the inner corners, but they're so black and decided that, in this particular case, I think I'd leave them alone. Widening the space between the brows, you know, detracts from the effect of a blob on the end of one's nose.

Reams have been written about cutting down—and increasing—the width of a face by the placement of rouge. It can be done—by an expert. But the trouble is, if you put your rouge in the right spot to narrow or widen your face, it never seems to be the logical spot for you to have a flush of color. I think it's much easier to make one's hair do the trick. Number Three's face isn't so full as to be unattractive, but she could narrow it a little by bringing her hair down another inch and possibly letting it come forward a bit over the cheeks. If your face is too wide, don't make the common mistake of thinking you narrow it by slicking your hair back. Over-plump—and over-thin—faces profit by concealing part of the facial outline with a wave or a curl.

Another thing, while I'm being so fussy. This gal is young—in her early twenties. Come later years, I have a hunch that she'd better watch that chin. A fine exercise for keeping away—or getting rid of—a double chin is the following simple little stunt. Lie face down on the bed, with your head and shoulders hanging over the edge. Drop your head down. Then pull it up slowly and back as far as you can. Feel the pull in your throat muscles. This is also good for that little cushion of flesh which comes on the back of the neck—commonly known as dowager's hump.

I SAID something about glamorizing the face of Number Three, didn't I? Well, let-me-see. If you are in danger of being eternally classed as a "swell egg"... It used to be "a perfect peach"—ugh!—in my day. If, as I say, you're tops on the golf course, but find romance staying away in buckets on other occasions, what's to do about it? You can't make yourself all over just because there's moonlight and music, can you? No. Nor would you wish to. But girl Number Three could, for example, romanticize herself by three means: eye make-up, hairdo, and expression. The eye make-up would consist of nothing more revolutionary than putting mascara on her lashes, which should go unadorned in the daytime. She should make them up to match the luxuriance of the brows.

The hair, now. She wouldn't look so good in a long bob. No. Then it geefs an Up Coiffure—or false hair. Personally, I think this type of girl would look regal and distinguished with a false coronet standing up on the top of her head, her own hair smoothed into a rather slick, severe line around her face. True, this suggestion isn't the latest scream from Paris in the hair line, but nothing is more stunning for the right type. She should wear plain, beautifully cut, rather revealing evening gowns, of beautiful material, in black or some smashing, vivid, solid color. Never a frill or a bouffant line in sight. The young snips in the male line may prefer the Itsy-Bitsies and the Cutie-Pies, but I'll bet that the Interesting Older Men come flocking. And

—oh, yes—the expression. Just cut down that smile, Number Three, please. Reduce it from the hail-fellow-well-met sort of thing to the half-smile, of the Mona Lisa variety.

Number Four was an exceedingly pretty girl. Therefore, I haven't a whole heap to say about her. Just a coupla things. Notice how charmingly her hairline is shown to advantage. If you still consider the longer bob most becoming and practical for general wear, here is a nice style for a well-proportioned, good-featured face. An upward feeling is achieved by securing the front hair with two tiny, efficient combs. For evening, this girl could lift the back hair onto the crown of her head, hold it with the combs, curl the ends flat and pin them with a few judicious invisibles.

THE particular reason I included this picture is that this girl's eyes are deep set and not nearly as large as they appear. Notice that the brows are not arched and that they are left in their natural position—fairly close to the eyes. This is the first trick to remember in making deep set or small eyes appear larger and more prominent. The amateur does the opposite—plucks or pencils the brows into a high arch. All wrong. Remember that. If your brows grow naturally too far from your eyes, train them down with vaseline and brushing. Pluck a very few hairs from the upper edge. Put mascara on the tips of your lashes only, and brush the outer lashes out in a diagonal line.

Numbers Five and Six—they're the sad birds. But each one has possibilities—oh, yes. That is proved by the fact that dear old Number Five is the selfsame girl as the one posing for the five sitting pictures. Perhaps you've noticed that already. Only, in the small picture, she has on no make-up at all, her expression is that of one who has just received a nasty letter from the Collector of Internal Revenue, and her hair is—well, need I say more?

It is this girl's coloring, however, that I want chiefly to discuss. She is a redhead. Redheads can be either stunning—or downright homely. Because usually, aside from the shining hair, they seldom are blessed with natural beauty. Their features are apt to be difficult—piquant, perhaps, but rarely classic. They usually have light eyes. Nothing much in the way of brows and lashes. Delicate skins which almost invariably freckle. They are the most difficult of all types to make up, and they need make-up very badly.

In the larger pictures, you see Number Five with her make-up on, her hair simply and becomingly arranged. She is a red-gold type of redhead, with big gray-green eyes, light brows and lashes, a wide mouth, a face that is very interesting in bone structure and plumb-full of character, but not pretty.

This girl uses a very clever shade of eyebrow pencil and mascara. It is what used to be labelled in my childhood paint-box "burnt sienna." A light brown-red. More brown than red, but not a definite brownish brown. It was perfect. A darker redhead, now—one with mahogany or henna hair—could use the usual brown mascara. But strawberry blondes, golden redheads and carrot tops should shop around until they find this brown-red shade. It comes in theatrical make-ups and in some of the higher priced brands. No rouge is a good rule for redheads, but if you look terrible without rouge, get a shade which has a touch of brown in it. The same goes for lipstick. It may mean extra trouble, but it's worth it.

In choosing powder, each redhead must experiment. That's absolutely all I can say. In general, a light rachel is best. But



sometimes, the florid coloring of this type demands more of a blush tone. In summer, when the freckles become more apparent, a mixture of a light suntan and a blush shade may be good. If your skin is nice, you could go without powder, fight each season's batch of freckles with a good anti-freckle cream, make up your eyes and mouth and let it go at that.

On Number Six, we see what disaster can befall when hair isn't properly taken care of. Perhaps her coiffure is all wrong and perhaps it isn't—I can't tell. The point is that her hair is in such a limp, lifeless condition that even if the hairdo were good, I wouldn't like it. The effort to lift the face up a bit by that coxcomb over the forehead is pathetic. The hair won't lift—it won't stay put. First of all, then, Number Six needs a good course in massage, gentle brushing, and plenty of good, warm olive oil. She needs to get her hair in condition above all else.

The eyes need make-up. The brows need to be lengthened, the lashes mascaraed. Since the eyebrows aren't much account anyway, I would suggest that they be arched a little, by means of judicious plucking, over the center of the eye, and then pencilled and brought out at the edges.

This girl might soften her decided jaw by fluffing her re-conditioned hair a little more forward. Rouge might be brought down onto the prominent jaw and blended with great care, and then powdered over. If your jaw is a decided one, remember to powder your neck carefully the same shade as your face. Number Six should cultivate a less starey expression. Her mouth should be made fuller and softer with lipstick.

Well, sir, I've spent so much time on my six young friends, I'll have to hustle through my lecture on gestures. The five larger pictures on pages 38 and 39 pretty much tell their own story anyway. Four

of them point out certain common faults committed, through nervousness and lack of poise, by girls who are as pretty or even prettier than our model. That's why you sometimes see the poised plain girl having a better time and catching more beaux than the self-conscious beauty.

You recognize, I'm sure, the girl who has tobacco-trouble. Either she shouldn't smoke, or she should manfully swallow the tobacco, or she should learn how to smoke without getting shreds of the weed in her teeth. You recognize the belle who can't keep her straps up. She should have a dress rehearsal in her evening frock. So often we are apt to stand like a mannequin in the new gown in front of our mirrors, and think it's going to stay that way when we sit or lounge or dance. Remember to sit straight so that straps don't flop-doodle down the arm, or else shorten the straps, or choose something with a stronger bond between you and indecency than four strings of chiffon.

You recognize the "fiddler." She happens to be fiddling with her hair. She probably also fiddles with her hanky, packets of matches and anything that comes handy. Keep your hands *still*—until you have occasion to use them, and then use them as gracefully as you possibly can.

And then there's the picture where our model has fetchingly poised one hand on her shoulder, crooked the other one into her chest, and is favoring the world with an ear-to-ear grin. She is indicating to the gent who is talking to her that she's just too, too enthralled with his conversation—and she is overdoing it to beat hell. Contrast this picture with the quiet, poised girl with her hands clasped under her chin, her head bent charmingly forward just a little and the absorbed, half smile on her lips. Much, much better.

Just one last warning to you all. There

are a lot of girls who look like perfect knock-outs—until they open their mouths. And then—you guessed it—dull, unattractive teeth ruin the whole effect. Well, there's a remedy for that too. What kind of dentifrice do you use? Is it too soapy, or does it contain grit? I know an excellent tooth powder which contains no grit, pumice or bleach but it does contain Irium, that wonderful cleansing agent which helps brush away surface stains that hide the beauty of teeth. If you'll fill out the coupon below we'll be glad to send you a seven-day free trial packet of this tooth powder.

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That is absolutely, positively all the space I can take up. I could go on forever—each individual beauty problem is so different. There is so much to say about so many types. But I don't want to wear out muh welcome. So I'll sign off now, quickly, before I think of something else.

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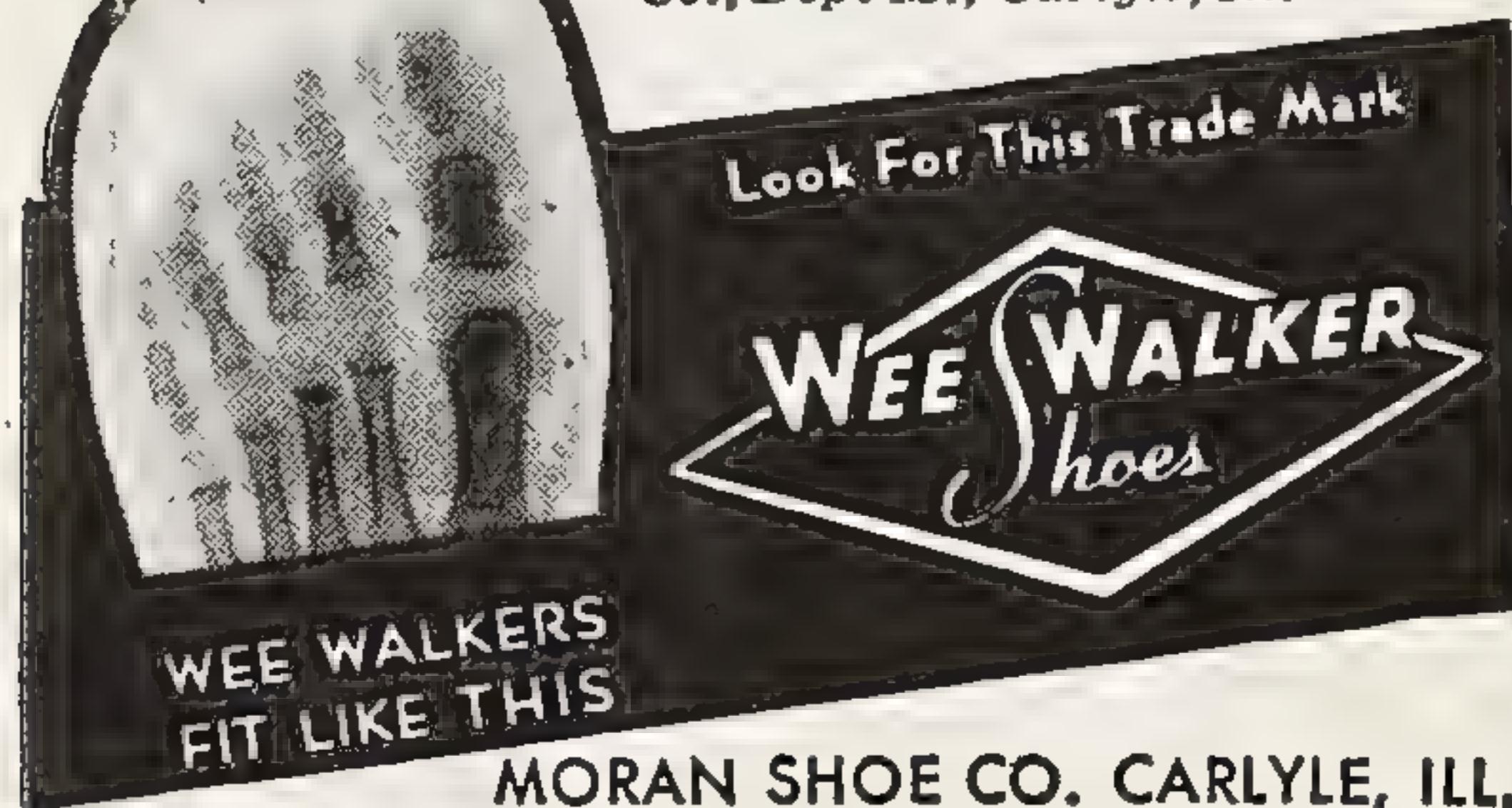
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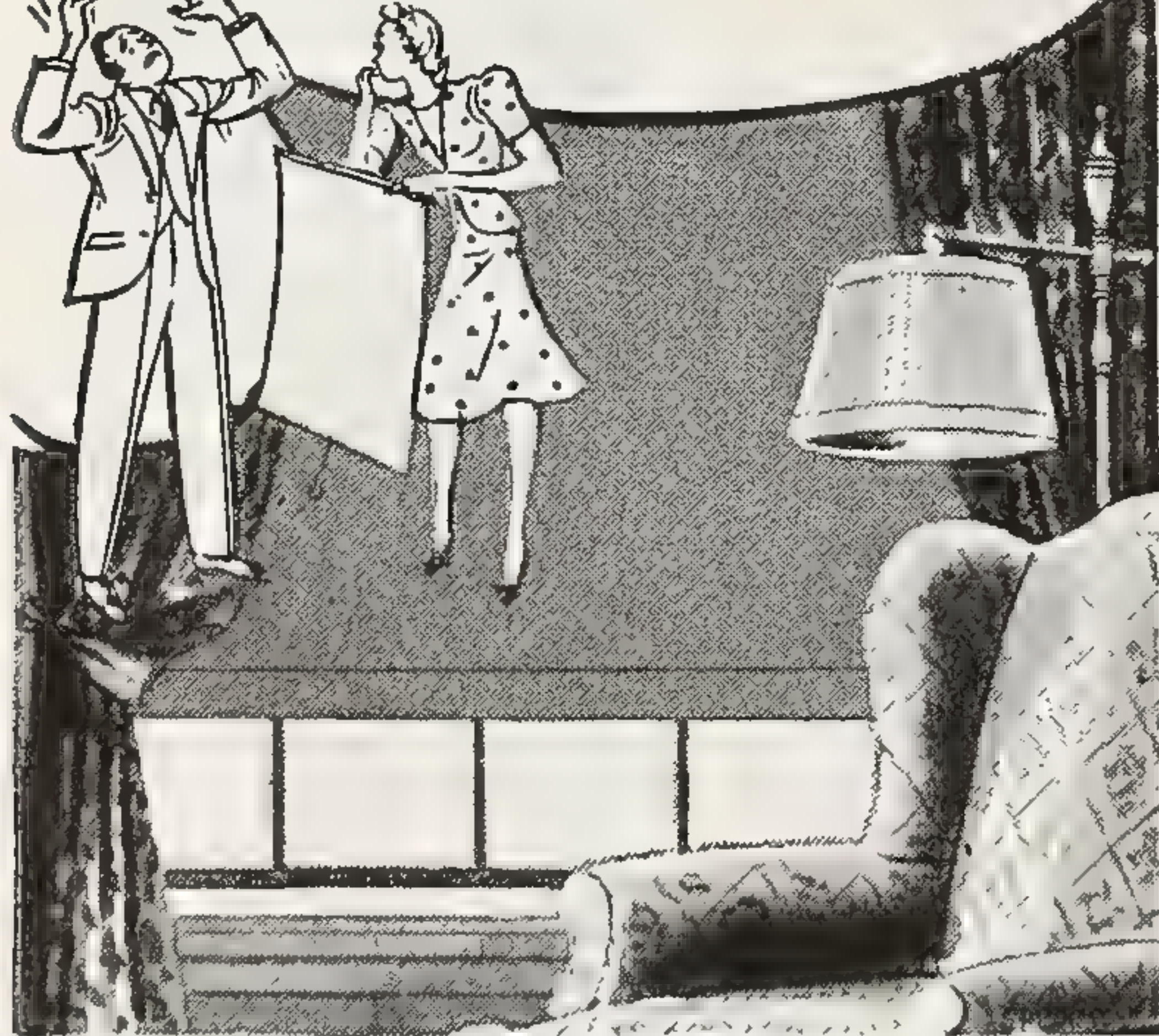
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## You ask the questions—we'll answer them



**RONALD COLMAN:** It's not easy to picture the dashing Ronald Colman in black face, but he actually made his professional debut under a generous application of burnt cork. The occasion was a playlet by Tagore, en-

titled "The Maharanee of Arakan," the time, 1916, and the place the Coliseum in London. Ronald played a herald. Born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891, Colman attended the Hadley School at Littlehampton, Sussex, until he was sixteen, when the death of his father made it imperative that Ronald find work. He found a job as an office boy at \$2.50 a week, and within five years rose to the position of junior accountant. At night he continued to indulge his interest in amateur theatricals, which had its origin during his Hadley School days. He also enlisted in the London Scottish Regiment, the equivalent of our National Guard. 1914 found him in the front line trenches, a private in Kitchen's "Contemptibles," that first hundred thousand of England's army to land in France. He saw action in the first battle of Ypres, suffered a fractured ankle at Messines and was sent back to England and given clerical work for his second year in the army. Finally he was discharged, after an unsuccessful attempt to get back into action. His blackface stage debut was followed by roles in "The Misleading Lady" and "Damaged Goods." He took a very small fling at films, making a two reel comedy in an improvised studio rigged up in a vacant house, and today expresses extreme gratitude for the fact that it was never shown. In 1920, he came to America armed with thirty-seven dollars and three clean collars. He was down to his last dollar when he got a role in "The Dauntless Three." In 1922, he was sent to Italy to play the male lead opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." He remained there to make "Romola" with the same star. After that Colman returned to Hollywood and made many successful pictures, including "Bulldog Drummond," "Arrowsmith," "The Masquerader," etc. After another European vacation, Colman signed a new contract, made "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" and "Clive of India." His last two pictures were: "Lost Horizon" and "Prisoner of Zenda." His next will be "If I Were King." Ronald Colman is five feet eleven inches tall, has dark brown hair and eyes. He weighs one hundred sixty pounds. He enjoys tennis, motoring, reading and swimming. He was married once and divorced. At present Colman's name is often linked romantically with that of Benita Hume, English actress. You may address him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California.



**LORETTA YOUNG:** Don't let her record of twenty years in the movies fool you, for this talented star is still a youngster, unless you call twenty-five middle-aged. Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913. Her real

name is Gretchen Young. Loretta's whole family has been pretty closely identified with the movies. Her two sisters, Polly Ann and Sally Blane, have done considerable work in pictures. Loretta made one appearance at the age of five, then went to school in Los Angeles and Alhambra, California. When she was fourteen years old Polly Ann's studio called one day for that young lady to come in for a new role. But Polly Ann was away, so Loretta went over in her sister's place. She got the role, too, and played it so well that she won a long-time contract. She's been in the movies almost constantly ever since. She has been cast in a great many big productions, and at one time or another has played opposite almost every one of the screen's leading men. Loretta is as active as three average girls. Some of her hobbies are dancing, riding, swimming, yachting, flying and

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ping pong. She selects her own wardrobe both on and off the screen, and is a tireless movie fan. She also is quite a camera addict and takes her own movies everywhere she goes. Photography is probably her favorite hobby. Loretta Young is naturally reserved. She does a lot of reading, and prefers the intellectual type of man. She comes from a charming, harmonious home, and was educated mostly in convents and by private tutors. She is five feet three inches tall, has light golden brown hair and deep blue eyes. She weighs one hundred and nine pounds. Loretta is considered one of the best camera subjects in the movies because she photographs well from every angle. Loretta's last two pictures were "Four Men and a Prayer" and "Three Blind Mice." Her next will be "Suez." You may address her in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood, California.



**LEO CARRILLO:** This versatile character actor was born in Los Angeles, California, on an August 6th at the turn of the century. He is one of the eleven children of Juan J. Carrillo, first mayor of Santa Monica, California, and of Francisco Roldan

de Carrillo. Leo, a direct descendant of the California dons, possesses a historical heritage unequalled by any other motion picture celebrity. His great-grandfather, Carlos Antonio Carrillo, the first provisional governor of California, fought the Battle of Cahuenga Pass a century ago against Michael Torena Bandini, an Italian admiral, and settled in San Diego early in the nineteenth century. At one time the Carrillos, through inter-marriage with other prominent early California families, owned nearly all the territory between Monterey and the Mexican border. The future actor received his early education at Santa Monica High School and at St. Vincent's (now Loyola College). He admits he was a restless scholar but a good athlete, and at one time he held the coast championship for long distance ocean swimming. His mother hoped he would become a priest, but his father favored the boy's desire to become an artist. Leo travelled north to San Francisco, working on the railroad en route, and became a cartoonist on the "Examiner." There he was assigned to Chinatown. He picked up Chinese and Italian dialects and became popular in San Francisco amateur theatricals and as an after-dinner speaker. He prepared a vaudeville act and was booked by the Orpheum Circuit. He remained in vaudeville for several years as a headliner, but his career as a legitimate actor began when, while playing polo at a fashionable Long Island club, he ad libbed a comic Italian, was overheard by a theatrical producer, and was given the part of an Italian in "Twin Beds." His greatest stage triumph was "Lombardi, Ltd." especially written for him. In it he starred for four seasons, touring New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania. Carrillo made his screen debut in "Mr. Antonio" in 1929. Since then he has made some forty or fifty pictures. His role of Corelli, the warm-hearted music-loving Italian gambler in "Love Me Forever" with Grace Moore, ranks as his favorite. Carrillo is married to Edith Shakespeare, a non-professional, and they have a seventeen-year-old adopted daughter, Marie Antoinette. They live on a ten-

(Continued on page 115)

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# HOW NERVOUS WOMEN CAN SLEEP EASILY



By Dorothy Blake

Being a woman myself, I know that many women, as well as men, find it extremely difficult to fall asleep for hours after they retire—that others become fully awake after they have slept for just a short time, then find

it almost impossible to go back to sleep. The next day they are nervous, unstrung, highly irritable. Before retiring I take one or two **TREMS** Tablets. That's ALL I do. In about 15 minutes, tense nerves are completely relaxed, that taut feeling goes and I get a good night's sleep. All ingredients in **TREMS** are U. S. P. tested. Why put up with another sleepless night or nerve-racking day when you can enjoy glorious relaxation with **TREMS**? If your druggist does not have **TREMS**, send your name, address and 10c to **TREMS**, St. Louis, and 25c Introductory Package will be sent postpaid.



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# SHE'S LOOKING FOR LOVE

(Continued from page 39)

refused Joe Doakes. There isn't much left nowadays of that sort of mewling and mooning. With the exception of the few fanatic fans who can see no romance in The Boy Next Door because he can't sing like Nelson Eddy, croon like Bing Crosby, wing an arrow like Errol Flynn, look like Tyrone Power or sweep them off their feet like Clark Gable.

"Today," said Olivia, "we think with the man's side of our brains. I know that I'm learning, too. I've seen to it, this past year, that I did some growing up. I'm not the girl I was a year ago. I realize that God gave me a brain as well as a body and I'm using the brain. Now I make my own decisions. I guide my own existence. I haven't much time to dream. There are too many things to do. A year ago I regretted that I didn't have more time for dreaming. Now I don't. I know that it's healthier.

"I'm not susceptible, I guess," laughed Olivia. "I never imagine that I am in love with anyone. When I fall in love, I'll know it. And when I do fall in love I want something honest, something substantial, something, well, inspiring and completely human. I want to know, when I fall in love, that I am not dreaming.

"Illusion is all very well in its place. Screen illusions are fine, in their place. People see me on the screen as Arabella, as Lady Marian, false eyelashes on, hair just dressed, giving it all I've got. That's all right. Masses of people have no right to know me too personally and too well. And they don't. For you have to remember that they don't see me washing my teeth, cold-creaming my face or putting out the cat!

"I suppose," said Livvy, "people may wonder why I don't splinter my young heart to pieces over the handsome men I meet and work with in pictures. I don't because, for one thing, it's work I'm doing. When Errol Flynn and I are doing a love scene on the screen, when he says, 'I love you,' he is thinking of his next line and I am thinking of my next line. We are both hoping we won't go up in them. We're hoping we'll deliver them with the proper inflection and feeling.

"When Errol kisses me on the screen, he's not kissing Olivia De Havilland, he's kissing Lady Marian. When I kiss Errol Flynn on the screen I'm not kissing Errol Flynn, I'm kissing Robin Hood.

"I don't mean that the girls and men who play together in pictures don't like each other a lot. We do. We usually like each other a great deal, enjoy being together, talking together. But we don't often fall in love with each other because love is not on our minds.

"Take some of the famous screen teams," Olivia suggested, "if you want to be convinced that propinquity during the making of a picture has nothing to do with Dan Cupid's blood pressure."

I "took" Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond—and was convinced. For certainly if propinquity on sets, if embraces under the camera's eye does induce the fever called love, then Jeanette would be married to Nelson, not Gene; Gene would be married to Ann, not Jeanette, etc.

"It would be too pat," laughed Olivia. "It would be much too pat for love to walk right into a set where Errol and I were about to go into a clinch. Dan Cupid is too subtle for that.

"Besides, I see so much of men, you know. We all do, working in pictures. Ever think of that? On the set, you know, there are usually three women, the star, the hairdresser, the wardrobe girl. All of the rest are men, producers, directors, members of the crew. We get to know men awfully well. And so, men are not mysterious beings to me. They are fellow human beings, that's all. We don't need men so much. If anything, when I go home at night I want to go home alone. I find that I don't need company of any description. I want to have dinner alone, go to bed alone, have breakfast alone. When I go home that's my real life, you know, that's me."

I said, suspiciously, "Oh, so? And what do you do at home?"

IF she says that she cooks dinner on cook's night out, I thought, reads good books, plays Russian bank with her mother or knits, I'll never talk to her again, but will confine all my future efforts to Hedy (Ecstasy) Lamarr and the Ladies Known As Lou.

But I was saved from that fate. Livvy plays ping-pong—a crashing game. Livvy goes surf-board riding with Billy Bakewell. Livvy and Billy have been twosomeing it pretty steadily of late. But it is not, said Livvy loudly, a romance. It is a friendship. "There is such a thing as friendship," declared Olivia. Billy calls Livvy "Little Wall-Eye." Livvy calls Billy "Little Bat-Eye." Livvy also calls Billy "my Booser-Wooser." What this means she doesn't know. She doesn't even know how to spell it. So I've tried. Well, she warned me that she is slightly mad!

"Billy often calls me on the phone and reads philosophy to me by the hour," Olivia said. "Sometimes he comes over carrying stacks of books on philosophy and stacks of strawberry ice cream and we have a wonderful time. Now, there's nothing dreamy about doing things like that.

"I go out with other boys, too, now and then. But I've been going out mostly with Billy these past few months. We do things . . . we have fun."

I said, "But do you ever, well, sort of fix up for a date?"

"Why, yes," considered Olivia, "I suppose I do. If some young man is coming to the house and I know that he likes me I make an effort not to disappoint him, of course. I won't say that I put on the old false eyelashes or wonder what dress to wear, but I do make up—once—and hope to heaven that it will last.

"And I'm trying lately to dress up more when I'm not working. As you have noticed. I've noticed you noticing. Yes, I realize now that I mustn't disappoint the fans who see me as Lady Marian and the others. My business is to maintain their opinion of me. It's lazy and stupid not to.

"It's just that women have come into their own now," said Olivia. "We don't sit around imagining and dreaming. I know that I don't. But when the real thing comes along I'll recognize it. I won't be fooled by appearances, cheated by a deceptive illusion. I don't need a man to lean on. I want a man as a friend, as a lover, as a husband and companion. When love comes along I think I'll be wise enough to take it, for keeps.

"I am sure that it will happen to me," said Olivia, then, "because, as I said before, I am a woman. I can't get away from that. I don't want to."



(Continued from page 83)

some time. Audiences will wonder how two such opposite personalities could have met and married in the first place, a little detail which the above-mentioned scenarists don't even mention. Some of the typical western stuff is good, and the final scene, which kids the Nevada divorce laws, is bright and effective.

Randolph Scott does well by the handsome cowboy husband, and Alan Marshall is splendid as a well-mannered rival for Miss Hampton's hand. Helen Broderick subdues her customary acidity out of respect for the noble traditions of the West. Glenda Farrell plays her wisecracker role with the assurance which comes from having played it often before, and Dave Oliver supplies comic aid as Scott's pal. Spencer Charters stands out in a bit role as a Reno judge. S. Sylvan Simon directed.—*Universal.*

### ★★ My Lucky Star

Mr. Zanuck's grown-up Shirley Temple—Sonja Henie—returns again to her screen public, and once more Boy meets Girl, when Girl isn't busy skating. Shiny and cold as the ice on which she performs, Miss Henie is mechanically perfect in her skating routines and perfectly mechanical in her romantic interludes. Audiences, however, do not seem to expect Sonja to be a first-rate dramatic actress. They come to see her skate and they go away pleased, feeling they've had their money's worth. Because of that, little Miss H. is one of the screen's top box-office draws, a phenomenon which Academy Awards winners might well ponder.

This time Sonja goes to college. She's a department store clerk and the store sends her to college with trunks of clothes, hoping with typical movie optimism that she will increase their trade immeasurably. At good old Plymouth, Sonja is doubly fortunate. It seems to be winter all the time there, and Richard Greene is also present. Sonja falls in love with all three—winter, Plymouth and Mr. Greene—and after a barage of college songs and a bit of intrigue involving Cesar Romero (the boss' son) and Louise Hovick, the eventual happy ending arrives.

A lovely "Alice in Wonderland" ballet on skates, the picture's feature number, is beautifully staged, and Sonja's other skating numbers are well done. Richard Greene is an adequate college hero, and Cesar Romero turns in nice comedy as the play-boy son of George Barbier, who is excellent as the department store owner. Louise Hovick, much improved over her past performances, makes a small role stand out. Buddy Ebsen and Joan Davis are well matched as a comedy team. Roy Del Ruth directed.—*20th Century-Fox.*

### ★★ Three Loves Has Nancy

In this new M-G-M comedy, Robert Montgomery plays a best-selling author who goes on a lecture tour to escape a designing woman. After giving his views on life and love to the ladies of a particularly small town, he meets Nancy (Janet Gaynor), spends the rest of the picture avoiding her, and in the end turns square.

Franchot Tone is involved in the story as Montgomery's bibulous publisher. When Janet Gaynor follows Montgomery to New York, Tone falls in love first with her cooking, then with her own simple self. It is Tone's interest in her that finally awakens Montgomery to her charms.

The comedy is all of a type that you've seen before, but some of it is amusing, and there are one or two really funny scenes. Miss Gaynor gives a good per-

(Continued on page 111)



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# ON HOLDING A MAN



BY

LILLIAN GENN

The glamor boys tell  
you—and they should  
know—how to keep a

lad interested

"Kindness and understanding," claims Nelson Eddy, "will work out any problem."

EVERY YOUNG woman desires to know, not only how to get the right man, but how to keep him in love with her.

If she possesses youth, a slim figure and charm, she can usually win him. But to hold him to their mutual happiness—that is no small task. For a man's love is unpredictable. It must be fought for and cherished.

Today it is made all the more difficult to hold because the modern man is surrounded by attractive women both in his business and in his social life. And the position of wife is no longer a life tenure.

What should a woman do who has captured the man she loves and would like to keep wedding bells ringing? How can she keep alive the flame of their love?

She has gotten much advice from clever women who understand men. But there is no better way to learn than to ask some of Hollywood's most attractive men themselves. For a Hollywood husband is the hardest of all to hold.

The first man whose advice I sought was the popular Fredric March, who has irresistible appeal. I was eager to hear what he would have

to say because his union with Florence Eldridge is like the Prince and Princess in the fairy-tale who "were married and lived happily ever after."

"I think," he said, "that the wife who gives fully of her love and devotion will arouse equal love and devotion in her husband. He will continue to be devoted even when the years have changed her. In fact, he won't notice the changes because her inner personality means so much more to him that he isn't conscious of her changed looks.

"I'm always very much amused at the advice given women to look alluring and glamorous for their husbands. Every man naturally wants his wife to look as attractive as possible. But that's never the thing that 'holds' him. One has only to look at the beauties that fill the divorce courts to realize the truth of this.

"It's a thing of the spirit that keeps a man in love. It's nothing that's found in beauty jars or bottles. And a woman who gives love and kindness doesn't have to worry whether she's alluring to her husband and whether she's 'holding' him.

"When you come down to it, no one can really be held," Freddie



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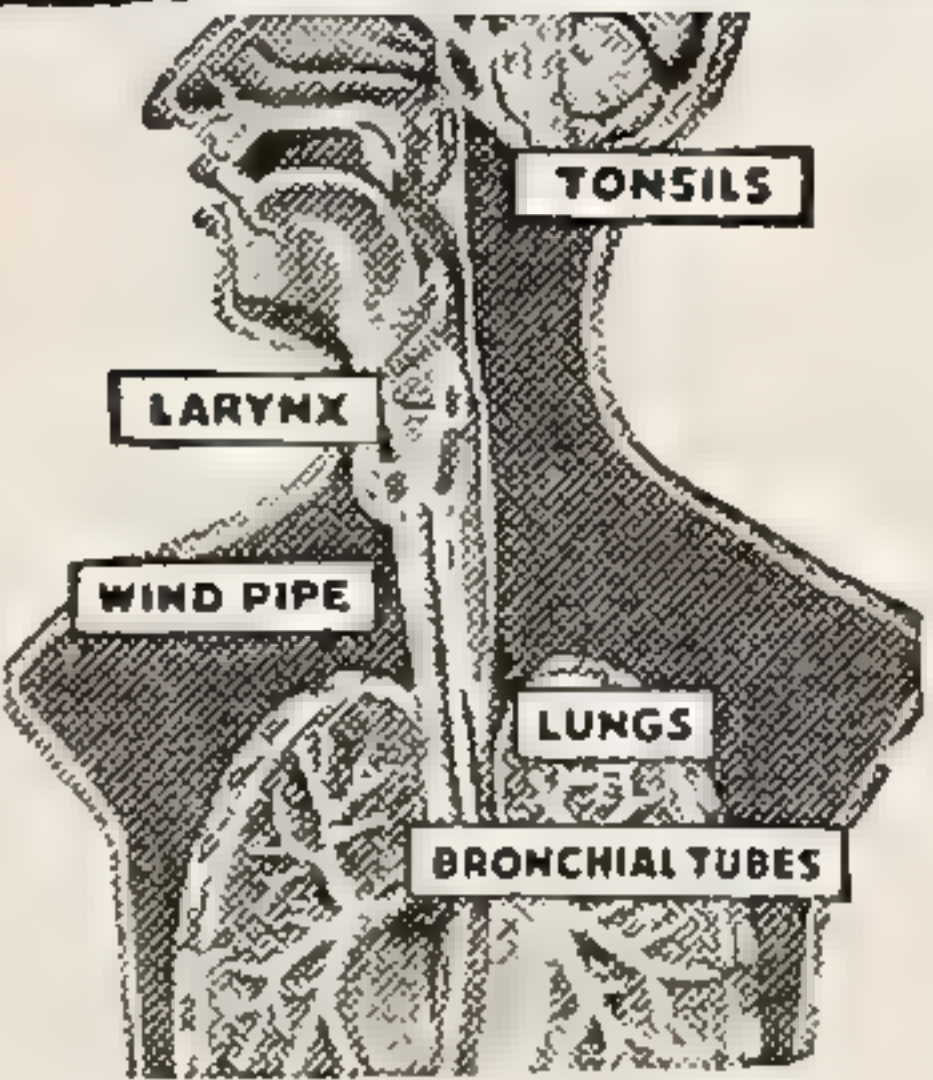
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said. "Let one know that someone wants to hold him and he will at once look for an exit. This is true of any relationship in life and particularly of marriage."

"A wife should try to give her husband a completely satisfying companionship. That is what he marries for. To offset loneliness and to have someone responsive to come home to, someone who shares his business cares, his ambitions and his dreams. He wants her to make a pleasant home for him and his children, and not to cloud the relationship with nagging or bickering."

"In short, the woman who is a wife in every sense of the word can forget about holding her man. She won't be able to get rid of him," twinkled Fred.

Leslie Howard and his wife are another couple that are blessed with a fine companionship. They have their mutual interests in the children and in the literary and cultural things of life.

Despite the fact that he is a matinee idol pursued by women, Mr. Howard is essentially a home man and his life centers there. This is indeed a tribute to his wife.

"The woman a man loves," he said to me, "is the one who is gentle, unaffected, liberal-minded and nonpredatory."

"She must be a 'womanly' woman," he went on to explain. "Here I make a distinction between her and the 'womanish' woman. The one who is 'womanly' has a maternal quality combined with what one might call the greatness of her sex—a generosity of soul which makes her big, understanding and, one might almost say, divine."

"The 'womanish' woman is one who stays down on earth. She is tied to her petty feelings and personal prejudices. She has none of the greatness of the other woman. But every woman is a combination of both types, to a greater or lesser degree."

"I don't believe that sex is the most important thing in marriage. Naturally I can speak more positively about the English man. He doesn't marry a woman for her sex appeal or her beauty and she doesn't have to wonder whether she's still able to charm him."

"They get married because they have similar tastes and aims. Each has something to contribute to the marriage. Because their marriage is based on something sound and durable, it grows stronger with the years."

"If a woman takes her marriage obligations seriously and has the qualities I mentioned, she will always have her husband's love and respect."

Gary Cooper has very definite ideas as



The Fredric Marches' marriage is a success.

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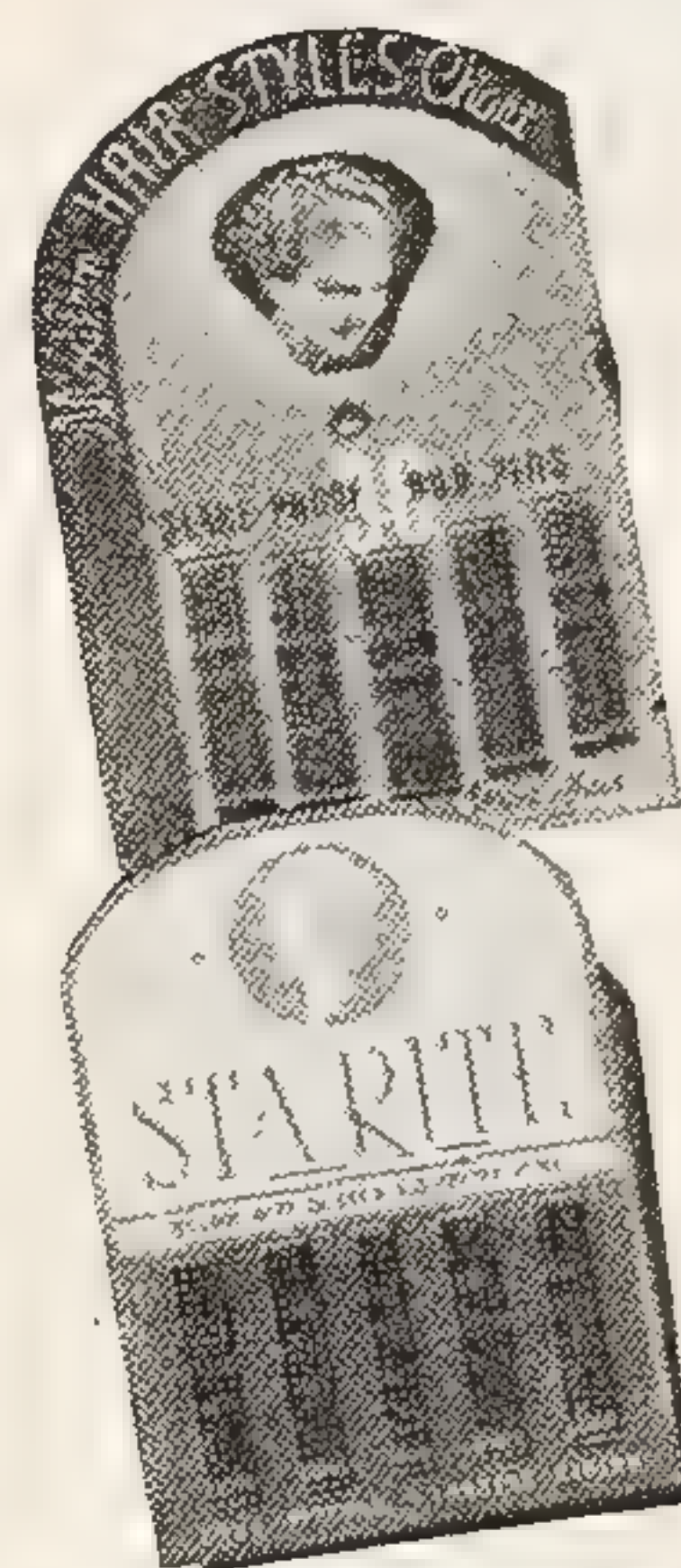


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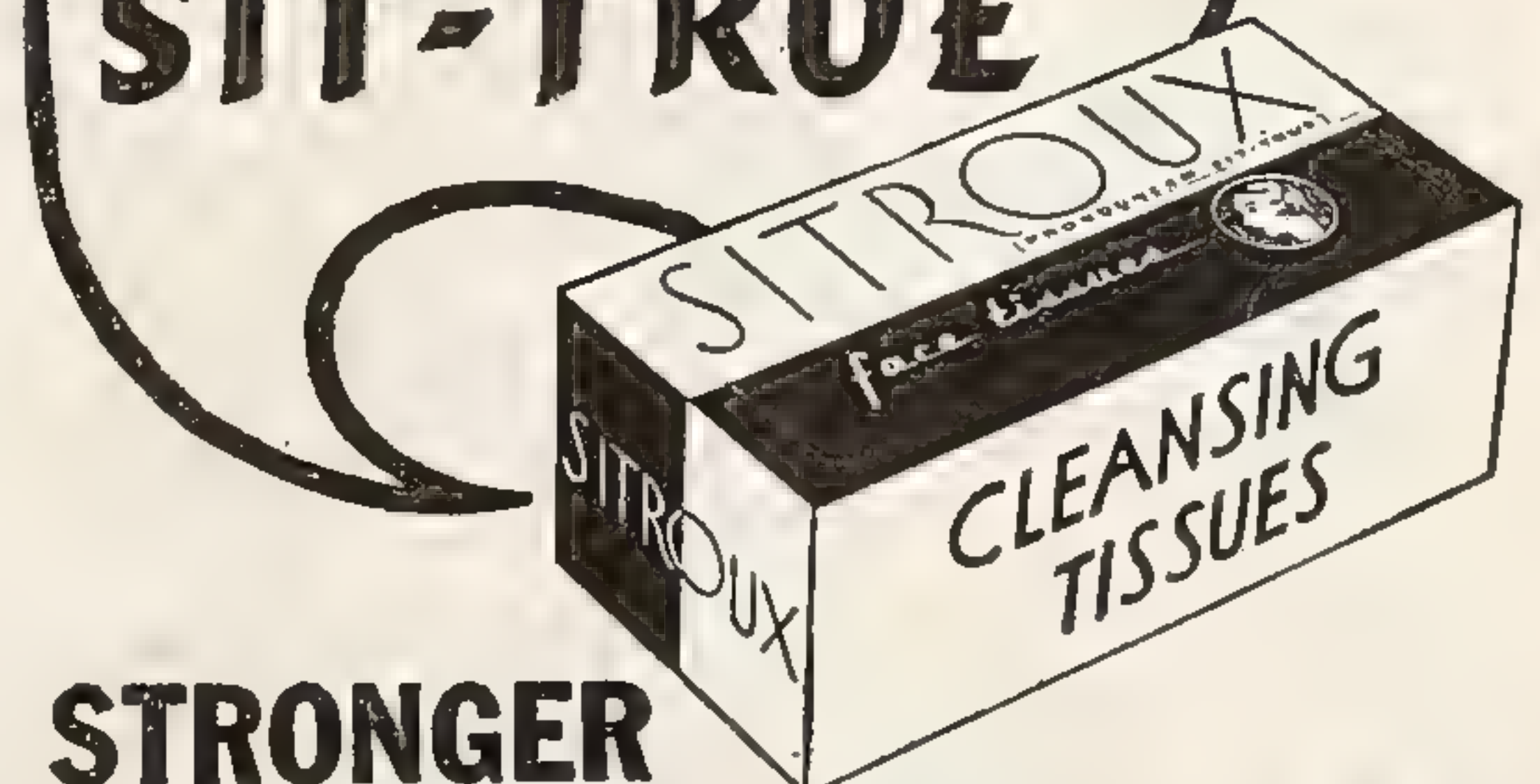
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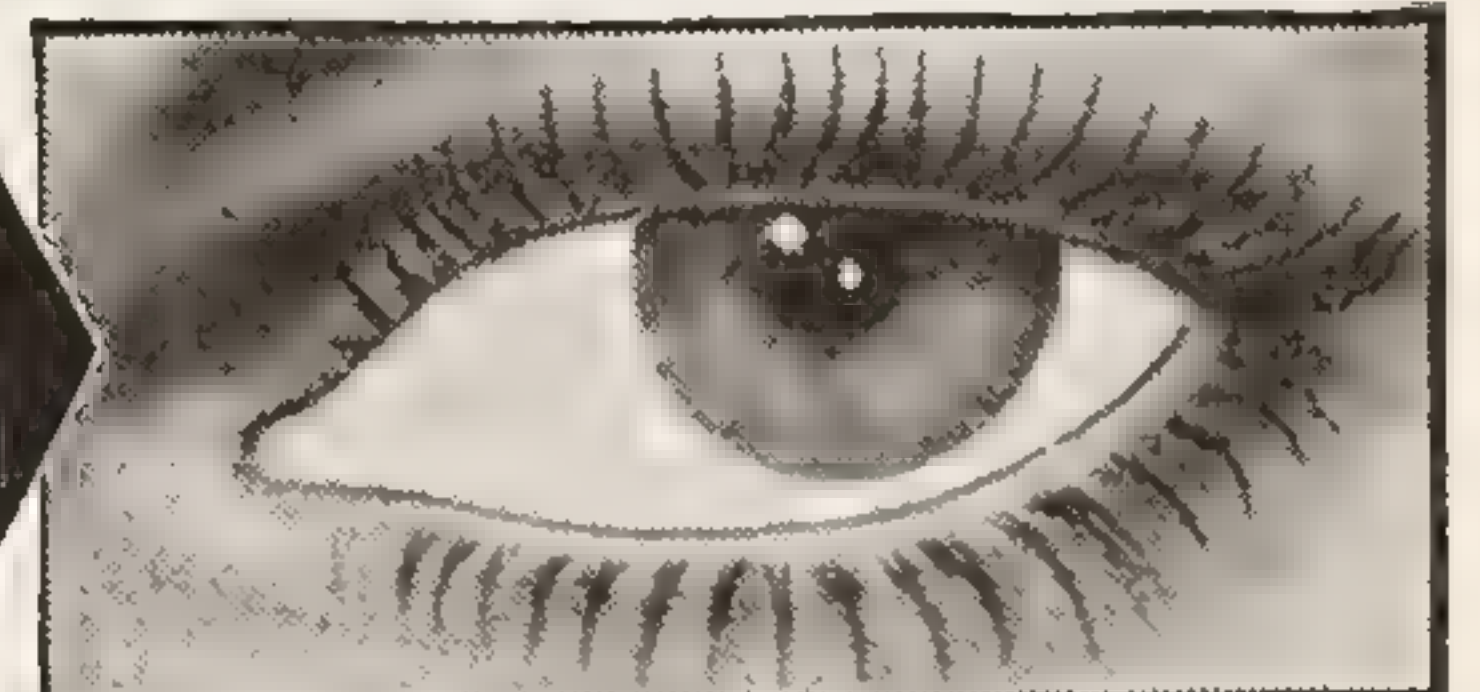
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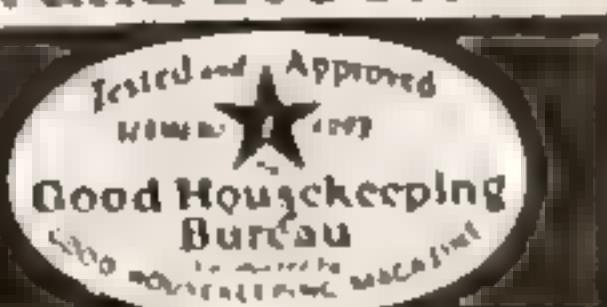
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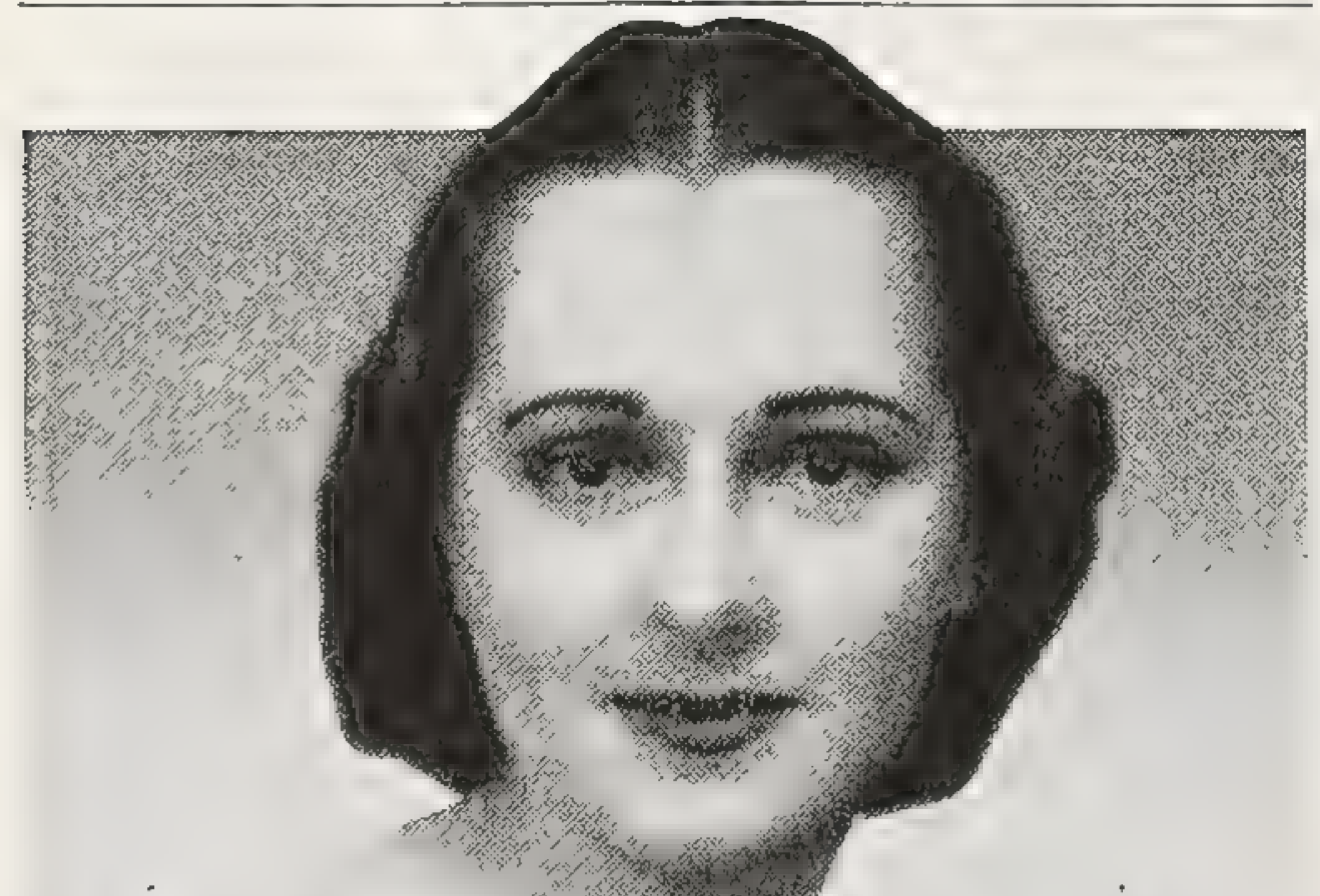
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to what keeps a man in love.

"If a woman is tolerant of her husband's habits and faults, if she's willing to overlook little things and not magnify them, she will keep her husband in love with her forever," he insists.

"A wife should have a fair knowledge of housekeeping so that the home runs smoothly," he further specified. "She shouldn't be too vitally concerned with entertaining people and giving parties. A man who has been working hard all day doesn't always want to have people in his home. Nor does he want to be going out on a round of pleasure.

"I like a woman who is appreciative of the things done for her, who has a sense of humor and who doesn't nag. Nagging, to me, is one of the big sins of married life and is responsible for more divorces than any major offense.

"A man also seeks in a wife a certain calmness and understanding that will allow him to relax after business hours by merely being in her presence. He likes to get sympathy from her and to be petted when he is in trouble. He wants her to take an interest in his work and to know something about it so that she can give an opinion.

"He desires her co-operation in other things, too—in sports or in the hobbies or in any other interest he pursues. He wants her to be ready and eager to be with him. Whether in work or in play, the ideal wife is always a pal."

NELSON EDDY expressed surprise at the question when he was approached. He didn't see why there need be any speculation as to what holds a man.

"It's very simple," he said with an engaging grin. "It's kindness and understanding."

"Married life can't always be smooth. There are times when jealousy and doubt will appear. Kindness and understanding will help to work out these problems as well as any others that arise.

"Jealousy, mistrust and excessive vanity destroy love very quickly. On the other hand, I think that too much love is probably the worst enemy of love. There's nothing more terrible than that stifling attention of someone constantly around your neck."

Mr. Eddy agrees with the other men of Hollywood that it's important for the woman to make herself an essential part of her husband's life.

"She should be his companion in every enterprise. The wife is foolish who doesn't realize that every man has to have some woman to whom he can tell the things he would never tell a man, some woman to whom he can boast of his triumphs and who sympathizes over his disappointments and blighted hopes. Some woman who encourages him and who restores his faith in himself and gives him the courage to go on. That is why a wife should take an interest in her husband's work and be his best friend and pal.

"But," he added, "she shouldn't discourage him when he wants to get away with other men. There are times when a man wants to change to the companionship of men. Then he returns to her with renewed pleasure and interest."

According to Ronald Colman many a woman loses her husband because she tries to make him over.

"By the time a man marries, his habits are formed and his tastes set. A woman should accept them as they are and not try to change them.

"I think that tolerance of his tastes and idiosyncrasies is the secret of keeping his love. To my mind it would make a dull and boring married life if the husband and wife thought and felt alike and had the same tastes and desires.



Ronald Colman says not to try to make a man over.

"The wife who is easy to get along with will never lose her husband to any other woman. It's the one who is critical, who always complains and is dissatisfied who turns her husband from her. A man gets plenty of hard knocks in the outside world. A wife doesn't have to add to them by finding fault with him.

"A wife should praise her husband and make herself his most ardent admirer. If she feeds his ego," smiled Ronnie, "she will keep him at her fireside."

Richard Dix advises the woman to cultivate her sense of humor and to learn to laugh at things.

"A man wants peace and quiet and gayety in his home after a day's work. My wife realizes that my work puts me under a mental strain. When I come home, she sees to it that I forget work. She talks about other things, gives me a lot of attention. In that way it helps to shut the door to the work-a-day world.

"She never tells me what to do. She makes some casual suggestion and because I know she's interested in me, I'm inclined to weigh it. We have splendid times together because we like the same things. We enjoy books, the theatre, sports and home life. We love travelling and we love being on our ranch. My wife isn't socially ambitious, and although she's pretty, she doesn't want a movie career. Instead she's making a good home for our twin sons and me. That's why my home has become my greatest interest."

Paul Lukas believes that the secret of the whole business is to make the same effort after marriage as before the wedding knot was tied. For love has to be earned. No one is automatically bound to love you.

"Naturally," he pointed out, "love can't thrive if the woman lets down after marriage. A man will fall in love with a woman because of her gayety or her sympathy, her admiring and looking up to him. He likes her daintiness and grace and her lovely figure.

"After marriage she changes and the man finds as a life partner a woman he never selected. You can't blame him if he feels cheated. The woman should do the things she did before marriage. She should keep carrying on romance just as though she weren't married to him. In that way she won't make the mistake of relaxing all effort. She will try to be pleasant and agreeable and interesting, and discover it to be worth-while."



(Continued from page 107)

formance in the outmoded role of a sincere Pollyanna, Montgomery plays his usual suave man-about-town without apparent effort, and Franchot Tone manages to get in a few touches of light comedy which may surprise his followers. Guy Kibbee is entirely wasted, being assigned hardly ten short speeches in the picture. Charley Grapewin, as Miss Gaynor's grandfather, is outstanding in the supporting cast.

Producer Norman Krasna deserves credit for attempting a story different from Hollywood's run-of-the-mill product, even though his effort is not entirely successful. Richard Thorpe directed.—M-G-M.

### ★★ Crime Over London

Here is an amusing yarn concerning the manner in which Scotland Yard might deal with a band of 'so-called' American gangsters. It will probably prove a box-office success, as it contains well-known ingredients for pleasing Mr. and Mrs. Average Movie-goer. There is plenty of action, suspense, thrills and the usual love interest.

The story concerns the Silver Anniversary of Sherman's Department Store. When a member of the gang spots Joseph Cawthorn as the shop owner's double, the fun begins. The gangsters plan to use this as a means to effect their big haul. However, there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip and therein lies the suspense. Bruce Lister, nephew of the concern, is in love with Rene Ray, who goes to work for her future uncle-in-law. To make Bruce jealous, she flirts with Inspector Paul Cavanagh, which brings the law into the picture. After reels of tense excitement, Cavanagh manages to capture Basil Sydney and his gang, and all's well that ends well.—G-B.

### ★★ Strange Boarders

The prolific G-B gives us another of those mystery melodramas. This one, however, is far superior to those of the past and will no doubt reap rich returns for its producers.

A pleasant surprise is a new and completely charming Miss, apparently hailing from la belle France—Renee Saint-Cyr. In fact, we think you'll be hearing more of her very soon.

This is a saga in which we glimpse the Intelligence Service solving a major problem of national importance. With the sudden death of an old lady, police discover that military secrets via photostats are being stolen. As the picture unrolls we see Tom Walls, forced to abandon his bride on their wedding night. There are moments when apparently all is lost, but by the last reel Walls, with the aid of the fire department, surrounds and captures the criminals. At last bride and groom can safely look forward to that belated honeymoon, so everyone's happy.—G-B.

### ★★ Drums

Following an old formula, G-B gives us our second glance at their young star, Sabu. In this one, however, they have missed an excellent opportunity to turn out a really great picture. With the colorful background of the Northwest Frontier of India it seems conceivable that they could keep things going at a lively pace. Scenically, the picture is without reproach, the color enhancing the beauty and naturalness of the majestic mountains of India.

The story deals with tribal wars, headed by the villainous Raymond Massey, who shoots his own brother to gain his throne. Sabu escapes his uncle's dastardly plans for his untimely end and remains in hiding

(Continued on page 114)



Do you get "poodle permanents"? Hair all frizzy? Brittle, dry hair is usually the cause. You can overcome this by a simple home treatment. First, stop using all alkaline, sudsing chemicals. Instead try proved oil and scalp tonic treatment. Try Admiracion Soapless Shampoo. It not only cleans the hair safely and thoroughly but does not steal the natural scalp oils that keep your hair strong, elastic and healthy. Easy to use, Admiracion is a beauty treatment approved by thousands of beauticians. If you'd like to have a sample, send three 3-cent stamps. ADMIRACION LABORATORIES, HARRISON, N. J.

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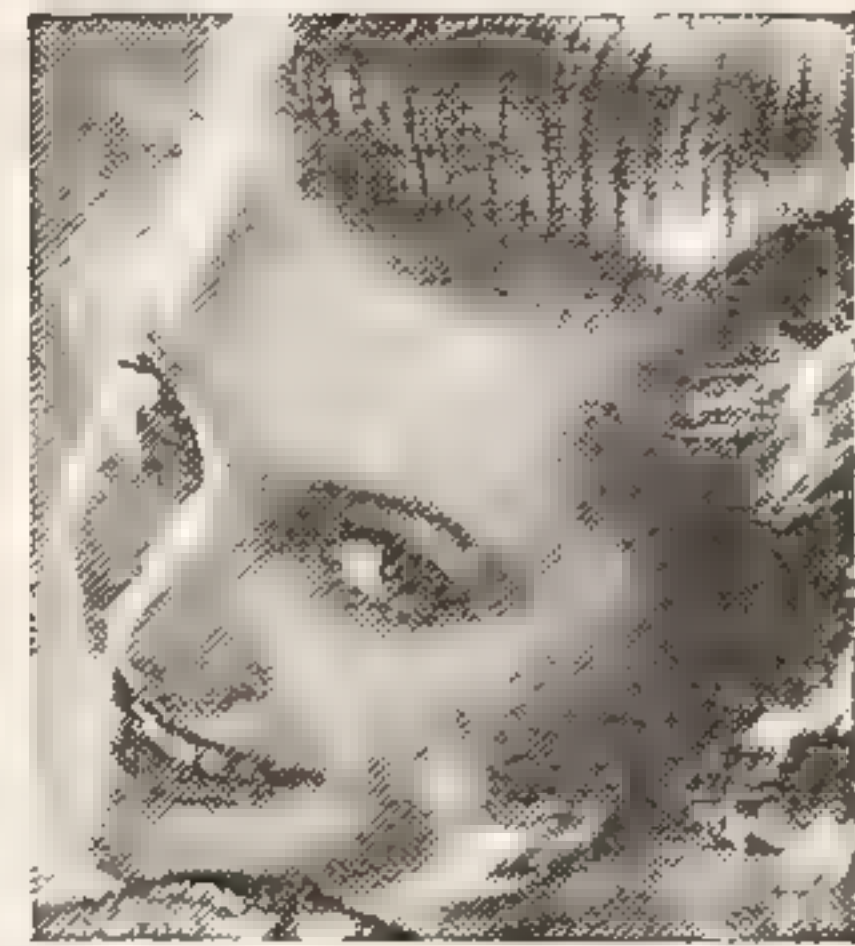
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Here's Jack before he met Gym. There was plenty to Oakie then.



After Mr. O. found lamb chops and pineapple. A mere shadow, eh?

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

YOU CAN have a lot of fun piling up the poundage," said Jack Oakie, "but you can't laugh it off. Believe me, streamlining the chassis is serious business.

"How did I get started? Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said 'Am I getting a pot-belly'? And the answer in my case was obvious. I could be seen coming through a door three feet before the final Oakie appeared. Besides, Venita had said just once too often 'Sure I love you, honey. Everyone loves a fat man'. Now, being a studio laughing-stock is okay by me—but a man has his pride. It was just about time to start something anyhow. They were beginning to bill Oakie pictures as double features.

"Yeah, it was serious business," Jack said. "And of course," he added reflectively, "since I weighed two hundred and ten pounds it was hardly a matter to be taken lightly. Reducing's no fun for anyone around you, either. I tried it, that first week, at home. Each day experimenting with a different trick Hollywood diet—and stalking around like a starved cannibal with a missionary in mind. Under strain of trying to keep my appetite down and my spirits up, Venita, who's desperate to gain, was slowly dissolving before my eyes. And since Jack could eat no fat, his wife no lean, the cook was going quietly mad juggling menus. Then I stepped on the scales at the end of the week. I'd gained eight ounces! That was my cue. I took off to a sanatorium where I could pay to

have my worrying done for me. And that," said Jack, with a look of remembered sorrow, "is the place to lose weight.

"In less than two months they'd peeled off forty-five pounds of fat—excess avoirdupois to be as fancy as the price. A cinch? Nope, you've got me wrong. Life was real, life was earnest to those guys—and one hundred and fifty pounds was my goal. I didn't have a minute to call my own. My trainer woke me at six, walked me for eight miles before breakfast, and then no breakfast. A couple of fast sets of tennis followed and then it was the masseuse's turn at me. Followed a lunch of lettuce salad and a spoonful of cottage cheese to take the curse off it. By that time I was ready for a nap—but not on your life! My other trainer was ready for eighteen holes of golf (my morning trainer, exhausted, was having a nap). For relaxation after this bout I was allowed a half-mile swim in the pool followed by a quick work-out on the rowing machine and a two mile dash around the lake on my bicycle. Came dinner, a tasty meal of lean meat and a variety of greens. The fastest road to svelte lines is a diet of green stuff, according to the head doctor who'd evidently never seen an elephant. Well, after that orgy, both trainers would race Inmate No. 17435, otherwise known as yours truly, to his cabin. I'd fall into deep slumber, too intimidated to even dream of a baked potato. I was beginning to wonder if half an Oakie wouldn't be better than none when the boys (Continued on page 114)

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as the former blown-up version, you will agree**

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John Quinn runs a night club called Garden of the Moon for the McGillicuddy brothers, who are so thrifty that they recite a rhyme concerning economy. John imagines that his press agent, lovely Toni Blake, is his for the asking. Then Don Vincente, a handsome orchestra leader, steps into the night club and the affairs of John and Toni. John makes things hot for his rival, but, after a series of obstacles and misunderstandings, Toni and Don get together.

\* \* \*

The time, pictorially, is 1914, and Louise Campbell, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland have built a plane. As a result, an aircraft manufacturer signs Fred and Ray to work in his factory. Fred soon becomes bored and joins the Lafayette Escadrille. Louise, whose father works on a newspaper, joins an ambulance unit and marries Fred. Several years later, Fred starts an airplane factory and makes Ray manager. In 1936, Fred has gone to fight in China and is killed. And so, Ray and Louise, left alone, start a new life together.

\* \* \*

Dr. Clitterhouse (Edward G. Robinson) is discovered at his hospital with stolen jewels. He explains his robbery as "scientific research." He gets rid of the loot through a "fence," and, impressed with his ability, a group of gangsters offer him partnership. They arrive at a fur house for a last robbery when one of the gang, jealous of Clitterhouse, shuts him in a vault. The doctor, using an instrument, miraculously escapes, is arrested, finally acquitted and wins Jo (Claire Trevor).

\* \* \*

Helen Thomas sits in a glass booth in New York's telephone office, giving the correct time in fifteen-minute intervals to all who call her number. Johnny, her beau, who is a bank messenger, stops by en route to Peggy Norton's, where he is to pick up jewelry to be deposited in the bank's vault. Shortly after Johnny leaves Peggy's, she is killed. The murder is pinned on him. Later, through calling Helen for the correct time and using that special phone number, the real criminal is indirectly brought to justice.

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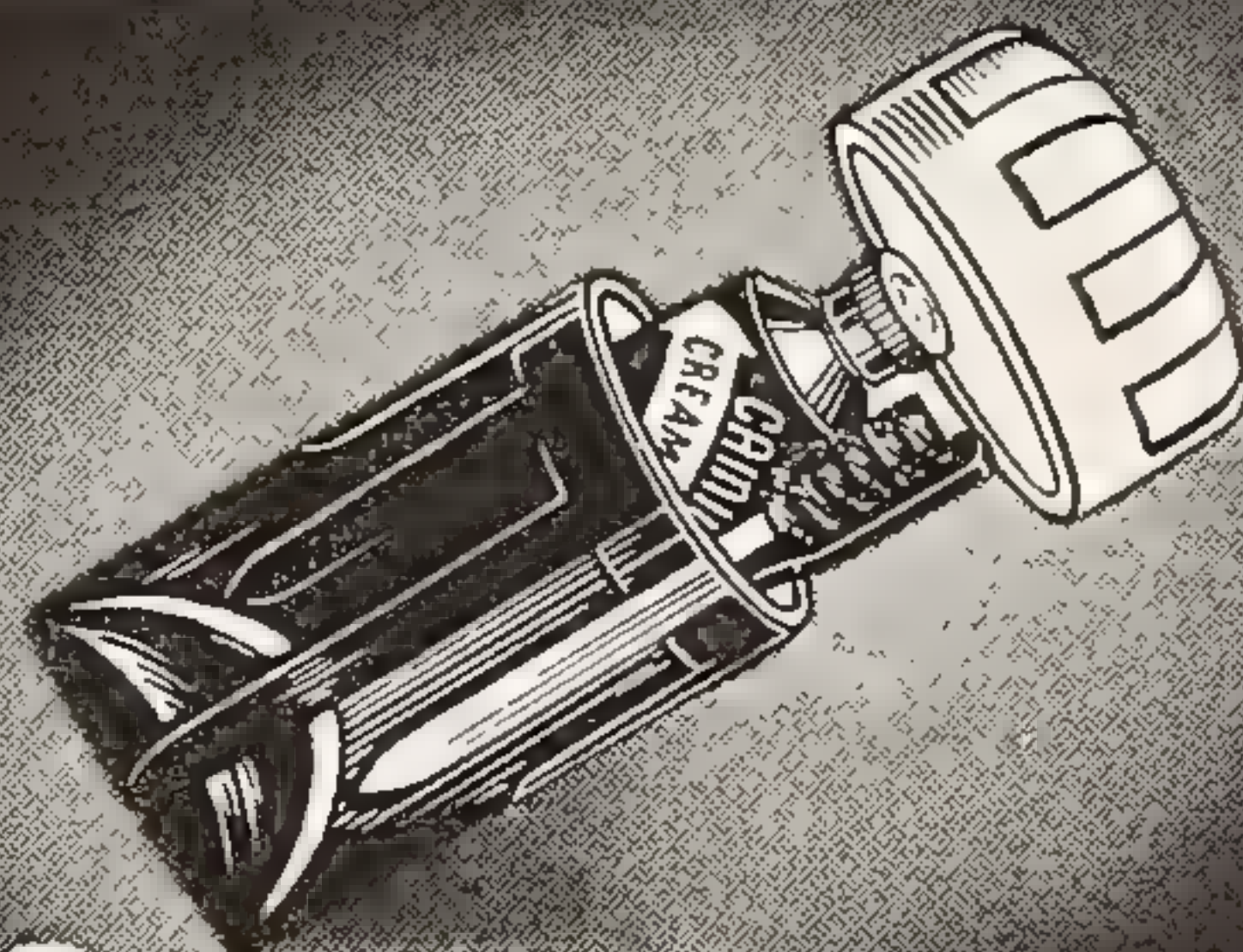
Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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(Continued from page 112)

suddenly told me they'd shown me the way and now I was on my own.

**FREEDOM!** Home I went and started breaking over—you know, cream in the coffee, butter on the toast and similar major vices. Woops, up went the scales! It's an insidious thing, this poundage. So back I went to the 'regime' even to buying that rack of torture, a rowing machine. At the point I could take on the Yale crew single-handed. And as a result there's fifteen fewer pounds hanging on the frame.

"Worth it?" Jack beamed. "Say, the glamor boys around town are giving me the wary eye, and in all due modesty I might add that I hear Slim Summerville's now watching his calories. And say! the day I returned to the studio was worth it alone. Hadn't been around the place for three months, you see. One of the prop boys stopped me, grabbed my hand and said, 'Well, well, it's a pleasure to meet you. I knew your father and he was a nice man, too'. The biggest director on the lot rushed up, 'Oakie,' he says, 'with that tantalizing torso we could make a Tyrone Taylor out of you. The only, absolutely only, condition he made was that I do something equally drastic to my face. And at home, let me tell you it was worth it. I had the laugh on the little woman. Venita's been after me for over a year to throw away a closet full of old clothes. Old, sure, and didn't fit. But still good, you know. Well, now I can wear them—won't have to buy a new stitch.

"I'm going to keep on wearing them, too. I'm still serious about the whole thing. You have to be. If I don't know anything else, I know now that reducing's

about as permanent as a bath. The only sure way to keep in under control is by exercise, massage and diet. At the risk of Oakie going biblical I repeat, 'Exercise, Massage and Diet—and the greatest of these is Diet.' Come to think of it, Faith Hope and Charity thrown in wouldn't hurt. And that," said Jack, "is the story of how I got down to 150 pounds.

"150 pounds," he repeated complacently. So complacently, in fact, that it bordered on smugness. Which prompted an inquiry as to whether that was the least he'd ever weighed. "No," admitted Jack, "nine pounds, four ounces."

(Continued from page 111)

until he can claim his rightful place. As his friends, Roger Livesey and Valerie Hobson brave losing their lives for the sake of an empire, only to be saved in the nick of time by young Sabu. With Massey out of the way, our young Prince ascends the throne and all live happily ever after.

As the British Captain and his wife, Raymond Massey and Valerie Hobson give credible and believable performances. Sabu is charming and improves with each of his assignments. Raymond Massey comes through with his usual professional villain and does it excellently. Desmond Tester and his supporting cast turn in good characterizations. But as for the film in its entirety, well, it's the pace that kills—or the lack of it! Even the best comedy lines are repeated so often that they lose their humor. Why the director permitted this is a mystery, but then perhaps we are just as mysterious in our tastes to our English cousins. Directed by Zoltan Korda. —Gaumont-British.



The "Dead End" kids: standing, Gabriel Dell, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop; sitting, Bernard Punsley, and Bobby Jordan.



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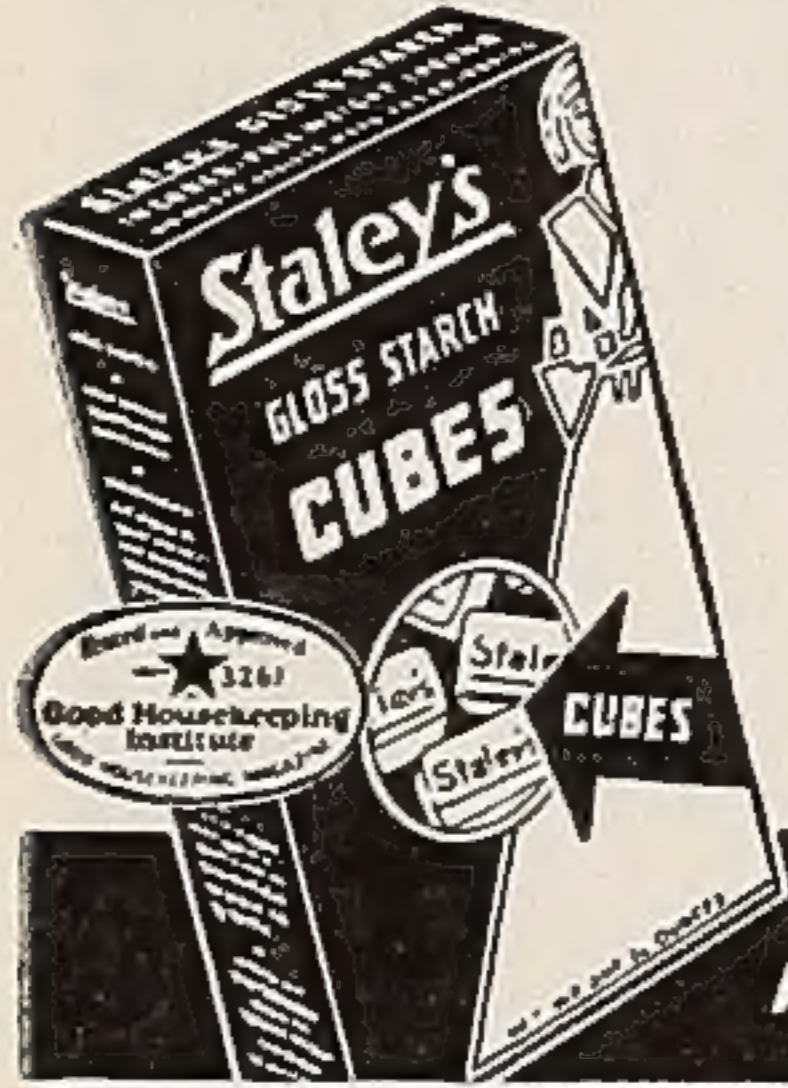
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(Continued from page 105)

acre estate in the Uplifters' Canyon, Santa Monica. Leo reads prolifically, has written volumes of poetry, speaks Spanish, Italian, French and English as well as a little Chinese and Japanese. He is a versatile athlete, is famous for his outdoor barbecues, and is a recognized authority on California history. His real name is Leo Antonio Carrillo. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, and has brown eyes and black hair. "Little Miss Roughneck," and "City Streets," were his two most recent pictures. You may address him in care of Columbia Studio, Hollywood, California.

**W. J. McBroom**, Medford, Okla., Dick Foran is his real name. He was born in Flemington, N. J., attended prep school and Princeton University. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs two hundred five pounds, has red hair and blue eyes.

**Sarah Chapin**, Lewisburg, Pa. Joan Davis was born in St. Paul, Minn., and has been acting ever since she was three years old. Her real name is Josephine Davis. She's happily married and has a three year old daughter. Her last picture was "Josette." Her next will be "My Lucky Star." Joan is five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred twenty pounds, has red brown hair and green eyes. She is an expert bowler, swimmer and horsewoman. Address her in care of 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, Cal.

**Ruth Gehrig**, Waco, Texas. A brief biography of Nelson Eddy appeared in this section of the August Modern Screen. A story appeared in April 1938, a portrait in July, and there will be another story soon.

**A. Wing**, Toronto, Canada. Walter Pidgeon was born in East St. John, New Brunswick, Can. September 23, 1897. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred ninety pounds, has black hair and gray eyes. His hobbies are golf and music. He began his professional career with Elsie Janis in "At Home." He appeared in vaudeville, and made phonograph records before entering the movies.

**Marguerite Balzer**—Moberly, Mo. Louis Hayward is his own name. His first picture was "Sorrell and Son," made in England in 1935. The "Flame Within" was his first American picture.

**Dorothy McNutt**, Detroit, Mich. Edward Arnold was born in New York February 18, 1890. He made his stage debut in "The Jazz Singer," with Al Jolson. He has been in movies since 1933.

**Nancy Carter**, Elbow Beach, Bermuda. Craig Reynolds was born in Anaheim, California, a distant descendant of the Jay Gould family and the Enfields of ride fame. His father is a school principal and Craig's real name is Hugh Enfield. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has gray eyes and black hair. His hobbies are deep-sea fishing and airplane modeling. Two of his recent pictures were "Under Suspicion," and "Making the Headlines." Address him in care of Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Solution to Puzzle on Page 76**

DON	AMECHE	ELSA	
BELA	LAMOUR	BOUTS	
GLADYS	NILE	ASSERTS	
RAN	SAL	LB	ABET IRA
ERNE	MAY	ELLEN	QUIN
YEARN	CARDOLL	LAMPS	
SEW	PETTY	LAY	
MAB	WOE	CID	GAR
ELLISON		ENSLAVE	
LION	LA	SD	EVEN
EARNEST		ASTAIDE	
ESE	DEE	RAH	NYE
ANY	BOLES	YET	
MARLA	KENOSHA	NORMA	
ALOE	WISER	END	MOON
RIN	RANT	EC	NOR BIN
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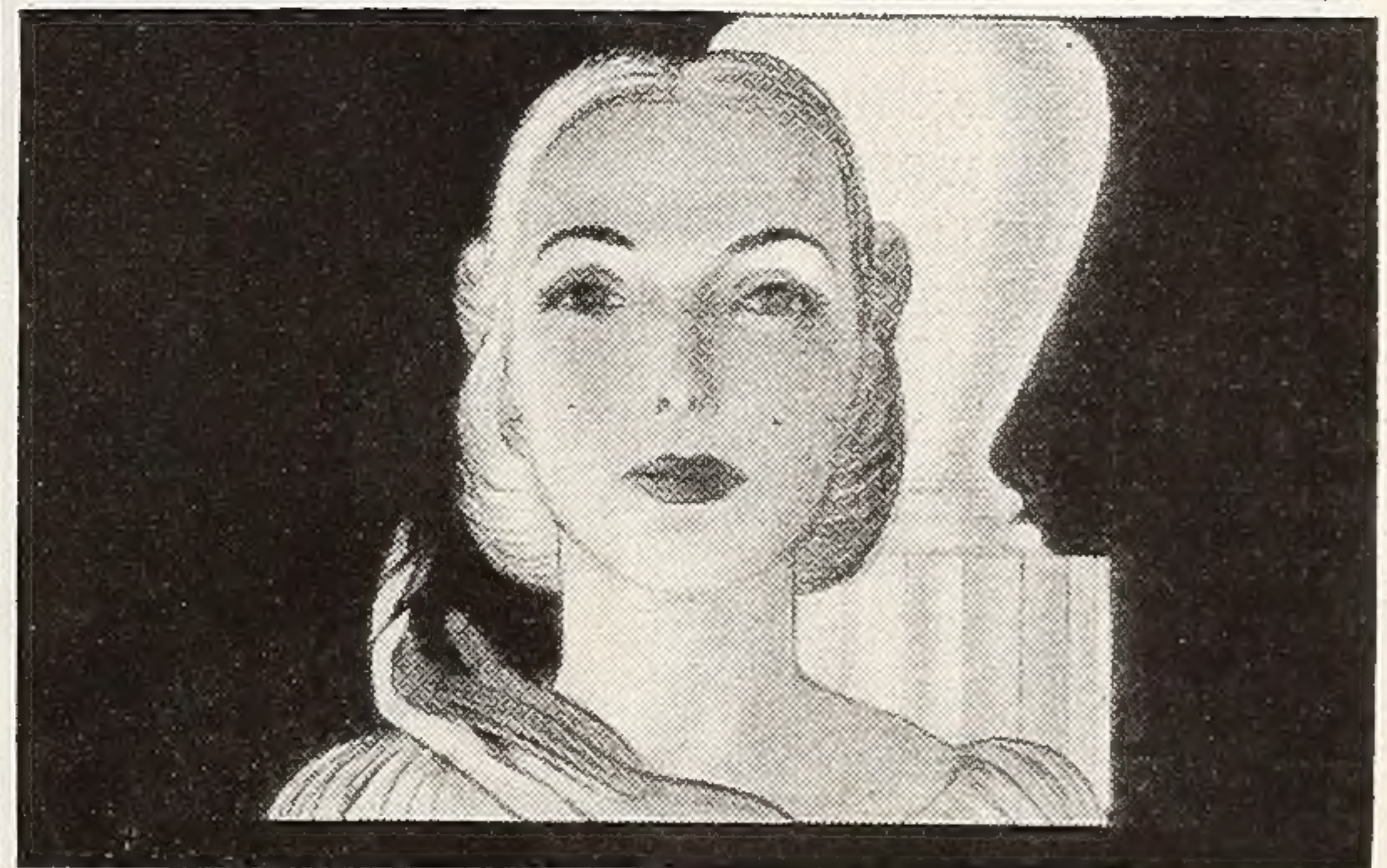
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Tyrone Power steps out with his best gal friend, his mother.

(Continued from page 66)

Dorothy Lamour, who, attired only in a yard of cloth, has worked in her studio's deepest jungles with everything from leopards to crocodiles, has suddenly gone prissy on us—and just when we were beginning to admire her as a symbol of everything fine and rugged in womankind. The disturbing note turns up in a paragraph about the filming of Miss Lamour's latest venture, "Spawn of the North." Concerning a seal named Slicker, the paragraph said, "Smelling of his favorite food—fish—Slicker had to be doused with eau de cologne before doing a scene with the sensitive Miss Lamour, who is allergic to fish." Now, Dottie!

**Statistical note:** The money the Dionne Quints were paid for their work in "Five of a Kind" boils down to \$6700 per hour—divided, of course, by five. In other words, it is almost as profitable (as far as pay per working minute is concerned) to be a Dionne quintuplet as it is to be heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Unfortunately for ambitious youngsters, all of those positions are filled.

From friends of Barbara Stanwyck comes a report on the activities of her handsome young son, Dion. He came home one afternoon flushed with excitement, and, when questioned by his mother, he said, "Louise and Johnny found a dead cat today and they're going to have a funeral. Can I go?" Barbara granted the request, and when Dion returned later she asked about the funeral. "Well," said Dion, "they didn't have it. The cat was too dead."

The rumors that Norma Shearer turned down the Scarlett O'Hara role because she received so many protesting

letters from fans have been denied by those close to Miss Shearer at her studio. Our information is that Miss S. had no intention of playing Scarlett in the first place, and had never even considered the role at any time, feeling, even before her fans did, that it wasn't her type of thing.

Things are looking up for the cowboy heroes of the screen. What we mean is that in "The Lady and the Cowboy" a cowpuncher wins Merle Oberon. Of course the cowhand is Gary Cooper, but the fact that Merle Oberon has never before given in to a strong, silent man from the sagebrush definitely means that the open-air Romeos are moving up a notch or two in the screen social scale. We knew the lovely Miss Oberon when nothing less than a Noel Coward epigram would budge her.

When Loretta Young finished "Suez," the studio gave her a month's vacation. Loretta had planned to take a trip but, since she's now a mother, she had her adopted daughter Judy to consider. Judy is still too young for travelling, so Loretta, a dutiful mother, spent her vacation at home, with a few side trips to Sally Blane Foster's beach home.

As part of the ballyhoo for "Boy Meets Girl," her studio had Marie Wilson selling tickets in the box-office when the picture opened in Hollywood. Marie claims she cost the theater eighteen dollars because she gave some of the customers too much change, and her studio claims that one young gent got in line five times to buy tickets just to be near Marie.

Freddie Bartholomew is growing up, but his voice is dropping down—524 frequencies, according to his studio's sound department, which should know about such things. All of which means that in Freddie's current picture, "Listen, darling," they're really listening (darling), because the sound recorders have to control the variations in young Mr. B.'s tones.



Bergen helps Charlie McCarthy plant his footprint for posterity.



E. Robinson and Hope Hampton at the Hollywood Bowl.



READ THE COMPLETE STORY OF

# "By the Dawn's Early Light"

"You can make your own heaven, right here, in whatever moments of beauty you can find," Hank Topping whispered roughly to the frightened girl in his arms.

His words were warm, and earnest because he lived by them, but to Emmy Jordan they seemed just the futile tools of a dreamer. Stubbornly she resisted their persuasiveness. Too long she had kept her secret—now she yielded unresistingly to the maddening chant in her brain.

"Heaven? Though you know you've committed murder? Heaven, in the broken heart of China . . . in the love of an aimless drifter?"

What hope for happiness could there be for these two outcasts, brought together in a forgotten corner of the battle-bruised Orient? Could they ever emerge to make the world forgive what they had done? Read "By the Dawn's Early Light," a thrilling adaptation of the 20th Century-Fox picture, starring Warner Baxter and Alice Faye. It appears in the November issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

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